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The Odd Fellows' magazine

Independent Order of Oddfellows. Manchester Unity
Friendly Society, Manchester Unity Independent ...

Per. 24785 e. $\frac{46}{2.5.5-10.}$

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THE
ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE,
OF THE
MANCHESTER UNITY
OF THE
INDEPENDENT ORDER
OF
ODD FELLOWS:

TRUE CHARITY, a plant divinely nurs'd,
Fed by the love from which it rose at first,
Thrives against hope, and in the rudest scene
Storms but enliven its unfading green ;
Exuberant is the shadow it supplies,
Its fruit on earth, its growth above the skies.



COWPER.

VOL. V.
FROM JANUARY, 1838, TO OCTOBER, 1839.
NEW SERIES.

MANCHESTER:
PUBLISHED BY THE G. M. AND BOARD OF DIRECTORS, AT THE BOARD ROOM,
No. 5, TOWN HALL BUILDINGS, CROSS-STREET, KING-STREET, AND
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1838.

P R E F A C E.



ANOTHER Volume of the Magazine being now completed, it is presented to the Brethren of the Order in full confidence that its contents will be found, at the least, equal to any of its predecessors. It has always been the wish of the Conductors of the Magazine, to render it both creditable to the Society of which it is the acknowledged organ, and of interest and utility to its readers; how far they have succeeded in their endeavours, they leave to their brethren to decide, by the merit of the following pages. Though it is not their boast to number among their Correspondents the great and the learned of the land, nor those who have already won laurels in the field of literature, yet they can proudly claim fellowship with honest hearts and ready hands, ever forward in the good cause of extending social improvement, and bringing into practice those better principles of humanity, which bloom among the mass of evil principles with which mankind is overrun; and on which the contemplative mind can rest with pleasure, as the traveller views with delight the refreshing fountain, cheering with its genial streams, the barren wastes of the desert. It is pleasing to turn from the contending factions of rival parties, to witness the calm and steady pace with which Odd Fellowship advances onward, bearing for its standard; not the watchword of strife, but the glorious motto,—“Peace and good-will to all men.” It is pleasing also to know that the Magazine has shared in the progressive prosperity, its circulation having considerably increased in the past year; and its Conductors are happy in being able to announce that they have the promise of further assistance and co-operation from several valuable Correspondents, so that they close the present Volume with the parting assurance, that time will smile on its successor with still brighter prospects.

INDEX.

Abou Ben Adhem and the Angel....	204	From my Elbow Chair,	22, 376
Address to the Nelson Ball Lodge. .	61	Fulgentius and Meta.....	195
" to the Readers of the Magazine 53,		Funeral Fund.....	104
109, 165, 275, 331, 380.			
" to the Pottery District.....	144	General Widow & Orphans' Fund, 304,	331
" on Odd Fellowship	172	Genteel Pigeons	382
" from America	178	Gleanings in Craven	162, 174
Alibeg the Persian.....	296	Grammar.	24
American Correspondence, 113, 146, 169		Gratitude and Ingratitude	29
Anniversary of the Nelson, Kendal, 229			
" Elsom, Birmingham 286		Heights of Mountains	84
An Incident of the Battle of Waterloo 414		Human Happiness	156
Ancient Days.....	187	Hull and Liverpool Processions.....	394
An Invitation, (Poetry).....	298		
Ancestors and Descendants	431	I'm not a Poet yet.	419
Ascent of Elijah, (Poetry).....	194	Importance of Punctuality.....	121
Athens, (Poetry)	107	Indestructibility of Mind.....	43
A Wish (Poetry)	323	Influence of Light.....	199
A Storm at Sea.....	426	Ingleborough Cave.	253
		Insect Strength.....	367
Babalist Grimes.....	200	Importance of the Study of Insects ..	404
Births,—54, 109, 166, 221, 278.			
Bread from Sawdust.....	274	Knowledge Among the Many	350
Brighton Fair	17		
		Lectures	190
Cedars of Libanon.	245	Leek of Cambria, (Poetry).....	352
Chester-le-street.	105	Life in the East.....	132
Chinese Tsze, or Mottoes.....	53	Life and a Day	427
Circular from Aberdeen.	31	Lightning and Electricity.....	48
Circulation of the Blood.....	399	Lineaments of Nature, 33, 92, 149, 317	
Cleaning Silk, &c	143	Lisbonese, The,	201
Comparative Payments.....	369	Lodge Funds	58
Creehope Linn	38	Lodge Meetings.....	291, 348
Cry from Slavery, (Poetry).....	306	Lodge Officers.....	430
		Longevity in Animals	142
Deaths, 56, 112, 168, 223, 280, 335, 392,		Love Me, Love my Dog.....	420
442.		Lines to the Moon	172
Detraction, (Poetry)	30	" to Odd Fellows.....	185
Diffusion of Knowledge.....	294	" on a Market Town	191
Duties of an Odd Fellow	302	" on the Death of an Infant....	264
		" on the Death of a Young Man 258	
Elegy on a Dog, (Poetry).....	366	" on the Death of P. G. Riddiford 295	
Emblems.....	16	" to a Wild Blue Bell.	139
England's Merry Bells, (Poetry)... 252		" on a Skeleton	145
Epistle to the Order.....	361	" to the Sacred British Birds... 213	
Essay on Odd Fellowship.....	3	" to Charity.....	288
" on Hope.....	46	" Written on Leaving York	415
" on Advantages of Knowledge.. 371			
Extraordinary Cinder.	142	Marriages, 54, 110, 166, 222, 279, 334	
		391, 441.	
Five Sisters of York.....	206	Mary Oliver	265, 282, 353
Flowers of Ebor	379	Mary Grey.....	435
Friendship	358, 378	Maternal Affection, (Poetry).....	375
Friendship, (Poetry)	269	My Chimney, (Poetry).....	437
Friendship, Love and Truth.	299	Memoir of P. G. M. William Armitt 57	
Friendship, Love and Charity	338	" P. P. G. M. Mills	1

Memoir of C. S. Ormond.....	281	Sermon.....	26, 84
„ J. Peiser	225	Smoking.....	315, 374
„ C. S. Ratcliffe.....	393	Socrates and Demetrius.	138
„ P. G. Taylor	169	Soldier's Funeral, (Poetry).....	339
„ P. P. G. M. Williamson ..	337	Song—Wisbeach Odd Fellows.....	60
Mexican Antiquities.....	65	Spanglets of Heaven, (Poetry) ..	247
Milky Way, The.....	359	Stanza	44, 84, 295
Musical Small Coal Man	289	Spring, (Poetry)	311
Music.....	368	Style	125
National Prejudices	32	Swimming	360
Nature's Gentleman, (Poetry).	314	Summer Evcning, (Poetry)	64
Northern Tour.....	247, 416	Sunday Lectures	255
Numbers	216	Table of Ages, &c. in Stockport District	12
Odd Fellowship.....	380	Tales of Sorrow (Poetry)	434
Odd Fellowship and Non-Odd Fellow-		There's Beauty, (Poetry).....	244
ship	41	The Miser, (Poetry)	21
Odd Fellow's Wish, (Poetry).....	241	„ Funds.....	49
„ Schools	263	„ Bible	64
Ode to Childhood.....	429	„ Main Truck.....	99
On the Death of a Friend	400	„ King Snake.....	139
On the Magazine	242, 324	„ Accepted Sacrifice, (Poetry)	141
On Friendship	438	„ Earth.....	141
On Smoking	395	„ Bride, (Poetry)	145
Opening of Odd Fellows' Hall, Barns-		„ Dying Boy, (Poetry).....	200
ley	90	„ Happy Man, (Poetry)	204
Past and Present.	128	„ Sailor's Grave.....	210
Pitch Grounds of Teneriffe	140	„ Maniac and his Son	256
Plagues of Popularity.....	15	„ Three Homes, (Poetry)	291
Phrenology 177, 270, 273, 325, 347, 397		„ Veiled Picture.....	306
Presentation of Medal	219	„ Postman	401
Psalms cxxxvii.	205	„ Orphan Boy, (Poetry)	407
Resignation under Affliction (Poetry)	434	„ Son to his Mother, (Poetry)	425
Rev. Robert Walker.....	192	Tree of Friendship, (Poetry).....	14
Rifleman's Wife, The.....	236	Tribute to Odd Fellowship, (Poetry)	46
Right of Reproof	12	Tit for Tat, (Poetry)	370
Salmagundian Essays.	217, 300	To the Moon, (Poetry)	431
Short Hand.	380	To Niagara, (Poetry).....	432
Schoolmaster, The, (Poetry) .	254, 323	To the Editor, &c.	433
Scene after a Battle	312	Virtue	45
Sketches of Poetry & Poets, Dermody	211	Vale of Clwyd, Denbighshire.	408
„ „ „ Mrs. Hemans	259	What is Wealth? (Poetry).....	358
„ „ „ Crabbe.	340	William and Anna, (Poetry).....	345
„ „ „ Cowper	439	Widow and Orphans' Fund, 83, 102, 164,	
Self-Knowledge.....	42	233.	
Sion Heiddyn, (Poetry)	381	Woman's Smile, (Poetry)	32
		Woodman spare that Tree.....	143



J. Peiser G. Mr.

THE
ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE,
NEW SERIES.

JANUARY.

[PUBLISHED QUARTERLY.]

1839.

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIR OF G. M. PEISER.

I WAS born in 1802, at Posen, the principality of the Duchy of that name, in Prussian Poland. I came to England in 1823, and after travelling through a great portion of the country, I got employment in my trade of coach-lace weaver, at Mr. Calvert's, in Manchester. The first wages I received, was £0. 17s. 1½d., for eleven days' work, (that portion of the wage-book where the entry was made, is at present in my possession.) After working several years as a journeyman-weaver, Mr. Calvert employed me as foreman over the coach-lace and webb weavers, which situation I retained till I commenced business in partnership with Mr. George Heyward, the then treasurer of the Manchester District, and host of the Apollo Lodge. I was initiated in the Apollo Lodge, on the 3rd of September, 1828.

For a foreigner, I speak the English language tolerably well, and although I occasionally amuse myself with writing an article for the Magazine, I must confess that I often find considerable difficulty in the choice of words, and the framing of sentences. I name this for the purpose of craving the indulgence of the reader for any incorrectness in my style of writing; not that I should wish it to be understood, that I am a greater proficient in my native language, for I never had what is termed an education; in my boyhood I certainly went to school, but the little I there learned was very soon neglected; for the small portion of knowledge which I at present possess, either in the English or my native languages, I am indebted to a desire and a determination (when I found my deficiency) to be able to approach in some degree the correctness of my neighbours.

The above brief sketch must suffice, as far as my biography is concerned, as I am not aware of any circumstance relating to myself which would be interesting to the reader; but I cannot avoid embracing this opportunity of publicly acknowledging the many favours I have received from the members of the Apollo Lodge, from the members of the Manchester District, and from the members of the Order at large, as well as from all those with whom I have been at various times connected. The kindness I have experienced shall never be erased from my memory: the reflection of it is a source of much gratification to me, situated as I am, an alien to the country, an alien to the language, an alien to the religion, and yet with all those disadvantages to be selected from amongst 100,000 men as the chief governor of such a benevolent and praiseworthy Institution, as that over which I have now the honour to preside. This act, brethren, pleasing as it is to me to be the instrument of your greatness, will be handed down to posterity, so long as Odd Fellowship exists. You have, by this act, erected a monument of your goodness,—it is another laurel to the wreath of your country. Englishmen! well may you be proud of your happy island. As a nation you have no rival; your constitution, your country, your enterprise, your manners, your everything is noble and great: your benevolence and your disinterestedness is developed in all your actions! It is not to be supposed, that of the 10,000 members

VOL. 5—No. 5—2 B.

in the MANCHESTER DISTRICT, there is no one so competent, so intelligent, or so worthy as myself to be placed at the head of your philanthropic Society. No! I myself say, no; on the contrary, it is your liberality, your kind and charitable disposition to assist and shelter the stranger. Would to heaven that I could wield the pen to give utterance to my feelings: it grieves me that I cannot do you justice; but I know that your kindness will accept the will for the deed. Brothers, I am proud of the position in which you have placed me; and well may I be so, when I refer back to the time when I arrived in Manchester, with but a few shillings in my pocket, without knowing that I had a single friend to consult, and to find that one and all assisted me, not only to obtain a living, but to obtain it under favourable circumstances; and, as if that was not sufficient, a body of 100,000 men should select me for their chief director. Have I then not a right to be proud? My answer is, yes! But with all my pride I must confess that I envy you, inasmuch as I am thus compelled to accept your favours without a possibility of repayment; but I will endeavour so to guide my future conduct as will prevent you regretting the confidence you have placed in me.

As the head of the Institution, it will not be thought presumption in giving my opinion of the Order, and the reason which actuates the members to devote their time and talent in supporting it. It is often the theme of the inquisitive to know the cause of persons taking office, which they are aware is attended with much trouble and loss of time, and they, in general, believe that there must be some pecuniary gain arising from it. Those who reason in this manner know very little of the character of man, or have paid very little attention to the benevolent disposition of the human species.—Man is not that cold-blooded monster which some persons suppose: his own timidity teaches him that it is his interest to deal charitably with his fellow-men, independent of the serenity he enjoys from acting gratefully to those who were the instruments of his own happiness. We are not always able to judge why a person acted in a certain manner, but we in general know the motives of our own actions. To judge rightly of the actions of others, we should reason from analogy, how we should act ourselves, if similarly situated; therefore, the motives which induced me to lose so much time by taking an active part in our society, will, at the same time, stand good as the motives of not only my predecessors, but of all those who have devoted a portion of their time for the welfare of the many. In the first place, let me ask, is it more than the duty of a reasonable being, who often consulted his fellow-labourers on the best method to improve the condition of man, and who at the time, however willing, was not able to render the service necessary;—and no sooner does he emerge from that position, and finds himself practically capable of rendering the assistance required, is he then to turn round and forget all the past occurrences,—is man such a deceitful wretch? No! Experience proves the contrary; ambition, of itself, to have the good-will of our fellow-men, will deter us from acting so Janus-like. To show the necessity of disentangling ourselves of such notions will be evident by the very parties who suspect others with acting from sinister motives. Let those explain the reason why they themselves lose so much time in investigating the conduct of others: what object have they in view? Let them explain whether their own motives on the same mode of reasoning, have not an equal claim to be questioned. The fact is that man prides himself to serve his fellow-beings, and he knows that he cannot be more useful than when in office; and no person can be in any office, however humble, without considerably encroaching upon his leisure hours, and very often on his purse. That this is the case, many of my readers will bear me out. We also keep in mind that it is a duty, when we have the power, to allow our neighbours to partake of our enjoyments; we also remember our views, to serve our companions when not so favourably situated. Such are the motives of man for devoting his time; had this not been the case, could Odd Fellowship have held the proud position it does? Should we have had an existence, if our predecessors had not gratuitously served us; and even at the present time, when the Order is better able to remunerate its servants, there are the twenty-one Directors of the Order, meeting twice and thrice each week to serve you, without receiving one penny remuneration. Previous to the Rochdale A. M. C., the very laws which they had to compile for the use of, the Order, they had to pay for, if they wanted a copy for their own use. This circumstance shows the disinterestedness and charitable disposition of man; and as Odd Fellows, we can pride ourselves that the principles of our Institution have a tendency to encourage and cultivate such friendly

actions. Although a great deal of prejudice against us has worn off, there are still some who view Odd Fellowship as a useless and even an injurious Society. Should this article come under the notice of any who harbours such an idea, I would recommend him to ponder and reflect, until he has read the view I take of the utility of Odd Fellowship.

In addition to relieving the sick and burying the dead, we relieve the distressed under all circumstances; we also succour the widow and the orphan. The good government and the friendly feeling amongst the members has a tendency to induce persons to join our ranks who are not, from their station in life, so liable to claim the benefits of the Society; and this circumstance enables us more liberally to relieve the really distressed. If the members of a sick club get aged, there is no inducement for a young man to join them; with Odd Fellowship it is quite the contrary, for the young take a pride in administering to the relief of the old. And should any one doubt that Odd Fellowship teaches and brings into practice those good and generous actions, we can cite numerous instances, where the members of Lodges were aged, and had no funds to relieve their sick, but which did not deter young men from joining, and by their exertion restoring prosperity. I am not acquainted with an instance of young members deserting a Lodge on account of its poverty, or for having old members belonging to it. Odd Fellows would consider themselves debased were they to sneak away from a Lodge owing to its poverty, nor would such conduct be tolerated; but practically we find it the reverse. Grants have often been made by Annual Committees to relieve Lodges, and this very circumstance induced persons to join them; and when the money granted was offered to them, they refused to receive it, until, as they said, they could see what the next twelve months would bring forth. We know, also, Districts displeased with Lodges by applying for assistance from the General Fund, without previously giving a fair opportunity to try whether they could not relieve their own neighbours. This proves, that although we have a claim to be assisted, the principles of our Society teach us to depend upon our own resources. It would not be a degradation for the philosopher, the philanthropist, or the statesman, to examine the working of our Institution; they would find that we are doing as much, if not more, practical good, as the most approved schemes for the amelioration of mankind. Politically we are useful by soothing that rancorous spirit which exists amongst persons who are never in the habit of assembling, except to oppose each other. It often happens that the three principal officers of a District, or of the Order, profess opposite opinions in politics and religion; and yet our constitution teaches them to act in unison. I have known a person much surprised when he was told that his colleague the year previous entertained extreme opposite political opinions to himself; the reason is, that we never meet but to alleviate and amend the conditions of our brethren; our attention is entirely engaged with such objects, and politics are therefore not thought of. Odd Fellowship has also a tendency to civilize and cultivate the uneducated; it teaches its members to pay due respect to the governors for the time being, and to devote their leisure hours for the purpose of improving their habits. Let any person examine and compare the habits of the working people in the collieries of Lancashire and elsewhere, and let him also compare the present with the past, and then say whether the introduction of Odd Fellowship has not had a beneficial effect; take Irlams o' th' Heights, Chowbent, and other places, there will be found many who used to amuse themselves with "dog and up-and-down fights," now rationally devoting their time by inculcating the best feelings of humanity, and improving their own minds, and their neighbours' morals. In some Districts they go so far as to inflict a fine or a censure when a member neglects to attend a place of worship on the Sabbath, and frequently do we hear one member censuring another, with not acting on the principles of the Order, when neglecting his employment, or when in a state of inebriety. Our Society is also of service to the Government by teaching the necessity of behaving orderly, and paying due respect to the presiding officers, which shows us that as we ourselves cannot exist without strict discipline, so is it also requisite for every member of society strictly to be guided by the laws and regulations of the country. But above all, Odd Fellowship gives a lesson how easily man may be governed, and how willing to be guided when fairly dealt with. Here is an Institution of 100,000 members, and taking the usual average dependants of such a number, we may calculate about half a million of souls voluntarily consenting to be governed by certain laws, and strictly adhering to their

promise. However severe the punishment for a breach of a law, it is quietly submitted to; there are several instances where Lodges, and even Districts, were severely chastised, and in some cases perhaps too much so, but still they found it their interest to comply. The only means we have to enforce our decisions is, by stating plainly that they must either act according to our instructions, or else we will not have them amongst us; they know that it is their interest to pay a heavy fine, rather than be compelled to leave the Society. Here is a lesson for statesmen; here you may see what a sound code of laws honestly administered can do; nor should we overlook the advantage arising to the Lodges, and how easy it is to raise funds to conduct society, and, comparatively, no one to have just cause of complaint; neither member, Lodge, or District, is taxed; not a penny is paid by either without their consent, and every Lodge and member has the power to prevent the encroachment upon their liberties by any person. The Board of Directors furnish every Lodge with quarterly reports, minutes, &c., &c.; they conduct the business of the Order, pay rent, taxes, Secretary's salary, Auditors', and other expenses, which amount to about £600. per annum, and not an individual is called upon to contribute for the same, nor do they pay the value of a penny for those things, and yet the Order has accumulated several thousand pounds. The goods sold, from which the funds arise, are not forced upon the members; it is optional either to purchase or not; but the goods are contracted for so reasonably, that they could not be purchased elsewhere, within ten or twenty per cent of the price charged by the Directors; any person examining the printing department will soon be convinced of the fact.

In conclusion, I beg leave to draw the attention of the reader to the Magazine published by the Order. The increase of its circulation is certainly unprecedented; but a little exertion would still double or treble it: it is not too much to expect that out of a body like ours, half the members should be subscribers. Odd Fellows in general are thinking men; the very act of enrolling themselves members of a Society, the object of which is to make a provision for the future, proves the fact,—then in the name of goodness, with so much forethought, why not look a little further. The press has, at all times, justly been considered the bulwark of liberty. The pages of the Odd Fellows' Magazine are open to every member,—then why not avail yourselves of the privilege? The circulation of the Magazine shows that there is matter in each number acceptable to about one out of every six members; if the other five-sixths find nothing interesting to themselves, it is decidedly their own fault; why not contribute something to their own taste. There is certainly as much pleasure in teaching as being taught. The Magazine might be made the most useful instrument within our reach; the price cannot be any objection. Fifty-six closely printed pages, a portrait and a cover, all for SIXPENCE. Let this be compared with the cheapest penny publication, and the odds will be found in our favour; independent of all this, about thirty per cent, or nearly twopence out of the sixpence is returned to the members for the most benevolent purpose of relieving the widows and orphans of departed members. I would advise those who take an interest in the Widow and Orphans' Fund, to consult personally, and induce, if possible, every member to be a subscriber to the Magazine; be not satisfied with calling out on Lodge-nights "those who want Magazines may have them from the Secretary;" consult every member separately; if you meet a refusal one quarter, try again the next, and the next,—tell them that if every one would purchase a Magazine, we should have from this source alone, about £800. per quarter to relieve those who have the most claim to our attention. Acquaint your wives and sweethearts, to what purpose the profit of the Magazine is applied, and you will find them great auxiliaries to augment its circulation. I would advise the fair sex to take this matter into their own hands; they are more sensitive, more sympathizing to the helpless unfortunates for whom I am appealing. A few lines from an affectionate wife, indulgent mother, or kind sister, in furtherance of this benevolent object, would produce good effect. Let these means be tried, and I will guarantee a circulation of 30,000 or even 50,000 numbers quarterly.

As the time is approaching when I must retire from office, and fall back into the ranks of my brethren, to make room for a successor, I embrace this opportunity to express my deepest anxiety, to assure all those whom I may in the heat of argument have offended, that any expression which may have fallen from me was dictated, not by a desire of giving offence, but by the warmth of feeling in a cause in which I am so

heartily concerned. Passion will often get the better of judgment. If I can persuade those I have caused uneasiness to attribute my actions to any other motive, except to an intention to wound their feelings, I shall consider myself a fortunate man. Above all men, it would ill become me to throw down the gauntlet: on my part there is not the least resentment. I trust a similar feeling will be extended towards me.—Such conduct will be the most congenial to ourselves, and will at the same time shew to the world how Odd Fellows can give and forgive; how they put into practice the golden rule, “to do unto others as they wish to be done unto themselves.” The reader, I trust, will excuse the length of this article, and allow me to subscribe myself, in the Bonds of Friendship, Love and Truth,

J. PEISER.

CELEBRATION OF THE EIGHTEENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE NELSON LODGE OF THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS, KENDAL.

(Abridged from the Kendal Mercury.)

THE Eighteenth Anniversary of this Lodge was celebrated at the Odd-fellows' Hall, High gate, on Tuesday last. There was a very large muster of members, the room being quite filled, as it was known that a presentation of a gold watch and a brooch was to be made to Mr. Richard Wilson, for the great services which he had in various ways rendered to the Lodge. There were three tables the length of the great room, along which the members were seated. The large new banner was displayed in the Hall, as were four smaller ones, with appropriate inscriptions. The orchestra was filled with ladies. Messrs Derome's band was in attendance, and played various appropriate pieces during the intervals of the toasts. The Chairman, Mr. Wm. Lamb, took his seat precisely at half-past seven o'clock. He was supported by Mr. Thomas Rallinshaw. Mr. James Scott presided at one of the side tables, and Mr. Lyon sat at the head of the other.

The CHAIRMAN, in an excellent speech, opened the proceedings. He said—I can with sincerity assure you that I have much pleasure, and feel myself greatly honoured in being called upon to preside over you this evening; at the same time I entertain apprehensions lest your partiality has induced you to select an individual whose abilities but ill qualify him to perform the important duties which this particular occasion requires. The leading objects for which we have this night assembled, are to celebrate the Eighteenth Anniversary of this, the Nelson Lodge, and to present to a worthy and respected brother, our humble tribute of esteem for the many and very valuable services he has rendered to the Order, and especially to this Lodge (cheers). Gentlemen, it seems appropriate that on this occasion something should be said on the origin, progress, and principles of Odd-Fellowship. I shall not, however, detain you with an inquiry into the antiquity of the Order, as that would not add to its intrinsic merit, give it any stronger claim to the affections of its members, or render it more worthy the respect and admiration of the world. I shall confine myself to its introduction into this town and neighbourhood, its continued progress, and its present extent (hear hear). This Lodge was opened on the 23d of October, 1820, when we mustered to the number of about fifteen. There was no other Lodge in the County, or within a great many miles; and for a long time we had to struggle with every species of annoyance and difficulty, as the public were unacquainted with the nature of the Institution we had set on foot. These difficulties are now almost totally removed, and our funds and members have increased far beyond the most sanguine anticipations of any of the originators of this Society (cheers). Gentlemen, there are now upwards of 260 members belonging to the Nelson Lodge alone (hear, hear)—and from the number of Districts which have sprung from it, it has been designated the “Mother Lodge of the North.” These Districts, viz. Kirkby Lonsdale, Keswick, Lancaster, Cockermouth, Penrith, Kirkby Stephen, and Ulverston, comprise about 45 Lodges, and above 4,000 members (loud applause). It has been stated by some that Odd Fellowship had been at its height. This I am prepared to disprove. The number of the Nelson Lodge is 68,

and there are now 1,593 Lodges in the Manchester Unity, and 120,000 members (great applause). The last quarter's return alone shows an increase of 109 Lodges. Odd Fellowship is making rapid progress in America as well as in England, and I doubt not, but in time, it will extend its benign influence over the whole civilized world (hear, hear). * * * * *

Mr. DANIEL CARTER then rose, and, addressing Mr. Richard Wilson, spoke nearly to the following effect:—Perhaps, Sir, during the long series of years that I have been a member of the Society of Odd Fellows, at no period have I been called upon to fulfil so important a duty as that which I have had the honour of being selected to perform this evening; and if I had consulted my own feelings, I should have felt that I was incapable of doing that ample justice to it which is demanded by the importance of the occasion. Therefore, Sir, without further preface, I shall proceed to the task that has been imposed upon me (hear, hear). Allow me, then, to say, Sir, that your conduct has been considered by this Lodge as eminently conducive in extending Odd Fellowship to an exalted estimation, which few other societies have reached; and this noble Hall, in which we are this night assembled, will hand down to future generations the memory of our flourishing condition (loud cheers). I am well aware, Sir, that you are one who would do generous deeds in silence, rather than from motives of ostentation. But it would ill become this society to pass over merit in silence similar to that which you would have maintained (hear, hear). I speak the sentiments of all my brethren when I say, that more substantial and efficient services were never rendered to any other institution than those which the Nelson Lodge, Kendal, has received at your hands (loud cheers). You have come forward, Sir, at all times and in all seasons, to help us with your purse and advice; in short, you have done all that man could do for the benefit and well-being of us all (cheers). These tokens, with which you are about to be presented, are, no doubt, far short of your claims on this society; but, however, if they are inadequate, I hope you will receive them as they are meant, as pledges of gratitude for the many gratuitous services which you have rendered this Institution (cheers). If, on the other hand, some who regard us merely as a body of working men, may say that the amount of these presents which we offer to you is large, I will only reply that the amount of professional assistance given us by you has been far beyond what the public are aware of; to say nothing of the handsome donation you have given to the funds of our society (hear, hear). In conclusion, Sir, I trust that the offering which we now present to you—the spontaneous contribution of at least two hundred and fifty Odd Fellows of the Nelson Lodge, Kendal—will be accepted by you with the same feelings of satisfaction as it is given by us (cheers). Your noble and disinterested conduct as a member of that Lodge, has endeared you to all who belong to it. These presents you must receive as an appreciation of your high services, and that you may long enjoy health and prosperity to wear the same, in the presence of your amiable Lady, your beloved brethren, and your fellow-townsmen in general, is the earnest wish of him who, in the name of his companions, has been delegated to the task of presenting them to you (loud cheers).—Mr. Carter concluded his address by presenting, in the name of the Lodge, to Mr. Wilson, a splendid gold watch with appendages, and a very handsome brooch. The watch had on the case the following inscription:—"Presented to Brother Richard Wilson, Esq., by the Members of the Nelson Lodge, Kendal, of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, as a mark of their esteem for his invaluable services. Oct. 23rd, 1838."

Mr. RICHARD WILSON rose and said—Gentlemen,—It was with unbounded feelings of joy that I first received an intimation of the honour which awaited me on this, the anniversary of our excellent Institution. It is with unmingled feelings of delight that I now accept your beautiful and most welcome present; and although, I fear, I shall never be able to render you any service equivalent to your claims upon me, yet it must, you are aware, be a most gratifying circumstance to know that the feeble exertions which I have made to advance the cause of Odd Fellowship, have been so highly appreciated (applause). Gentlemen,—I became an Odd Fellow seven years and twenty days ago. The circumstance which brought me in contact with Odd Fellowship occurred in 1830, and is highly honourable to the character of our Institution, and, therefore, we cannot suffer by an allusion to it (hear, hear). The transaction was an inquiry into the conduct of a member of our Order. A client of mine was summoned

before you as a witness, and the real character of Odd Fellowship was then so little known that my client dreaded the approach of the tribunal, unguarded by his professional adviser; I escorted him, and was ushered into the presence of a small knot of our brethren, seated on forms, I believe, around the fire; the only light to enlighten their darkness was a very slender candle. The enquiry commenced, and was conducted with so much candour and fairness, that both my client and I became converts to Odd Fellowship—(cheers)—we both expressed a desire to be further acquainted with a system, which, though wrapt up in apparent obscurity, steadily protected the virtuous, and unsparingly punishing the vicious—dealing out even-handed justice in a manner such I had previously been little acquainted with (hear). Gentlemen, upon that occasion, when I retired from the meeting, I felt quite absorbed in the all-engrossing scene which I had just witnessed—I felt that I could with confidence have reposed the most important of my temporal affairs in the hands of these men for adjustment—I thought they had learned “to do unto others as they would be done by,” and I felt an uncontrollable desire to be one of this race of people (cheers). This desire, gentlemen, was gratified; and I now declare that the advantages I have derived, and the happiness I have enjoyed in my connexion with this Order, surpass everything of the sort that has occurred to me through life (loud cheers). But, gentlemen, I am leaving the case of my client unnoticed—he was as anxious as myself to embrace the advantages of our Institution, but was unfortunately doomed to disappointment: years had rolled over his head, which according to our rules precluded him from assuming our name and character. Gentlemen, it may be asked in what it advantageth me to belong to your Order? My answer is, that I have the inward satisfaction of continually administering to the necessities of the sick and distressed amongst nearly three hundred of my fellow-countrymen. That my hand (unknown to myself,) is continually administering temporal comforts to the widow and fatherless—that by my connexion with you I am inspiring you with confidence in your progress, in the great work of charity, and thus enabling you to extend your benevolence, even to future generations (applause). And Gentlemen, let it not be supposed that I am without my share of advantage in our connexion, for although it has pleased a kind Providence to place me in circumstances which preclude the probability of my requiring aid from your funds; yet, in other respects, I have reaped, and continue to reap, my share of the advantage of our connexion. In your Lodges, my friends, I have learned the rules of order and decorum—in your debates I was taught with composure, to address a multitude of people—in the administration of your laws, I was taught the rules of truth and justice—the advantages and comforts of peace are inculcated by every precept you teach, and every practice you follow—and, above all, that excellent attribute, Charity, was instilled into my heart, its value is daily manifested in you, and I am united with you in administering its blessings. Moreover, Gentlemen, when you first found me I was living in comparative insignificance, now I can have the honour to fill many important offices. To one of the most ancient and distinguished appointments in this County (that of Coroner) it will be in the recollection of many of you, I was elected by upwards of 700 of the honest Yeomanry of Westmoreland. Gentlemen, it is to Odd Fellowship, and to the precepts which it instils, that I feel myself in some measure indebted for my station in the world. And, Gentlemen, I reckon that the proud position in which I now stand, far surpasses all the honours previously conferred upon me. With you I have assisted in advancing the cause of benevolence! Charity and benevolence are the main objects for which our Institution was founded. To relieve the sufferer in distress, to support the widow and fatherless, are the daily acts of our lives (hear, hear). And this beautiful watch, with the appendages, which you have so kindly selected to do me honour, will, through life, continue to remind me of the esteem in which I am held by you, my fellow-labourers, in our glorious cause (cheers). * * * * *

Gentlemen, you are all aware, that neither you nor I have escaped the slanderous lash, though I own I never yet felt the smart, and if I may judge from the exercise of my observation, I do not think that either you or this institution have suffered much from the many insidious attacks which have been levelled against you. With me it is a matter of great rejoicing that the voice of the slanderer (with reference to my connexion with this institution) will be hereafter effectually silenced by this kind act of yours (cheers). Gentlemen, it will be recollected by you, that at the time that grand project, the erection of this beautiful and spacious edifice, was first contemplated by our body, the scheme was treated as though it were the act of madmen. The enemy,

when thirsting for our overthrow, revelled and delighted himself in the anticipation of our downfall; but we have survived the wished-for destruction, and are now even enlarging upon what three years ago was thought impossible (cheers.) And shall a few ragged mechanics, knotted together by a tie called Odd Fellowship, attempt to rival the first public building in Kendal? was tauntingly enquired. Yes, my friends, notwithstanding the ungenerous aspersions with which we were assailed—notwithstanding the false alarms which were rung in your ears—notwithstanding my being pointed at as the landshark who should fatten upon your destruction,—yet, Gentlemen, to your united glory be it proclaimed, your confidence remained unabated, my zeal was undaunted, the building is completed, and we are now in the full enjoyments of its comforts (loud and continued cheering.) It is an honour to, and the property of mechanics. Odd Fellowship has triumphed over all its enemies; and my little and valuable friend here [alluding to the watch] will continue to console me with the reflection that in aught which we have transacted together, my actions have imparted to you satisfaction—yea more! have gained for me your esteem and affection (hear, hear). Gentlemen, our society and I seem to have risen simultaneously, for when I first had the honour and pleasure to meet my friends, the patriarchs in Odd Fellowship, as I have before informed you, though important in actions, they were few and insignificant in numbers, and when I compare that scene with the immense assemblage now before me, oh! how my heart rejoices (cheers); but I am led to inquire why we should not increase. We are devoted to “Friendship, Love, and Truth.” Temperance, fortitude, prudence, and justice are the essential characteristics of a genuine Odd Fellow; and, as I before said, charity, unostentatious charity, is that in which we most delight (hear). To relieve the distressed wanderer—to comfort the widow—to protect and shelter the fatherless—are the daily acts of our lives, and those in which we rejoice to be engaged (cheers). * * * * *

Gentlemen, it is acts like these which claim for us the praise of all good men, and enable us successfully to resist the attacks of the wicked (hear, hear). I will not now, my friends, detain you longer. With heartfelt joy do I accept this handsome and invaluable mark of your respect and esteem, and I beg that every subscriber will accept my most sincere thanks. If in doing me this honour you hoped to confer upon me gratification and pleasure, in that you have most completely succeeded (cheers). If you hoped to endear me more closely to our Institution (if indeed that was possible) your success has also been complete; and I hope in your own feelings you will reap that satisfaction which a presentation of this nature, rightly bestowed, seldom fails to impart (cheers). To my friends of the Committee are my thanks immeasurably due. They will have the proud pleasure of having given satisfaction both to you and myself, by their judicious selection of the gift to me, and by the whole of this day's arrangements (cheers). To our excellent Chairman I owe an unbounded debt of gratitude for his kindness upon this as upon many former occasions; and to my friend Mr. Carter I own myself peculiarly grateful for the kind terms in which he has couched his excellent address, and for the handsome manner in which he has enlarged upon the unimportant services which I have had the honour to render this society,—and especially for the allusion which he has kindly made to my wife, who I believe, is in all respects as much devoted to benevolence, and consequently to Odd Fellowship, as the best Odd Fellow in her Majesty's dominions (loud cheers). Gentlemen, again I thank you from my heart, and I propose that you unite with me in drinking, in a bumper,—“Prosperity to the Independent Order of Odd Fellows all over the world.”—The toast was responded to with great enthusiasm. * * * *

VICE-CHAIRMAN—“The Grand Master and Board of Directors, and may they so govern the affairs of the Order, as to prove that the dignities they have attained to have been gained in the path of honour” (3 times 3).

Mr. DANIEL CARTER—Gentlemen, for the high compliment you have paid the Grand Master and Board of Directors, as Corresponding Secretary for this District, I cannot but return you my most sincere thanks in their behalf. They have had many difficulties to contend with, which are now happily removed; and I can assure you, that it is their determination to let the world know the real nature of Odd Fellowship. Gentlemen, on their account, I again tender you my warmest thanks.

Many other toasts and sentiments were given and warmly responded to, after which the company, in the highest degree gratified with the proceedings of the evening, separated, looking forward to another Anniversary with ardent hopes that it may bring an increased store of the harmony, good fellowship and brotherly feeling, which have characterised the meeting of the Nelson Lodge of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, in 1898.

HINTS FOR THE ESTABLISHMENT OF A NEW WIDOW AND ORPHANS' FUND.

I **F**EL assured that the above title will at once prove the best excuse I can offer for troubling you with what some may deem a visionary idea, but there is something so sacred and holy in the name of Widow and Orphan, something that comes so home to the breast of every man, and more especially of an Odd Fellow, that I cannot help putting in my oar in hopes of furthering the cause.

I believe most, if not all, Widow and Orphans' Funds, are instituted on the principle of an Insurance Office, viz: by a brother paying so much a year to the Fund, his widow will receive a certain sum at his decease—generally not exceeding £20, which although a handsome sum, still it is soon expended, and when once gone cannot be obtained over again, nor has the Lodge anything more to do with the widow or orphan. Now, brothers, if a plan could be brought into operation, by which we could secure, a small sum weekly, to every widow or orphan—say from 3s. to 10s. a week to a widow, so long as she remained a widow, or required such relief, and to the orphan until he was enabled to maintain himself. What a difference this would make to the poor distressed widow; and how happy would an Odd Fellow, extended on his bed of sickness, say within himself, "Well, if I die, I shall, at all events, leave the wife of my bosom, and the children of my love, above the reach of want, the Widow and Orphan Fund will render them quite comfortable as long as any of them require the aid, and I can die contented."

The plan I allude to is so simple in its construction and easy in its operation, that although I have had it in my mind for the last twelve months, I did not like to bring it forward, under the expectation that every Magazine I took up, would contain a similar plan, and from some abler hand.

Supposing we calculate our numbers at 100,000, and I believe the Unity counts more than that number in its ranks, and we each paid 2s. per year, or less than one half-penny per week, we should muster £10,000. Of course I can form no calculation as to the number of married brothers in the Unity, but I should think from what I know of the Lodges in this District, that we have not more than 30,000, if so many. Now if I err not, the average mortality in England is about 2½ per cent,—men, women, and children, but children, perhaps, 10 to 1, which of course reduces the mortality materially; and again, Odd Fellows are generally picked men, and I as surgeon to a numerous Lodge can affirm that they are the healthiest body of men I know of. I should say that we should not have more than 50 or 60 widows per annum; but *allowing* 100 married brothers to die every year, we should have the following account:—

100,000 members, at 2s. per year, will produce.....	£10,000
100 widows, at 5s. per week (as an average) or £13 per year ..	1,300
	<hr/>
Will leave a balance on hand of	8,700
2nd year's income.....	10,000
	<hr/>
	18,700
200 widows in the second year will cost.....	2,600
	<hr/>
	16,100
The interest of first year's balance will probably be	300
	<hr/>
Leaving a balance in our favour of.....	16,400
Third year's income.....	10,000
	<hr/>
	26,400
300 widows in the third year will cost.	3,900
	<hr/>
	22,500
Interest of second year's balance	600
	<hr/>
Leaving us this balance to carry out the fourth year	23,100
Vol. 5—No. 5—2 C	<hr/>

It is hardly worth while carrying the calculation further, but you see that at the end of three years, we shall have a fund on hand of £23,100, even allowing for no increase of members, and as we are increasing by thousands every year, I should say we should have a greater fund than that, but for the sake of calculation, I thought it as well to adhere to a certain number, below what we really have.

As to the mode of collecting and paying;—The money should be paid quarterly by every Lodge to the District Meeting, according to the number of brothers in each Lodge. The delegate to carry an account with him of any money expended on account of widows or orphans,—the District Officers to examine such accounts, and receive or pay according to circumstances; the District Officers to remit the balance to Manchester, to be there put into one fund. Should there be no balance, and the District pay more than they receive, to send the account to the Board at Manchester, which will of course instantly remit the cash the District may have paid over and above the receipts.

When a married brother dies, and his widow or orphan applies to the Lodge, a Committee appointed for the purpose must examine into each case, and determine how much relief will be required, and in what manner it should be applied, for I would not have all the relief given in money; but I would have the Committee pay the house rent,—children's clothing bill, school bills, &c., and many other points, thus making sure that the money is applied to a good and useful purpose.

I think there can be no objection to this plan. If any reader of the Magazine can offer any suggestion likely to improve on it, most gladly shall I hear them. It is the intention of our Lodge to have this plan brought forward at the next District Quarterly Meeting, and if approved of there to go to the A. M. C. without whose sanction of course nothing can be done. I thought that if I could obtain its insertion in the Magazine, it would give officers and brothers in every Lodge in the Unity time to consider and reflect upon the plan. All I ask is for the members of every Lodge to take it into their most serious consideration, for the subject is in my eyes a most important and sacred one, and proud and happy shall I feel if I have been so fortunate as to hit on a plan that will take one single tear from the eye of the widow and orphan.

Whatever errors there may be in this paper, are errors of the head and not of the heart, and as such I hope every Odd Fellow will forgive them.

I remain, Officers and Brothers,

Your well-wisher in the Bonds of F. L. & T.

HENRY LOVELL WEDDELL,
Secretary and Surgeon.

Loyal Perseverance Lodge, Thirsk, Sep. 11th, 1838.

P. S.—Some brothers may object to this plan on the ground of its pressing equally on the single as well as the married brothers; but, officers and brothers, when a man joins an Odd Fellow's Lodge, he ought to become a *real Odd Fellow*, and remember that it is the pride and boast of Odd Fellowship, "that it has a tendency to make men appear in this world as they ought to do, if they conform to its precepts." *Charity and benevolence* are words well known and duly appreciated by all *true* Odd Fellows. Now can anything be more *charitable*, more *benevolent*, or more *noble*, than the fact that the widows and orphans of Odd Fellows, will never (if this plan be adopted) be dependant upon the parish for sustenance? Besides, I consider that every widow and orphan has a claim upon our benevolence, which no brother with the feelings of a man can refuse, especially when we look at the noble sums we shall raise by a contribution so trifling, that the poorest brother will never miss it, viz:—less than *one halfpenny* per week! This fact shews us that unity is strength. And again, this plan would enable us to allow the present General Fund to be applied more freely to cases requiring extra relief, &c. &c., and to extend the benefits of that Fund to an extent that we cannot at present dream of; indeed (although some may deem the idea visionary) I cannot help thinking that in a few years, we shall have the means to support our own poor, where Odd Fellows' Lodges are numerous.

H. L. W.

TO THE EDITOR AND COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT FOR THE MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

OUR Lodge have received a circular from brother H. L. WEDDELL, Surgeon and Secretary of the Loyal Perseverance Lodge, Thirsk, dated September 19th, on the subject of a *General Widow and Orphans' Fund* throughout the Unity,—a subject I think well deserving the most serious attention of every Odd Fellow. As I am not a great admirer of the very many and varied plans on which the Widow and Orphans' Funds now exist, is the cause I have written on the subject, thinking that a *general and universal system* would be far more preferable.

Our brother's plan, as he states, is certainly, in my opinion, "very simple in its construction and easy in its operation," and I most cordially concur with him in the major part thereof; but I must beg to correct him in his calculations, which I think will be of great importance at the outset of the plan, as it probably may have a tendency to lead many astray in their ideas respecting it. No doubt there are many members of the Order who will see the error at a mere glance, and others apparently not so soon; I think the more so, as it appears to have passed our brother's own Lodge unobserved. Perhaps some may say, if you concur in the principles of the plan you ought to have been silent, and let some of its opponents have pointed out the error; for as the numbers now stand it would have suited the purpose of its supporters better, in order to get a large majority in its favour. But such ideas as these would not certainly be honest; and as every tub must stand on its own bottom, so am I anxious it should stand in its true colours, and on a firm basis.

Our brother says, "Supposing we calculate our numbers at 100,000, (and I believe the Unity counts more than that number in its ranks), and we each pay 2s. per year, or less than one halfpenny per week, we should muster £10,000. Of course, I can form no calculation as to the number of married brothers in the Unity, but I should think, from what I know of the Lodges in this District, that we have not more than 30,000, if so many. Now if I err not, the average mortality in England is about 2½ per cent,—men, women, and children, but children perhaps 10 to 1, which of course reduces the mortality materially: and again, Odd Fellows are generally picked men, and I, as Surgeon to a numerous Lodge, can affirm that they are the healthiest body of men I know of. I should say we should not have more than 50 or 60 widows per annum; but *allowing* 100 married brothers to die every year, we should have the following account:—

100,000 Members, at 2s. per year, will produce	£10,000
100 Widows, at 5s per week, (as an average) or £13 per year.	1,300
Will leave a balance on hand of.	<u>£8,700"</u>

It must be obvious that our brother's error, then, is in the *number of members dying annually*. Admitting Odd Fellows to be the healthiest body of men known, yet they *must die* as well as the more feeble and unhealthy,—probably they may not quite so soon, but the time must come when *all* must bid adieu to this world and all its imperfections.

Our brother says "the average mortality in England is about 2½ per cent., men, women, and children; but children, perhaps, 10 to 1, which, of course, reduces the mortality materially." I believe the mortality in England in the middle stage of life is about 2 per cent.; this, I think, is the most proper time on which the calculations should be grounded; therefore, taking this to be the case, the number which will die annually out of 30,000, will be 600 instead of 100, which our brother calculates on. The account, therefore, instead of standing as above, will be thus:

100,000 members at 2s. per year, will produce.....	£10,000
600 widows at 5s. per week, or £13 per year.....	7,800

Leaving a balance on hand of 2,200

So that instead of the balance on hand in the first year being £8,700, it can only be £2,200. I should have said something as to the superiority of such a plan, and the advantages arising therefrom, but have not time, therefore,

I remain, yours, in the bonds of F. L. & T.

J. CAMM, P. P. D. G. M.

Blooming Rose Lodge, Quorndon, Sep. 24th, 1838.

STANZA ON HOPE.

(SELECTED.)

THOUGH the heart that sorrow chideth
Sink in anguish and in care,
Yet, if patience still abideth,
Hope shall paint her rainbow there :
Hope's bright lamp her light shall borrow
From Religion's blessed ray,
And from many a coming morrow
Charm the clouds of grief away.
Wherefore should we sigh and languish,
Since our cares so soon shall cease,
And the heart that sows in anguish
Shall hereafter reap in peace.
This is not a scene of pleasure,—
These are not the shores of bliss :
We shall gain a brighter treasure,—
Find a dearer land than this !

J. W.

THE RIFLEMAN'S WIFE.

(*From the Monthly Repository.*)

AFTER our campaign through the Peninsula, our regiment returned home, and was quartered at Dover, where, in the spring of 1815, we received orders to proceed to Ostend, and thence to Bruges, Ghent, and Brussels. At the battle of Waterloo I was again unfortunately wounded, and was removed into a hospital at Antwerp, where, in a few months, I recovered, and then rejoined my regiment at a little village called Clichy, about a mile and a half from Paris, on the banks of the Seine. We then proceeded to the suburbs of the fortified Tower of Cambray, and occupied the surrounding villages. My own company, under Colonel Leach, was quartered at Mouvres, on the house of a rich old fellow, named Bernard Loude. He was the richest man in the village ; he had about 120 acres of land, rent-free, with stables, granaries, waggons, cattle ;—every thing that constitutes a farmer's stock. The house, like the other houses in that part of the country, was built long, with only a ground-floor ; and, on entering it, I observed three pretty-looking girls spinning. The youngest, about sixteen years of age, was named Leucade ; the next, who was about nineteen, Augustine ; and the eldest, who was not above twenty-four years of age, was named Julie. They were all attractive in appearance. After living there some days, I looked upon myself as one of the household, and youth-like, began toying with the girls. The one who attracted my attention most was Augustine. She was a fine young woman, rather tall than otherwise, with fair hair and eyes, and very clear complexion ; a little inclined to *enbom-point*. Her manners were playful, yet gentle ; and there was an air of innocence in her freedom, which showed that her thoughts were untainted by that knowledge of the

world which restrains the levity of youth. Her disposition corresponded with her manners;—frank, generous, and confiding. Her sisters used to say she was of a most forgiving temper, yet of firm and determined spirit, and they loved her with more than the love which sisters usually bestow upon each other. I now, day after day, became more and more intimate with the family; and the fair Augustine, whether serious or jesting, was always my favourite. The courtship of a soldier may be somewhat rough; I used to steal a kiss from her now and then, which she would check me for doing; yet so much goodness was there in her manner, that her reproof, rather than otherwise, tempted a repetition of the offence. To those who know the inconveniences to which soldiers are subjected in being billeted, it must appear that I was now in clover. I certainly never shall forget it.

One day—it was, I remember, on a Saturday—I was ordered on duty at Boulogne; the head-quarters of our regiment, and previous to my departure the youngest sister, Leucade, told me that Augustine was engaged to be married to a young Frenchman. It was my custom to dine with the family every Sunday; and, on my return off guard the next day, as usual, I joined the domestic party. I noticed a stranger at table, who, by his manner, appeared to be the favoured suitor of Augustine. We had, however, scarcely been seated, when he gazed intently on me; and suddenly starting up and seizing me by the hand, while he nearly burst into tears, exclaimed, “*Mon brave soldat! Est ce vous?*” I immediately recognised in him the faithful Frenchman whose life I had spared in the streets of Badajos. He now, having returned to his seat, described to them in French the scenes we had gone through at Badajos, which sometimes called forth fits of laughter, and sometimes tears. All eyes were fixed on me. I particularly noticed Augustine. She looked more serious than I had ever seen her; she did not shed a tear, nor yet laugh; but I saw by the heaving of her breast that she was more affected than the rest. He extolled me to the skies; but knew not the interest he was exciting in favour of an unknown rival. The French I have observed to be a restless people; fond of glory and sentiment; any story of chivalry—*la gloire et l’amour*—will always excite their admiration. After dinner, both having enjoyed mutual good cheer, I and my old companion parted. The attention of all the family towards me was after this redoubled; and although I had before suspected, I now saw plainly that I had won the heart of Augustine. After this we were more frequently alone than before, and I learned that although her father wished her marriage with the Frenchman, she had never herself been seriously attached to him. She was now no longer the playful, happy creature she had hitherto been; she walked about the room and talked of me in her sleep; and every now and then burst into tears.—The affection, therefore, that subsisted between us became no secret in the family, and I thought it prudent to change my quarters. Accordingly I applied to Colonel Leach for another billet; he granted my request, and I removed to Saint les Marquins, a pretty, neat-looking little village off the main road. At the house of an old widow however, who lived at Mouvres, I still corresponded with Augustine, and enjoyed many a stolen interview with her. At length, harassed by the remonstrances of her family, who insisted on her diverting her affections from me, she determined on leaving her father’s roof, and in the dusk of evening met me at the house of the old widow, where we betrothed ourselves to each other. On hearing of her elopement, her father unrelentingly pursued her. He went to Cambray, and applied to the executors to deprive her of her patrimony; but the law prevented their doing so. He then appealed to the military authorities; and one morning, about ten o’clock, three *gens-d’armes*, to my surprise, entered my quarters in search of her. I was about to give them a very rough reception, and some of my comrades who happened to be with us, already had proposed ducking them, when the corporal, warning me that I should be held responsible for any ill-usage they received, produced a written order for her to return to her parents, signed by General Sir John Lambert; countersigned by Major Belvard; Sir Andrew Bernard being at that time the commandant of Cambray. I saw that all remonstrance was vain; that there was no alternative; and, accompanying her myself, she was obliged, with a heavy heart, to retrace her steps. Her reception by her father was most unkind. He confined her in a room, the windows of which were secured and darkened by cross-bars of iron, the handy-work of the smith of the village, whose services had been called in upon the occasion. In this gloomy prison she was not permitted to see her sisters; her meals were sent to her at long intervals, and scantily

supplied. A priest too was sent for, who was paid a napoleon every morning for six days in succession for celebrating mass, and praying that her affections might be turned from me! But the bars of iron and the prayers of the priest were alike vain; she contrived on the first opportunity to escape to me. Immediately that she returned we went together to Colonel Leach, who lived at the chateau of the village, to request that she might be allowed to remain with me. On entering the room, she threw herself in an impassioned manner down on her knees and begged that we might not be separated. The Colonel smiled, and telling her to rise, granted our request; then, turning round to me, he said, in a good-natured manner, "Take care you use her well—she deserves it!"

We now fancied ourselves, in a great measure, protected; but she was again pursued by her father, who one day very unceremoniously rushed into our cottage and desired that she would return with him. She immediately flew to me for protection, and throwing her arms around me, exclaimed, "*Mon Edouard! Jene te quitterai jamais!*" Her father, as if seized with a sudden fit of despair or phrenzy, laid hold of a hammer that lay on the table and struck himself violently on the forehead; the blow was a heavy one; he fell, and remained for some time insensible on the floor. The distress of Augustine cannot be imagined; but after this we were not again molested, and lived for many months happily and comfortably together. About the end of June, 1817, when we were encamped at Cambray, she gave birth to a child; and before its baptism we were privately married; but the child—a little girl—died at the age of three months. I may mention that the Duke of Wellington had given a positive order that British soldiers were not to marry French women. About twelve months, it may be rather more, after this, our regiments, being still at Cambray, received orders to proceed to England; and then Colonel Leach, who had hitherto been kind to us both, but did not know that we were married, sent for me to him, and informed me that she must return to her friends; that she would certainly not be permitted to embark with me. We now consulted together as to what step it would be best to adopt, when it was agreed that I should go to her uncle, and request him to intercede with her father to allow her to receive part of her patrimony; for although he could not deprive her of it after his death, she was not entitled to receive it during his life-time; and, if he consented to do so, I promised to obtain my discharge from the army, and openly marry her. Her uncle, after my interview with him, accompanied me to Mou-vres, a distance of about three miles, with the intention of discussing the matter with her father; but, on my entering the house, all was uproar; a tumult of voices from all the family assailed me, during which one of the brothers cried, "*Delie le chien!*" upon which a huge wolf-dog was unchained, but instead of attacking me, remembering that I had once lived in the house, he came up and fawned on me. In the midst of this scene of confusion Augustine entered; she had heard that I had gone to her father's house, and apprehensive of the consequences, had followed me. Not attending to any other person present, she entreated me to leave the place; I did so, and we returned together to Cambray; and early the next morning the regiment being in marching order, we parted. It had been agreed that she should remain with the family of her uncle until I could communicate with her from England, where we hoped that happier circumstances awaited us.

After having disembarked at Dover, our regiment marched to Shoreham Cliff barracks, where we had not been long quartered when an order arrived from the Horse-Guards for two sergeants and two corporals of each company of the rifles to be reduced. Men who had been wounded were to be first selected; and old men the next. I was accordingly, although only about thirty years of age, fixed on to be reduced on account of wounds; and immediately repaired to Chatham, where I waited to receive an order from Chelsea to proceed to London to pass the Board. Here, to my astonishment, one day Augustine presented herself before me; her appearance electrified me;—"Edouard! *Mon cher Edouard!*" she exclaimed—"je te suivrai partout." I then learned, that having arrived at Shoreham Cliff barracks and inquired for me, Colonel Leach had kindly paid her passage by coach to Chatham, directing her where to find me. Here she gave birth to another child. Two months afterwards I received orders to appear before the Chelsea Board; and we proceeded to London together. On our arrival there, our circumstances being very needy, we took a single room in Red Lion-street, Chelsea, where we resolved to live as sparingly as possible. I passed the

Board; but soon found the pittance I received not sufficient to maintain a family. Day after day we struggled with our necessities. To suffer poverty oneself is wretched; but to see a wife or child in want of food or raiment is a heavier affliction; and I confess that I now saw nothing but starvation staring us in the face. What was to be done? My faithful Augustine deliberated with me on our difficulties with great patience, and we agreed that it would be most advisable for her to return to her uncle, and endeavour to move the family of her father to a reconciliation with us both. Her infant, she thought, would not fail to excite their kindly feelings; but how could we defray the expenses of so long a journey? It occurred to me that, having been several times wounded, I was entitled to an allowance for my wounds. This is called "blood-money;" but is, I believe, now not given in the British service. The applicant used to receive a card, signed by the Adjutant and Commanding Officer, certifying that the bearer had been wounded in a certain action. A month after his discharge he presented this card to the minister of the parish in which he resided, who gave him an order for the money. This card I had already in my possession, and the Honourable — Wellesley, the brother of the duke of Wellington, being the Rector of Chelsea, I applied to him. He referred me to a certain Secretary, who shall be nameless, because he committed one of those outrages on civility and humanity which are too common in the public offices in England. "Damn you! Sir," said he, "did you expect to fight with puddings or Norfolk dumplings?—if you went into battle you ought to have expected to be wounded—I cannot be troubled with you!" I returned, and having represented my situation to the brother of the Duke, succeeded in obtaining a small sum of money—five pounds—for the wound at Waterloo, but none for the others which I had received in the Peninsula.

With this scanty supply we proceeded to Dover, thence to Calais, and from thence to St. Omer, where, kissing her infant and herself for the last time, we parted. She promised to write me word immediately that she succeeded with her family; and if not, it was agreed that as soon as my circumstances improved, she should return to me. "*Ne m'oubliez pas!*" were her last words. Without a farthing in my pocket, for I had given the last sous to her, and was determined to forage my own way home the best way I could, I again set off for Calais, where I arrived in much distress. Here fortune was favourable to me. By masonic signs I was introduced to a brother, who kindly befriended me, and gave me a free passage to Dover; had it not been for his kindly assistance, I know not how I should have crossed the straits. Arrived at Dover, nothing could exceed my wretchedness. I had fought and bled, and faced death in a foreign country; but I now returned to my own, as if I had been an outcast upon earth, without a friend or farthing in the world. The thought maddened me. For three days and nights I walked the streets of Dover, and scarcely tasted food. A thousand times I asked myself "What can I do?" "How shall I act?" Begging was out of the question—a soldier could not beg. More fitted in this state of mind for an highwayman than a beggar, I said to myself, "Can I not plunder?" But I could not rob—I had no fire-arms. Thus pondering within myself how I should proceed, I walked slowly along the road that leads to Canterbury, and on a sudden espied a number of hop-poles in an adjoining field. The thought flashed like lightning on my brain that I would seize one of these, and knock the first man down that came past. Accordingly, I pulled one of the poles out of the ground, and hid myself behind the hedge. Alas! that a soldier, who had exposed his life in his country's defence, should now be found lurking behind a hedge, looking out for the first man to rob! But hunger maddened me—my poverty, not my will, compelled me to the act. The first man who came past was a strong hulky fellow, who seemed to possess no money; he had on a smock frock. As I continued peeping through the hedge-row, I saw another advance, who, by his appearance, I judged had some about him; but, just as I was slipping over the edge into the road, he noticed me, and I perceived another person only a few yards behind him. Accordingly, I thought it prudent to let them pass; and then I moved on along the Canterbury road, looking out for a more convenient spot. I now saw a man, at some little distance, walking on before me; he was alone, and seemed a fit object for my design. I increased my steps; gained upon him, and was about to commit the deed; when suddenly, as if startled by my approaching footsteps, he turned round upon me, and exclaimed, with surprise—"Hillo! Ned, my boy, how are you?" In an instant I recognised a man who had been a fellow-comrade

of my own at Waterloo. His name was John Connor; I knew him well! "Good God!" said I; but my heart was so full I could scarcely speak to him. He shook me by the hand; but I was so bewildered that I knew not what I was about; he saw my confusion, and asked me what was the matter? and then, little dreaming of what was the real cause of my agitation, insisted on my returning with him to Dover, where he informed me that he was married and had a commodious house. I have often thought that the circumstance of a friend being the person on whom I thus alighted, was a providential interference that prevented my committing an act which would ever afterwards have embittered by future years; and perhaps, by similar interpositions, however unperceived by themselves, many men are saved from the commission of crime.—Before parting from my generous comrade, who insisted on my sleeping at his house that night, I explained to him my abject circumstances, when he advised me to lay my instructions before the Commandant of Dover, who was then Lord Ford, and solicit from him sufficient means to carry me to London. This was to beg, a task contrary to my nature. I asked him what I was to say?—how act? for I had been a soldier since I was sixteen years of age, and was unacquainted with the forms of civil life. He gave me such advice as occurred to him, and accompanying me on the road, showed me the house at which the Colonel resided; it was, I remember, at the end of the town, near to the general hospital. With an unwilling hand I rung the bell. The door was immediately opened. "Is the Colonel in?" said I. "Do you wish to see him?" answered the footman, surveying my person. "I do," was my reply; "tell him that a serjeant of the rifles wishes to speak to him." The servant then stepping across the hall, went into the room; and while the door was ajar, I heard the Colonel ask, "Is he in uniform or in coloured clothes?" "In coloured clothes!" was the answer. "Tell him to come in!" I entered the room slowly; and believe me I went with more spirit on the Forlorn Hope at Badajos, than I now did into the presence of this officer. He was standing with his back to the fire-place. "Well, friend," said he, "what do you want?" In a sort of feigned tone I answered, "I want to know, Sir, if you will lend me (here I stammered)—a little (another stammer)—money to carry me to London, and I will pay you when I get my pension."

During the time I delivered myself, which I did in a very faltering manner, of this speech, the Colonel stooping down, stared me very full in the face, as if he thought me mad; then, with Herculean voice he exclaimed, "God damn you, Sir, who are you? what do you want?" This rousing up the spirit of the soldier within me, I altered my tone, and said in the most earnest and determined manner, "Sir! I am a man brought to the last pitch of distress; without friend or money: if you will assist me, do so, but do not insult my feelings;" then, throwing my papers down on the table, I added, "there are my papers, keep them until I refund the money. I am a soldier of the Rifle Brigade, who has fought and repeatedly bled in the service of his country." He then, taking up my Chelsea discharge, and reading over attentively the wounds I had received, viz. five, looked at me with altogether an altered expression, and said, "You must have been a brave fellow, or you would not have received so many scars in the service; which battalion did you belong to?" I told him "the first!" He then asked what money I wanted to take me to London; I answered, that "it was only seventy-five miles, and that two shillings would be sufficient; that I could walk more than thirty-five miles per day, as I had no knapsack to carry, and a shilling a day would do for me." Here my feelings overpowered me, and tears, the first I almost recollect to have shed, large tears trickled down my cheek. He himself turned round towards the fire-place, evidently affected, and then facing round to me again, said, "Tut! tut! a brave soldier should not mind a little poverty." Then ringing the bell, the footman, who was in attendance, came into the room, and he added, "Tell the cook to get a good hot dinner ready for a gallant soldier." He then, putting a chair towards me, desired me to sit down, and began conversing with me familiarly. I now told him the whole story of Augustine, and how I had exhausted my funds in returning with her and her infant back to France. He then asked me a number of questions concerning the Peninsular war, when we were interrupted by the servant, who informed him that the dinner was ready. "Go now," said he, "and take some refreshment;" but, alas! my appetite was gone. I could have eaten a donkey before, but now I could not break bread. One of the servants observing me so decomposed, went and informed him of it; when he came to me himself, saying, "Come, come,

Serjeant! make a good dinner;" and then, turning to the servant, ordered him to bring a bottle of wine. After my repast, he again returned, accompanied by a lady—perhaps his wife or daughter, to whom he had probably been speaking of me, and who may have been curious to see the rough soldier who had gone through so memorable a campaign. He now slipped some twelve half crowns into my hand, and desired me on no account to walk, but to take the coach to London, and, at the same time, he presented me with my papers. I thanked him, but requested him to keep the papers until I could return the money. He replied, "No, no! I make you a present of it." He then, in a very kind manner, added, "Your old Colonel, Colonel Bernard, is made a General of, and a Knight. He is now Major-General Sir Andrew Bernard, and, if you wish it, I will write to him about you." Again I thanked him, and said, "Sir, the Colonel is well acquainted with me." I left the house with feelings of gratitude which I could not give utterance to, and never, although many years have passed, shall I forget the kindness of Colonel Ford.

On my return to London I wrote to Augustine, received no answer; waited with anxiety; and then came the intelligence of her death. Her father had to the last remained inexorable. But why should I proceed? Poor Augustine! Peace be to thy memory, and blessings on the head of thy surviving child.

AN ODD FELLOW'S WISH.

"*HERE* friend—this little copper alms receive,—
Instance of *will*, without the *power* to give."

Savage.

I HAVE a property within,
A *will* that fain would aid
The man on whom Adversity
Her withering hand has laid;
Whose pallid visage is the glass,
That shows a sorrowing soul,
Unsooth'd by charity, and shut
From pity's meek control.

O! that the blissful task were mine
To hush the orphan's sigh;
And from the bitter storms of life,
Safe shelter to supply!
To pluck the piercing thorn that grows
Within the breast of care,
And light with smiles of holy hope,
The features of despair.

To visit lorn affliction's couch,
And want's uncurtain'd bed;
Their sad necessities relieve,
And banish every dread.
To seek the mean, obscure retreat,
Where merit droops for bread,
While wealthy fools, like golden calves,
Are worshipp'd in his stead.

There free that spirit from distress,
Which might on eagle-wing,
From fancy's glittering, gay domain,
The brightest garlands bring;
VOL. 5—No. 5—2 D.

Whose glowing verse might charm a heart,
By frenzied feelings riven—
Refine, delight, enchant the mind,
And lift the soul to heaven!

Shame to my country! that so oft
Her sons of science fall
Beneath the frown of proud disdain,
And pine in bitterest thrall!
Shame to my country! that she ne'er
Appreciates their worth,
Until their lamp of life is quench'd
And sternly dash'd to earth!

Then are their various powers extoll'd,
Their works with ardour sought,—
The poet's "fragments" and "remains,"
In costly liveries bought!
And while in odes and epitaphs,
Vain grief parades his name;
A marble monument, in sooth,
Perpetuates his fame!

A stone for bread—base mockery!
What! let the poet die
With famine gnawing at his heart,
And none to close his eye!
Then lavish wealth upon his tomb—
The wealth that should have paid
His mental labours, and secur'd
Warm comfort's timely aid.

He sued for patronage—his wants
 To grandeur *did* disclose,
 But found no charitable hand
 To mitigate his woes;
 Yet o'er his tomb *that* grandeur bends,
 Affecting to deplore
 (While *pitying* strangers gather round,) *He*
was not known before!

Lo! by my window passes now
 The veriest mendicant
 That ever slept beneath a hedge,
 Or felt the pangs of want.
 O! could I clothe his wasted form,
 And cheer each future hour;
 Kind Heaven! since Thou hast given the
 will,
Do Thou bestow the power!
 P. G. GEORGE GATENBY.

St. Wilfred Lodge, Ripon, Sep. 18th, 1838.

ON THE ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

THE success of the Magazine is a subject towards which I have always felt a lively interest, more particularly so since the profits arising from the sale thereof, have begun to be dedicated to so laudable an object as that of relieving the widow and orphan; and happy am I to perceive the rapid increase it is making in point of circulation, but still instead of that being 15,000, I can see no possible reason why it should not be 50,000. At the same time, I am sorry to see very few really good original productions contained in its pages. What, is it possible, that out of eighty or ninety thousand individuals, there cannot be sufficient original matter produced to fill a sixpenny Magazine once in a quarter? In individually asking this question, let us each begin at home, and ask ourselves *what we have done*. It is folly to complain of the lukewarmness of others, whilst we ourselves remain inactive; let us each begin and try to contribute something, be it ever so trifling, either in the shape of originality, or of choice selections; it will be encouragement to the Committee, and place at their disposal, greater choice of materials to work upon; for, let us remember the old proverb, that "every little makes a mickle."

There may be those who cannot contribute to the work in the way I have stated, but who may still help on the good cause, viz:—by unceasingly recommending the work to the perusal of others, and by the best of all arguments—*example*.

I remember an anecdote, the recital of which may not be inappropriate to our present subject:—"A number of brothers and sisters were playing upon the banks of a fish pond, when one of the boys had the misfortune to fall into the water, and was in great danger of being drowned; one of the brothers instantly jumped in to endeavour to rescue the drowning boy; another ran as swiftly as his little legs could carry him, to call for assistance, and happily succeeded in bringing relief in time, so that his brother's life was saved. The next day, after the excitement caused by the accident had subsided, the father of the children called them together for the purpose of inquiring into the circumstance, and also what each had done towards rescuing the little sufferer. Beginning with the eldest, he asked, "And pray, my dear William, what did you do when you saw your brother Henry in the water?" "Well, father," replied William, "I instantly jumped into the water, and held him up until assistance arrived." "And Charles," said the father to the second boy, "and what did you do, my dear, to assist?" "I ran," replied Charles, "as fast as I could, calling for help, and was so fortunate as to get relief there in time to save him." "And now, my dear little Mary Jane," again said the father to a little girl, the youngest of the three, "and what did you do when you saw your brother in the water?" "Father," replied the little girl, "I held my brother William's hat." Although unable to render much assistance, the little maiden had done what she could; she had held the hat, and deserving of praise for shewing her willingness to render all the help in her power towards her brother's rescue.

Let us, then, my brethren, endeavour to imitate the example set by these children, and shew, at least, *our willingness* to render all the assistance in our power. Some of you can, like William, yourselves dive into the depths of literature, and by

your own productions render assistance; others, if not able to do this, can, like Charles, run and seek for help in the productions of others: and those that can neither write themselves, nor select from other authors, can, at least, like the little girl, *hold the hat*,—yes, by unwearied assiduity and exertion, prevail upon others to become subscribers to the work, and thus by every little means in their power, endeavour to do what they can, for remember, Mary Jane could do very little, yet she could take credit for holding the hat.

Whilst writing the foregoing few imperfect remarks, it struck me very forcibly, that something in the shape of a brief review of the last Number, might perhaps not be uninteresting to, at least, a portion of your numerous readers; and if it meets your approbation, I may perhaps be tempted to continue the subject to future Numbers.

First, then, in looking over the last Magazine, I find twenty articles of prose, and four of verse, original and selected, besides the list of births, marriages and deaths, and which certainly, as far as quantity goes, is sufficient for the price.

The first subject claiming our attention (in point of position) is "The American Correspondence." It cannot fail to yield a degree of satisfaction to every reflecting and philanthropic mind, to see the progress that Odd Fellowship is making amongst our transatlantic brethren; and my own opinions exactly coincides with that of the writers of the "Correspondence," viz:—that Odd Fellowship appears to be a plant peculiarly adapted to the soil of their country. And I have no doubt but it would be a great addition to, at least, our respectability, if we, in England, were to act upon their recommendation with regard to discontinuing all convivial practices in our Lodges; for it is folly to expect that Odd Fellowship will ever attain the respectability that it is entitled to, so long as we continue to hold our meetings at public houses, and thus give direct encouragement to intemperance, by bringing us more immediately within the reach of temptation.

The article "On the Importance of Punctuality," by Samuel Clarke. The subject is one of importance, and one in which we are all individually connected; the article is well written, deserving a place in the Magazine, and will repay the reader a re-perusal.

"Style" is a subject that does not much interest us, as I consider very few Odd Fellows have either the power or the will to imitate the example of the "Giblets;" nevertheless as light reading (and tastes differ) it is amusing.

The next subject, "A retrospective glance at the past and present, with the benefits and advantages of the age we live in," by John Clark, is a pleasing subject to reflect upon, presenting to the mind's eye the vast superiority in point of mechanical ingenuity, &c. of our own, to the by-gone ages, it will repay the perusal; but, by the by, I would hint as delicately as possible to the writer, that if he had acted more upon his own suggestions, and been plain without being prolixious, it would have been as well; for, as I before hinted, we are, generally speaking, a body of plain working men, and plain language suits us far better than fine-strained phraseology, as we have little time to peruse dictionaries, &c.; however the writer deserves credit, and I shall be happy to see his promised continuation of the subject.

"Life in the East," by J. Quinn, is sufficient to make us thank our stars, that we were born in England, where we can enjoy the divine bliss of having more of the presence of the fairest production of nature's handiwork—woman.

"Socrates and Demetrius." An instructing article, and considered either individually or collectively, of importance for us to study.

A poetic piece "To a wild Blue Bell," is a very pretty production, simple, plain, and pathetic, the language and sentiment well suited to the subject. I would request "B. Stott," to favour us with more poetic effusions of this description; such articles are both honourable to himself, and an ornament to the Magazine.

In reading "The King Snake," and "The Pitch Grounds of Teneriffe," the reader cannot fail to feel impressed with an idea of the wonderful works of nature.

"The Accepted Sacrifice," and "The Bride," by W. G. L., speak well for both the head and heart of the writer; the latter is a very pretty piece. I should like to see the subject continued as the wife and widow.

"Lineaments of Nature," by G. P. Jennings, is an interesting article. If our members would apply themselves more generally to the study of useful science, they would find it more conducive to their own happiness, than brawling and singing at the public house, which I am afraid some of them are very guilty of doing. The writer deserves the thanks of the Magazine reading community, for what he has already done for their information, and I trust he will not weary in well doing.

"On the sources of human happiness, and the conditions requisite for maintaining it,"—an useful selection, and will repay perusal.

"Gleanings in Craven, in a tour from Bolton Abbey to Ambleside." I can assure the readers of the Magazine that, in our part of the country, Odd Fellowship is beginning to occupy more of the notice, and consequently, more of the friendly feeling of society, than it has hitherto done; only let the members conduct themselves as the principles of the Institution teach, and I doubt not, but ere long, they will become the admiration of society generally.

It is pleasing to reflect how many sorrows have been relieved, how many tears dried, through the instrumentality of Widow and Orphans' Funds. What man with a feeling heart in his bosom, can refuse to contribute to so noble a cause as the one before us? If through apathy or dislike they refuse or neglect to support it, I envy not their feelings.

I think I have now briefly noticed most of the articles of importance, and have endeavoured faithfully to comment a little upon each, excepting the births, marriages, and deaths, and these must not be omitted. As for the little responsibilities, my wish and hope is, that they each in their day and generation, may become either Odd Fellows, or Odd Fellows' wives. To the married I wish every joy that connubial happiness can afford; and the dead, I trust, have been removed from this Lodge to one above, which never breaks up or closes.

I remain, the Order's sincere well-wisher,

SCRUTATOR.

September, 1838.

THERE'S BEAUTY.

THERE'S beauty o'er all 'this delectable world,
It wakes at the first golden visit of light;
There's beauty when morn hath her banner unfurl'd,
Or stars twinkle out from the depths of the night.
There's beauty on ocean's vast verdureless plains,
Though lash'd into fury, or lull'd into calm;
There's beauty on land and its thousand domains,
Its cornfields of plenty, its meadows of balm.
Oh, God of Creation! these sights are of thee,—
Let all who have seen them for ever be free.

There's music when summer is with us on earth,
Sent forth from the valley, the mountain, and sky;
There's music where rivers and fountains have birth,
Or leaves whisper soft as the wind passeth by.
There's music in voices that gladden our homes,
In the lay of the mother, the laugh of the child;
There's music wherever the wanderer roams,
In city or solitude, garden or wild.
Oh, God of Creation! these sounds are of thee,
Let all who have heard them for ever be free.

JOHN CRITCHLY PRINCE.

Prince of Waterloo Lodge, Hyde.

TO THE EDITOR AND COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT FOR THE MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

In your Magazine of September last, you did me the honour to insert a narration of the circumnavigation of the Dead Sea, which I furnished you as an eye witness: I now venture another extract from the pen of the same gentleman, the correctness of whose remarks I can vouch for, having been an eye witness of the same scenes, and having likewise numbered the cedars myself; should you think the extract worthy insertion, I will, at some future period, forward you more of a similar kind, equally interesting.

I am, Gentlemen, your obedient servant,

C. CRANMER.

September, 1838.

THE CEDARS OF LIBANON.

PERHAPS there is no spot about which such general interest exists, of which we have so indistinct an idea as of the cedars of Libanon. Some imagine that forests of these trees still cover the mountains; others assert, among whom is no less an authority than Gibbon, that only five trees remain. This historian, however, accurately describes the country around them, "from the ridge of Libanon, to the shores of Tripoli, where the gradual descent affords in a narrow space, each variety of soil and climate, from the holy cedars erect under the weight of snow, to the vine, the mulberry, and the olive trees of the fruitful valley." The traveller from Tripoli to the cedars, immediately on leaving the gate of the town, toils up a wild dell, where a torrent, (once confined within an aqueduct now in ruins) pours down beneath the shade of green copse wood, and shattered rocks; next he reaches rich uplands, smiling with crops of grain, and after plunging into a gloomy defile, and turning a mountain, he, in three hours, enters Sgorta, a christian village, built in a grassy plain, and embowered in olive groves: thence a steep and rugged path leads to Eden. This large village, partly concealed by olives, and shaded by noble walnut trees, is built on the side of a hill, overlooking a beautiful valley. It is the Eden so emphatically called by Ezekiel, the "Garden of God." From hence the traveller rapidly ascends through scenery perfectly Alpine, to a third christian town, seven hours from Sgorta, and ten from Tripoli, the name of which is Bahirrai. This village is built irregularly among the terraces worked on the side of a mountain, and commands the last ascent to the cedars, which rise like a titan battlement, at the head of a deep gorge. Abundant waterfalls rush down the rocks, and in the shaded valley below them, the rich alluvial soil is divided by poplars and willows, growing along the rivulets which irrigate the verdant meadows. The eternal snows frown from above, and the traveller who has eagerly sought the shade at Tripoli, here wraps his mantle about him, and as the day closes, reposes by the fire of some hospitable mountaineer.

From Bahirrai the rudest ascent still remains to be overcome, by the side of the great ravine up to the natural rampart above mentioned; when this is gained "with scramble and with bound," (which could be accomplished by none but the little well bred horses of the country) the pilgrim of Libanon finds himself in the region where vegetation seems to have ceased. The hollow plain he has entered is completely covered with snow during the winter, and at other seasons presents nothing to the eye but blocks of shattered rocks, between him and the snowy barrier, 1500 feet above his head; while another vast perpendicular cliff sweeps round the end of this desolate vale, and encloses it on N. N. E. and N. W. A dark green knoll is now seen; on advancing the traveller perceives that it is a mass of foliage—all his fatigues are forgotten—the cedars of Libanon are before him.

It would be difficult to conceive, and utterly impossible to describe, the variety of sensations which crowd the mind of the traveller on approaching those sacred relics.

Fatigued with over exertion by the labours of the preceding day, his mind becomes unhinged, and he is, perhaps, ready to brand with the term of infatuation that desire which hitherto has prompted him to ascend the stupendous mountain and ready to relapse into a somniferous indifference to all around him; when all at once, he is aroused as from a dream, his mind receives a fresh impulse, the hair of his head assumes an erect position, and his eye becomes the repository of an unaccountable fear.

The trees form one grove, occupying from 10 to 12 acres; the soil on which they grow is little else than the debris of limestone rock, and the vegetable deposits of the trees themselves. This grove is rendered highly picturesque by the hillocks and broken ground on which it stands; each vista has between the trees its peculiar character, but the most remarkable is near the centre, and commands a long glade of green sward, winding amidst white rocks and the dark stems of the trees. The cedars themselves have much variety of form; a few grow in a single stem like the mountain pine of the north, to a great height; others branch forth ten or twelve feet from the ground into a number of ramifications; but eight or ten of the oldest rise from the roots enormous conjoined stems, and throw out their huge branches laterally into endless diversity of outline. It is remarkable that there are no very young trees, and after a careful examination, only one trunk was found to be rotten. Notwithstanding the deep solitude, the green turf and broad shadows, the beautiful forms of the trees, the wild groups of men and horses among them, and above all, the clear blue sky, and steady sunshine, give to the scene a cheerful air. Round one of the large trees, piles of stones have been heaped in a circle, on which it is said the Maronite monks once a year celebrate mass.

The roots of the other large cedars are undefended, and frequently grow out of the sides of the stony banks, shooting laterally for a great distance. Most of the trees bear abundance of cones, which are similar in shape to those of the common larch, very compact, with much resin in them, and varying from the size of a hen's egg, to that of a turkey, or even a swan,

There is an Arab superstition that the cedars can never be numbered, but there can be no reasonable doubt, (several enumerations having been made the same day,) that from 299 to 304 cedars are still standing. The height of the most lofty one, which grows like a larch to a single head, without any large branches, was found (by sextant) to be 93 feet 2 inches; one of the great trees, 81 feet, to which all the eight largest trees approach. Three of these measure 32 feet 6 inches, 38 feet 8 inches, and 41 feet 8 inches in circumference; and there is a ninth tree, which, perhaps, may be classed with them. The lesser cedars are vastly inferior, and about the dimensions of two of their number, which were found to be 15 feet 3 inches, and 18 feet 6 inches in circumference. There seems no reason to question the common opinion of the country, that these are the only cedars now growing on Libanon; their position watered by the rills descending from the snow during the heat of summer, corresponds with the description given by the prophet of the trees of Eden,—“the choicest and best of Libanon,” and this name correctly retained by the village, (only ten miles distant) has been considered sufficient evidence to assign to the cedars now seen, the honour of being the relics of the forests of old, which are mentioned in the most ancient fable on record, twelve hundred years before the Christian era, —“If not, let fire come out of the bramble, and devour the cedars of Libanon,” (Judges 9th chap.) About 700 years B. C., they are called “the cedars of Libanon, high and lifted up,” (Isaiah 3rd chap.) A century later, another prophet exclaims,—“Howl, fir-tree, for the cedar is fallen;” “Open thy doors, Libanon, that the fire may devour thy cedars,” (Zech. 11th chap.) The prophet Ezekiel often used the cedars as a figure at another period, —“Behold, the Assyrian was a cedar in Libanon, with fair branches, and with a shadowing shroud of a high stature, and his top was among the thick boughs. The waters made him great, the deep set him on high, with her rivers running round about his plants, and sent out her little rivers into all the trees of the field.” “Thus was he fair in his greatness, in the length of his branches; for his root was by great waters, and I have made him fair by the multitude of his branches, so that all the trees of Eden, that were in the garden of God, envied him, and all the trees of Eden, the choice and best of Libanon.”

SPANGLERS OF HEAVEN.

(From the Metropolitan Magazine.)

SPANGLERS of Heaven! ye seem to me
 The alphabet of immensity,
 By which I read in dazzling light
 The lofty name of the Infinite.
 Shine on! shine on! in your depths of blue,
 Till every heart can read it too,
 And every raptured eye that's bent
 Up to the studded firmament,
 Catches the glow of your ceaseless rays
 And glistens in th' Eternal's praise.
 Beautiful stars 'neath your rich beams,
 As down from heaven their glory streams,
 When silence has sealed up the lips of earth,
 And thought more wild than the winds, has birth,
 I wander! I wander with untold joy,
 To feast my soul on the orb-lit sky;
 And never did Chaldee, when taught to kneel
 At the shrines of your splendour, more wildly feel
 The torrents of bliss through his bosom flow,
 As he upward gazed from the dust below.

Eyes of the universe! gems divine!
 Suns that bask in your own pure shine!
 Countless guides of the awe-struck soul,
 As inquiring it rushes from pole to pole!
 I drink! I drink at your fountain deep,
 While others are locked in the arms of sleep;
 Till, filled with the Pythonic draught of light,
 My intoxicate spirit deems all things bright,
 And earth and its deeds are lost to me,
 Eclipsed by your dazzling radiance.

A NORTHERN TOUR.

STRANGER, if e'er thy ardent step hath traced
 The northern realm of ancient Caledon,
 Where the proud queen of wilderness hath placed,
 By lake and cataract, her lonely throne;
 Sublime, but sad, delight thy soul hath known,
 Gazing on pathless glen and mountain high,
 List'ning where from the cliffs the torrent's throned,
 Mingle their echoes with the eagle's cry,
 And with the sounding lake and with the moaning sky.

SCOTT.

THERE are few subjects which have afforded me more amusement than the erroneous and ridiculous notions which the illiterate inhabitants of one country entertain of those of another, nor are those fallacious opinions confined to the people, but are extended to the general aspect of the country, its climate, temperature, salubrity, or insalubrity, productions, &c. &c. Thus, for instance, the people dwelling in the southern parts of this island, look upon those of the northern, as an inferior race of mortals, doomed to subsist on food altogether unfit for the human species, subject to the most inclement weather, undergoing the greatest hardships, and fettered with every degree of misery and wretchedness, which the fall of Adam entailed on the human race.

Moreover he conceives that the country is the very emblem of sterility, that it is composed of barren mountains, yielding little else besides heath and furze, and a few stunted trees, from which scanty pittance the inhabitants contrive to feed a few sheep, which however they are obliged to exchange for the more comfortable commodities of life; that even its most fertile spots yield no other grain besides oats, which they are obliged to reap in the gloomy month of December, amidst the rigours of a wintry storm.

Should fortune however direct his step to that part of the British dominions, he finds to his great amazement, that the people possess a degree of civilization, refinement, and consequent happiness, of which he was until then totally unconscious; he is, moreover, equally surprised that that abhorrence of parochial or personal aid, which in his native parts is considered pride and foolishness, is looked upon by the hardy Caledonian, as inseparable from honest industry; and that that person who either solicits or consents to receive parochial assistance, if in possession of his mental and corporeal faculties, is branded as the most contemptible of his species, and is ever after held in derision.

The appearance of the country will likewise tend to undeceive him; for although there are many parts which will fully justify his former opinions, yet he perceives that every mountain has got its corresponding valley, which always consists of the richest alluvial deposit; and from having a high temperature, and from being irrigated by the river which invariably rolls down its centre, produces grain in as great a state of perfection, as many soils in much lower latitudes.

Should his stay in what he too hastily deemed an inhospitable and dreary land, be protracted, he finds those very circumstances which he imagined were productive of degradation and misery, have an effect diametrically opposite.

The food of the peasantry, which he at first conceives unpalatable and innutritious, is in fact infinitely better calculated to strengthen and invigorate the system, than an intermittent use of animal food. (The circumstance of physicians invariably recommending its adoption by invalids, will, I trust, justify the assertion.) He finds too, that the climate which he imagined intolerant, braces the nerves, invigorates the whole system, and enables the labourer to perform a task, which in his own land always requires the aid of stimulating fluids; finally, he finds happiness in proportion to what he calls pride, and what they call honest independence, to proceed from their desire to live within their income, and from their abhorrence of public charity. This, with the consciousness of "owing no man anything," imparts a degree of cheerfulness, to which the labourer in this country, soliciting credit for loaf after loaf at the huxter's shop, is an utter stranger. The cheapness of their coarse fare* enables them to attain the happiness I have alluded to, and happy would it be for the poor in this country, were they to adopt the same means, for I am sure their efforts would ultimately be crowned with success; but unfortunately, there exists a formidable barrier between them and this blessed object, I mean a false and mistaken pride, which prompts them to sneer with contempt at what they call pig-meat, so that they would rather submit to be dunned for a debt, and see the petty tradesman ruined, for being so good-natured as to give them that credit which, perhaps, he himself was unable to obtain, than thus limit their desires to the means of gratifying them.

*The food I allude to is a preparation of the farina of the common oats, provincially called porridge, which, if prepared in the following manner, is highly nutritious, and not by any means unpalatable. Steep half a pound of oatmeal, unadulterated, in as much water as will fairly wet it; let it stand all night, and prepare it next morning for breakfast, by boiling, which cannot be over done—twenty minutes however will generally suffice—and the best criterion of its fitness, is a certain tenacity and cohesion of the particles of the flour, perceptible on raising that implement by which it should be incessantly stirred. During the boiling process, before putting the mixture into the boiler, it is necessary to have as much water at the boiling point, as will keep it gently boiling for the time specified, but should it become too thick before, more water must be added, and a very little experience will soon enable any one to ascertain the proper quantity. As much salt should be boiled with it as will cover its insipidity, and after it has stood to cool a little, it should be eat with new milk.

The nefarious practice of venders mixing bean, flour, and barley-flour with oatmeal, has caused different individuals to take out patents, in order that they might be enabled to furnish the consumers with oatmeal in its pristine purity; hence the price of that article has been raised at least 300 per cent above its actual value, nevertheless good oatmeal may be had in some few places among the midland counties, particularly Staffordshire, where it may now be procured at from 1s. 9d. to 1s. 10d. per two imperial gallons.

These few preliminary remarks have emanated from the consideration of Odd Fellowship, which purports to have the same end in view with myself, viz: to draw mankind from a state of thoughtless prodigality to a state of comparative independence, which appears to me extremely apropos at the present crisis, when the staff of life has attained a price which, to the labouring class, almost precludes the possibility of living and preserving their integrity.

Having said thus much, I shall next proceed to what was my original intention, namely, to give you an account of a tour through the pleasure grounds of his Grace the Duke of Athol, Dunkeld, Perthshire, performed in the year 1826.

The compact town of Dunkeld—which according to tradition was originally called Caledonia—is situated on the river Tay, immediately behind the first range of the Grampian hills, and little more than a mile from the notorious hill of Birnam.—Dunkeld house, the mansion of the noble Duke, is contiguous, and was once approached from the principal street, through a ponderous gate of iron, between two rows of picturesque lime trees. The park is now entered from the east, by a more circuitous route, and the approach breaks off at right angles from the high-road leading from Perth to Inverness.

The guides who live in various parts of Dunkeld, and amount to six, wear a peculiar sort of livery provided for them by the Duke. On receiving a ticket from the gardener, (who was in receipt of all emoluments arising from the donation of visitors,) and a guide, we were shown into the porter's lodge, and requested to put our names down in a book, (a ceremony which is rigidly observed towards every grade of visitors,) and conducted towards the house. The first object which attracts the attention is Stanley hill, which rises abruptly from the edge of the coach-road, at an angle of not less than 45°, and to an altitude of from 70 to 90 feet. This hill, which is of a circular form, is cut into terraces on the N.N.E. and N.W. sides, which winds towards the summit, and there forms an area of 80 or 90 square yards. On the outer part of this circular area are planted, at regular intervals, about a score of field-pieces, varying from two to twelve inches in diameter. One of the largest of these pieces was transported thither from the Isle of Man, whilst his Grace remained the sole monarch of that island, and bears an inscription in that language which I was unable to translate. These pieces are annually used on two different occasions, namely, on the King's birth day, and on the birth day of his Grace.

We were next conducted past the front of the house towards the cathedral, the greater part of which was then in ruins; the chancel has, however, been partially repaired, and is now used as the parish church. At the back of the cathedral are perhaps two of the most magnificent larch trees in Great Britain, and I understand the very first of the species introduced into Scotland, they having been kept in the greenhouse of the Duke until they became too large for their habitation, when they were planted in the situation I have already described, and where they have attained to the respective heights of 94 and 89 feet, and to the circumferences of 16 and 14 feet. The noblest of these two trees, from some fortuitous circumstance, had lost its leader, which, had it retained, would probably have some years since attained the altitude of 100 feet.

Leaving the cathedral, we next proceeded up the side of the river. The walk here is truly charming; the view is indeed bounded on every side, save the south and west; in which direction the Grampian hills, with a few straggling sheep like dots on their sides, form a very pretty back-ground to the prospect. On the fore-ground the village of Iaver,—the birth-place of Niel Gow, of fiddle-playing notoriety,—is seen peeping, in some places over the heads, at others between the trees; the river rushing over its pebbly bed, mingling its murmurs with the choir of a numerous variety of birds, produces a thrilling and pleasing effect on the imagination, and forms an appropriate retreat for a reflecting and contemplative mind. One thing, however, occasionally interrupts the tranquility incident to this vicinity. On the green banks of the opposite side of the river, a melancholy instance of the imbecility of human nature frequently presents itself, of which we ourselves—before we had proceeded a quarter of a mile up the river—were eye-witnesses. An aged female, labouring under mental aberration, diurnally (as our guide informed us) paces up and down the river's brink, and as the

paroxysms of grief or rage prevail, the tale of real or imaginary grief dies away among the trees, or the imprecations and threats of unatified revenge are reverberated from the rocky steep. Nearly opposite to the village of Inver the waters of the Braun join those of the Tay, at which junction the former river forms a very pretty cascade, and in the centre of a grotto—on whose rude stone-benches we for a few minutes seated ourselves—produces a singularly deafening noise. This shady retreat is composed of irregular shaped blocks of Basalt, on several of which are painted passages of scripture, quotations from Ossian, &c.; the work of an ingenious butler, who once lived in the Duke's family.

Leaving this enchanted spot we next arrived at the American Flower Garden, where are assembled almost all the Alpine and subaquatic floral riches of Great Britain and North America. To any one unacquainted with horticultural or botanical matters it would be impossible to convey anything like an adequate idea of the scene which this fascinating spot exhibits in the month of May, where, from the majestic Rhododendron to the comparatively insignificant Menzezia, the tints of the rainbow are reflected and refracted in endless variety.

Leaving this fascinating spot, and proceeding about a quarter of a mile farther up the stream, we now reached *Johnnie Memillan's boat*, where we were soon ferried across by *Johnnie himself*, who very courteously offered us a part of the contents of his *snuff mill*, and on our leaving him, hoped our *honours* would have a fine day.

Our path now winded through an umbrageous plantation of oak, elm, ash, scotch, larch, fir, &c., where the incessant notes of the blackbird, the thrush, the gold and bullfinches, and many other sorts of birds, produced a most harmonious sylvan choir, and produced an effect on us which certainly did not accelerate our steps. Our guide here afforded us no little amusement, (though out of courtesy we were obliged to endeavour to conceal our mirth,) by pointing out to us, with a most elongated phiz, the path of an old and venerable hare, which was then in the act of forming a cross with the path in which we were treading; a circumstance which he emphatically declared to be predictive of a most melancholy and sad disaster to *some body*. At the conclusion of his account of the innocent animal's errand, our risible muscles became distended, and one of our party burst out into a fit of laughter, which so offended our guide that, for some considerable distance afterwards, he did nought but offer incense to Tacita.

Proceeding onwards, in the bottom of a dell thickly covered with underwood, we now began to hear the distant murmuring of a rapid stream, which grew louder and louder as we proceeded. A slated cottage of a circular form was next distinctly seen, apparently emerging from the bosom of a thick fir plantation, which—probably from the locality of its situation—is called the hermitage. (The reader will, I presume, expect to be favoured with a long description of a cavern, with stone benches, rude wicker work tables, mossy couches, and above all, with an account of some sage shepherd who, disgusted with the fulsome treachery of mankind, had retired hither to drag out a weary existence in the midst of solitude: I must, however, disappoint him; though I presume the disappointment will not ultimately displease him.) On approaching, the stranger is saluted as with the noise of a considerable cataract, yet unable to discover the least vestige of the watery element:—here he is desired by the guide to remain for a few minutes and indulge his reverie, while the latter adjusts something in the interior of the building:—this manœuvre ended, he re-appears at the door, and, assuming an air of self-importance, desires the company to advance. On entering the generality of visitors are much chagrined at the insignificant size of the apartment, and the paucity of objects to be admired. These, however, are sufficiently eulogized by the guide, who secretly smiles at their disappointment. Directly opposite to the entrance is a beautiful oil painting of the poet Ossian, in the act of importing some grand lesson to his two sons. The old man before his demise had lost his sight, of which the guide gives a lengthy account; and while some of the visitors are eager to hear the least account of the great man, others are very busy poisoning two immense maritime shells, which are placed on marble slabs, one on each side the portrait of which I have been speaking. I myself was very much pleased with the appearance of the venerable old man, but more particularly with that of a dog, who with an apparent earnestness and attention, which implied nothing less than an affectionate concern for

the infirmity of its master, was gazing up in his face, as if in expectation of witnessing the restoration of his sight. As a *fin de comédie*, the guide now desires some one of the company to feel the beard of the old man, affirming that it feels the same as the beard of any other man: whilst the person goes to lay hold of the old emblem of sagacity, the guide suddenly pulls a cord, and the old man vanishes, dog and all.—Nor is this the whole of *ruse de surprendre*; the noise of the waters which, during their stay within Ossian's apartment, were partially suppressed, are now increased in an hundred fold ratio; an increased share of light likewise breaks in upon him; his eyes are instinctively directed to the ceiling, and he fancies the whole body of waters is about to descend on his devoted head; he utters a shriek and starts back with horror, and utterly expects the immediate inundation of the apartment. Finding, however, that the noise continues, and that no water is precipitated, he feels somewhat abashed at his sudden retreat, and again ventures forward, and cautiously surveys that spot from whence originated the cause of his unnecessary terror; when, to his unspeakable delight, he ascertains that a large convex mirror, placed on the ceiling of another apartment, (to which the portrait of Ossian formed the door and partition,) reflects the appearance of a real cascade, contiguous to but outside the building.

On entering this latter apartment, which is of a circular shape, the *coup de oeil* is truly astonishing; and the stranger, scarcely recovered from the illusion of the impending waters, (if of a sedate turn of mind,) is not over well pleased to find himself in the midst of a suite of apartments all equally well tenanted with the one he is in, more especially is he secretly upbraiding the guide for having left the doors of those apartments wide open: his conversation is consequently constrained, and he begins to wish he had chosen a more fortunate time for his visit. At length he perceives that one of the strangers in each room is very much like himself, and that each company is of a strange identity: in order to assure himself still farther, he ventures to the door of one of the apartments; when, to his unspeakable surprise and joy, he finds that the whole is an illusion. The doors are transformed into huge looking glasses, fitted into the walls with a nicety which could not readily be detected; and those very scenes which had filled his mind with chagrin, are changed into sources of mirth and amusement. A large convex window on the opposite side of the apartment, to that wherein he enters, lights the apartment, and enables him to view without apprehension a beautiful fall of the river Braun, over a rock of about 15 or 16 feet high, into a profound basin, from which the waters rise in the shape of mist and form a beautiful rainbow. On this object the eye dwells with unsophisticated pleasure, from which the stranger feels reluctant to withdraw himself: elevating his eyes the scene is changed from aquatic to sylvan; the whole mountain side, almost as far as the eye can reach, presents nothing but one uniform mass of foliage; turning his eyes more to the right, he perceives those huge masses of rock, which form the bed of the river, from behind which the tortuous waters are seen to issue, when a similar obstruction again hides them from the view, until they re-appear at the brink of the precipice.

The guide, with all the loquacity of a mountebank, is very assiduous in his endeavours to elicit the encomiums of his company, for which purpose he promptly avails himself of the services of a large portable convex mirror, by which he is enabled to present the landscape to the stranger in an endless variety; and, indeed, that person who is capable of remaining an unconcerned spectator of all around him in such a spot, must either be an object of contempt, or of the greatest commiseration—his mind must be either replete with unutterable grief, or it must be callous and dead to every refined feeling, and have not one left, save those of selfishness and sensuality.

Before quitting this fascinating spot, I could not help expressing my unqualified regret that a building surrounded by the wildness of uncultivated nature, embosomed amongst the most romantic scenery, and bearing the appellation of an hermitage, should possess nothing which entitled it to the name, save its isolated situation, and the subjects of conchology I have already alluded to in Ossian's porch.

"A slated roof and highly finished interior," said I, "is not characteristic of seclusion, nor much in unison with the life and views of an hermit." "True," replied our guide; "and the hermitage once possessed a thatched roof, which I think looked better; but, unfortunately for the preservation of that consistent covering, the guides were then in receipt of the donations of the visitors, and each were in possession of a

key to the building : a jealousy arose in the minds of one or more of the parties concerned, that some were deriving more benefit from the occupation than others : this jealousy at last amounted to revenge ; and one of the party set fire (as is supposed) to the roof, and the whole building was soon reduced to ashes ; since which time the present more substantial building has been erected, and the guides have been deprived of that temptation to incendiarism—the money."

Time will not permit me to give an account of the remaining part of our journey ; but should you and your readers deem the preceding narration worthy perusal, I will on some future occasion resume the subject.

Meantime I remain,
GENTLEMEN,
Your most obedient servant,

Philanthropic Lodge, Atherstone, Aug. 31st.

JAMES REID.

ENGLAND'S MERRY BELLS.

HAIL ! hail to England's merry bells !
How oft, when in a foreign clime,
I've heard the never-varying chime,
Which falls like sadness on the ear
And speaks of vows and penance drear :
And oft my wandering thoughts would roam
To England's free and happy home,—
Her cultur'd fields and woody dells,
And sigh for England's merry bells.

Hail ! hail to England's merry bells !
Long stand those holy fanes, which send
Your peaceful music o'er the land :—
May they resound to latest days,
With sacred hymns of prayer and praise ;
And long may public, private weal,
Be welcom'd by an echoing peal :—
I love to hear that joyful tone,
Which makes our neighbour's bliss our own,—
Of frank and social joy it tells,
Diffused by England's merry bells !

BROTHER CHARLES BRAZIER.

Marquis of Hasting's Lodge, Ashby-de-la-Zouch.

HEALTH IN ENGLAND.

It is not generally known that England, both in its counties and towns, is the most healthy country in Europe. The average mortality in England is 1 in 62, Netherlands 1 in 48, Russia 1 in 41, France 1 in 39, Austria 1 in 38, Prussia 1 in 35, United States of America 1 in 30, Bavaria 1 in 29, Sicily 1 in 27. Sicily is the most unhealthy country in Europe. If we refer to the large cities we have the same favourable result. The average mortality at London is 1 in 40, Paris 1 in 32, Petersburg 1 in 37, Berlin 1 in 34, New York 1 in 35, Philadelphia 1 in 21, Naples 1 in 28, Brussels 1 in 25, Amsterdam 1 in 24, Vienna 1 in 22½.

INGLEBOROUGH CAVE.

(From Gleanings in Craven.)

THE mouth of the cavern, which is attained by a gentle ascent of a few feet, is a vast canopy of grey rock, which assumes the form of a depressed arch, extending about fifty-six feet in width and fifteen in height, receding fifty-six yards from the entrance to the extremity of what formed the *old cave*; and as there was a continual flow of water from its terminus along one of its sides, it was conjectured the cave was of greater extent; Harrison, (the person who it appears first discovered the cavern), however, with assistance, made with considerable labour an aperture in the rock, sufficiently large to effect an entrance, when, to his astonishment, he stood erect in a spacious and vaulted chamber. At present, about thirty-six feet from the entrance, an iron gate has been erected, and the art with which it is placed, detracts nothing from the effect of Nature: for if this were an "open sesame," the depredations of the forty thieves would dwindle into insignificance, and the cave soon be robbed of all its interest, save its immensity.

Harrison's two sons having preceded our arrival by some minutes, and having lighted a considerable part of the cave with a quantity of candles, we entered the first chamber, or original cave, where nothing is left but to deplore the loss of the stalactites which are broken off, and the injury the dark tessellated roof has sustained from its *admirers*! At the end of this chamber is the entrance of the new cave, formed by two rude pillars, the thickness of which will give an idea of the difficulty of originally effecting an entrance. The change of temperature is so gradual as to be hardly perceptible, and the water rippling along one side of the cavern, plays its part prettily in this scene, where the true lover of Nature will feel that

"Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wings;
And still new beauties meet his lonely walk,
And loves unfelt attract him."

The following is the known length, for which I am indebted to the possessor of the property, which will vouch for its correctness:—

	Yards.
From the mouth of the cave to the gate, about.....	12
From the gate to the end of the old cave	56½
To the first chamber.....	64
To the second chamber	76
To the third chamber	140
To the fourth chamber	170
To the fifth chamber.....	170
To the lake	225
To the gothic arch	260

Beyond this the cave has been explored a distance of between nine hundred and a thousand yards, by Lord Encombe, now, (by the lamented death of his great and good predecessor,) Lord Eldon, Mr. James, and Mr. Matthew Farrer, but at present it is inaccessible, except to those who can bear the fatigue of walking with bent body under the impending limestone roof—of creeping along low vaulted chambers—of squeezing themselves through narrow passages,—and who are not afraid to wade through pools or basons of water, and occasionally to rely upon their skill in swimming.

In walking through these explored regions, it is quite impossible fully to appreciate the beauties of Nature, in all the many diversified ornaments with which she has chosen to furnish her chamber:—from the roof, where it is not minutely tessellated, with the utmost precision there impend innumerable stalactites of many forms;—some beautifully translucent, some having the appearance of ivory, and many like inverted forests of dwarf oaks. In one chamber rising from the ground is a perfect Lilliputian fort, upon the very borders of the stream, four feet in height, with perfect ramparts and bastions:—then I discovered whole stalagmite forests of trees; now and then a faery bath of the coldest water; and upon one side, an extended and bright silvery line,—a mark probably where the water had stayed its progress. In the third chamber is a stalagmite, the very shape of the only house of industry we know of—the bee-hive:—the water was dropping upon it rapidly, and the time may arrive when

it will be joined to the roof. The cave is a museum of wonders, and well-repaid hours may be passed in it. At one spot is a perfect column, in the very centre of a chamber, and those who delight in music may have their ears gladdened by a peal of sweet-toned bells—such as they have never heard—from stalactites. The gothic arch is another antiquity, formed by a vast fissure in the roof, which extends directly across the cavern, having its natural rudeness relieved by masonry of an hundred ages; and should you wish to repose where loneliness and quietude are twinly together, here is a pellucid and stilly lake in the very depths of a cavern; whilst at different parts upon each side may be seen tremendous rocks of glittering spar, owing their origin to a single drop of water filtering through the stratum and depositing the atom of calcareous earth with which it is loaded. The surface of these rocks is formed by innumerable little reservoirs regularly placed in tiers one below another:—the source of the fountain by which they are fed is unseen and unknown, but these reservoirs being generously supplied to overflowing, each has its equal share, and receiving the water's plenteous gifts other reservoirs are formed; and thus the rock generates its own increase: and as I left this interesting spot, I thought that he must be a poor, miserable, almost soulless creature, who could trace the paths of this retreat, without fervently acknowledging the beauty and design evinced in every of the varied millions of beautiful encrustations which are above—upon the sides—and around his steps.

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

Poor man! whoe'er thou art, that's doom'd to toil
 Amidst the hum and bustle of a school,
 I pity thee! Thou eatest not the bread
 Of pamper'd ease, or tranquil liberty:—
 The various beauties of the smiling spring
 Bloom not for thee—the warm inviting day,
 The sweetly scented air, come not within
 Those dull scratch'd walls, which circle thy wan form:—
 Thou breath'st the noxious vapour that impairs
 Thy health, thy strength, and valued peace of mind:—
 Thou'rt doom'd to bear the insolence of boys,
 And publish truths to inattentive ears;
 To labour hard to train the mind that's weak,
 And for thy labour find ingratitude:
 For next the parent thoughtlessly complains,—
 His child he says but little progress makes;
 And yet his boy wants not his share of sense.
 O! surely, surely, thou should'st be endowed
 With all the patience Job, 'tis said, possess'd;
 For thou wilt have occasion very oft
 To exercise it, and that every day!
 To bear with all these temper-trying ills!
 To feel the spring of life declining fast!
 And all for what? a pittance, small indeed,
 That just keeps soul and body joined in one.
 Poor man! I pity thee, and all thy train.

VERITAS.

Noah's Ark Lodge, Newark District.

PUBLIC OPINION.—In wisdom, steadiness, and judgment, the people have greatly the advantage of princes. By some occult and singular quality, they frequently foresee the most astonishing events. For this reason the voice of the people is compared to the voice of God.—*Machiavel.*

ON SUNDAY LECTURES AND COMMITTEES.

I CANNOT boast of any display of intellectual powers, or literary talent, to draw the attention of the thinking portion of the Magazine readers; but as Odd Fellow are for the most part plain men, I, as a plain man, feel anxious to propagate my views on a subject which is (to me) of great importance. Many and various means have been employed by different highly talented and well wishing individuals,—brethren of our Fraternity,—to improve our laws, and make them as pure as fallible men are capable; but there is one subject which has apparently escaped their notice, (so far as regards their views being promulgated), viz: Committee-meetings and Lectures on the Sabbath day. I am sorry that it has not fallen into abler hands, but perhaps it may be the means of calling forth more talented and strenuous advocates, in support of my humble but well-meant endeavours to promote the increase of happiness and decrease of immorality, by these suggestions; and if I can be the means of bringing forward their superior aid to effect this change, my humble efforts will not be in vain; and I firmly anticipate it will be one means of establishing ourselves in the minds of the religious portion of the community, and likewise increase our numbers and respectability.

It is certain that our Lectures are moral and highly instructive to those who rightly appreciate them. It is not them I wish to derogate—for I am sure too great encomium cannot be given to the composers of the sublime truths they contain—but it is the practice of assembling on the Lord's day to deliver them in public houses, where individuals are brought into the immediate view of the tempting and alluring paths of vice and immorality, and these are paths that we, as Odd Fellows and as Christians, ought to avoid ourselves, and likewise endeavour to deter others from walking therein.

It has been strongly recommended in the Minutes of different A. M. Cs. to discontinue the practice of Sunday Lectures and Committees, but as it has not been sufficiently acted upon, (too much to the contrary), and as I conceive it to be injurious to our beloved Institution, I as an individual should be glad to see an alteration in those laws which give a discretionary power to Districts with regard to Committees, and leaves it optional with Lodges whether they hold their Lectures on the Sabbath day or not. It is my opinion—and not without a knowledge of the fact—that a great many of the religious portion of the community are deterred from becoming worthy members of our Fraternity by such meetings being held on the Sabbath day; and if such practices were disallowed, it would thereby raise up individuals capable of giving in a more extended way moral instruction and moral precepts, convincing the world that virtue, morality, true friendship, brotherly love, and charity, are the precepts which the principles of pure Odd Fellowship teach.

I am anxious to see removed anything that is likely to influence the public mind against the principles of our beloved Institution; and if this meets the approbation of our Magazine reading brethren, I hope they will shew it by their talented productions in support of this humble effort, and I shall at an early period extend my remarks on this (to me) most important subject.

Hoping some one more capable will take the subject in hand, and by their rhetorical language convince our brethren that this ought to be maturely considered, and as early as possible removed,

I am, worthy Brethren,

The Order's well-wisher,

SAMUEL WHEELHOUSE.

St. David Lodge, Manchester, October 13th, 1838.

FRAGMENT OF ARABIAN POETRY.—An Arabian having brought a blush to a maiden's cheek by the earnestness of his gaze, said to her—"My looks have planted roses in your cheeks, why forbid me to gather them? the law permits him who sows to reap the harvest."

THE MANIAC AND HIS SON.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

By Thomas Morley, Esq.

ABOUT four years ago I paid a visit to my favourite place, Rotterdam, and through the medium of a friend, was introduced to an invalid, whose poverty precluded him from obtaining that comfort and attention which his illness required; but his son, Thomas, in a great measure alleviated the sufferings of his poor father by the assiduity and attention he displayed in anticipating his immediate wants; but some men, in their sickness, do what you will, are never contented; they must abuse, and swear, and vow there never were such villains as their own family; and this, alas! was the treatment poor Tom experienced from one to whom he had ever been most ready to assist, and to anticipate his every want, and often have the tears trickled down the pale cheeks of the poor boy, as the old man was lying helplessly in bed, shamefully abusing and villifying his conduct, which was never known to deviate from that kindness a son should bestow upon a suffering parent, no matter how grossly that parent may behave; for it is a sense of duty incumbent upon the son which ill becomes him to neglect, and it is a duty which it would be well if every child, like poor Tom, was to recognise; and, I doubt not, that there would be found within a reigning calm which would amply repay the misery endured.

The old man had for the last three months suffered much, and at times his mind wandered, that he was wholly unconscious of what he did. He had been lying for many days in one position, and quite incapable of removing from it without the aid and assistance of his son, who was ever ready to wait and attend him in his misery.

"Why the devil, Tom, don't you assist me?" groaned the old man to his son, as he was one morning boiling two eggs for breakfast; "you will see me die and rot first, I think, ere you'll raise a hand to help me—wretch!"

"Dear father," said Tom, as he was taking the eggs from the pot, "what can I do to serve you?"

"What can you do! Don't you see I am ill, and incapable of assisting myself? Why don't you place my head higher? Wretch!"

I could perceive that the unkindness of the old man had wounded the feelings of poor Tom, that he was near like to burst with the pain it had inflicted on his young and sensitive heart. The poor lad immediately ran to his father's bed, and after shaking the pillows, placed them beneath his head, when suddenly a shriek of agony issued from the old man, and with a heavy blow he threw his son upon the floor.

"Wretch!" exclaimed the old man, "you want to kill me! I know you do! but you sha'n't!—I will live to plague you!"

The poor boy could no longer contend against the feelings of his heart; he burst into a torrent of tears, which he had endeavoured for some time to check, but the heart was full, and the burst of kindly affection which had swollen within him had broken, and he wept hard and fast.

There is something dreadful in wounding the heart of the young. They feel all inflictions heavy; but doubly heavy is the blow when it emanates from a parent, be he ever so harsh, for it was that parent that gave him life, and it is a duty playing around the young heart which we cannot fathom.

"It is hard," said Tom, as he placed his handkerchief to his eyes, "to have a father whom I love, and his son willing to endure, without a murmur, all the privations and pangs to which, alas! poverty is akin, to be treated with brutality."

And, as the poor boy unconsciously uttered the last word, he exclaimed, "No! heaven pardon me—not *brutality*!—not brutality! Let not heaven hear the son pronounce his father brutal! If the angels have recorded that fatal and wicked word; if they have taken the advantage of a forgetful moment, let the son blot and eradicate it for ever with the tears that are now flowing from his eyes!"

The poor boy, overpowered with exhaustion, fell upon the bed and wept.

"Tom, you brute!" exclaimed the old man, when every thing had subsided into a calm. "Tom! villain that he is to leave me thus! Tom! Tom!"

"Father," said the poor boy, raising the head from the rude bed it had dropped down upon, overcome with care and exhaustion, "did you call?"

"Give me a glass of water, devil!"

"A little sago, father, will be better, and do you more good."

"I said water, wretch! Let me have water!"

"You know, father, the doctor forbids it. Anything but water; it may prove fatal. Dear father, quench your thirst with this; it is a drink made on purpose for you."

The old man drank from the jug his son proffered him, but with a look of indignation and scorn as if he thought his son had some plot upon his life. With what care he first sipped, and with what fire did his eyes glare forth when he asked his son whether it contained *poison*. The boy started; the word or the base thought of his father had stricken him into marble.

"What!" said the old man in a calm, but fiendish manner. "So I have found out your plot! Your guilt is here, and all the power of heaven or hell shall not wrench it from me. I have drank of it, but not enough to destroy or injure me. I shall live to see you hanging on a gibbet—ah! ah! ah! Yes: I will have this drink analyzed, and you, upon your father's evidence, will be convicted, found guilty, and ordered to be executed. No one will plead for you. No one will pity you—glad of it!—glad of it! Ah! ah! ah! my son come to the gallows! ah! ah! ah!"

The poor boy's colour changed; his hair stood on end; his fright cannot be conceived or pictured; he was standing like a corpse gazing upon his father; the scene of horror cannot be described; the boy's blood had frozen within him; his lips had become as pale as marble, and his whole frame appeared the picture of horror and of death. A smile—a contemptible and maddened smile pervaded the old man's lips; his reason had bereft him, and a laugh of horror sounded through the house; the boy fell from his position upon the floor; the old man laughed, and thanked God that he was dead, and with a solemn oath trusted he would ne'er plague him more.

A few hours after the above event the poor lad had become sensible of all that had occurred, and thought it prudent to write to his sister and a few friends, informing them of his father's present state of mind, and begging they would immediately come down and see him. He sat down, overcome with exhaustion, to write those letters, and as he was penning a kind and affectionate epistle to his sister, the old man had quietly crawled from his bed, and snatching at the poker from the grate, lifted it in the air, and with one heavy, but fatal blow, murdered his son upon the spot. A horrid laugh issued from the old man's lips, and with a maddened and ghastly smile cast his eyes to heaven, and exclaimed, "Thank God I have at last done it!"

The old man's reason never returned to him, and he died in a madhouse shortly after the above event, leaving one poor unhappy girl to struggle and battle against the adversities of the world.

THE SPELL OF HOME.

THERE blend the ties that strengthen
Our hearts in hours of grief,
The silver links that lengthen
Joy's visits, when most brief.
Then dost thou sigh for pleasure?
O do not widely roam:
But seek that hidden treasure
At home, dear home.

BERNARD BARTON.

LINES

On a Young Man who was lost in the snow, being anxious to convey to his friends a letter he had received from a Brother in New Orleans; and not having arrived, nor been heard of, it was supposed that he had lost his way and been drowned in some of the Lochs frozen at the time.

O stay awhile, my gentle friend,
Thy pleasant news can wait the morrow,
Dread dangers on thy steps attend,—
Should tidings good occasion sorrow?

Behind, before, is wild and rude,
The wreathy snows the footsteps cumber;
And who, amid the solitude,
Shall wake the wanderer from his slumber?

How false is Truil's half-frozen wave,
How deep is Cuvian's lonely billow;
And what the weary wight can save?
The cloud his tent, the earth his pillow!

Farewell, my friend, I cannot stay—
To loch or moor am I a stranger?
Who knows the best, the safest way,
Were coward if he dream'd of danger.

So lately in our cherish'd cot
All—all was sweet content and gladness;
But now a brother's distant lot
Has fill'd each aching heart with sadness.

He lives;—he writes of peace and health,
And should another night pass o'er them,
When thus with words more priz'd than wealth
From grief to joy I can restore them.

Beneath the rocky mountains high,
The wading sun sank cold and cheerless;
Aghast the mute flocks mark'd the sky—
One heart alone was light and fearless.

Soon fell the night, and such a night
Of driving drift and tempest swelling;
The morning broke with feeble light,
Within the shepherd's anxious dwelling.

They sought him east, they sought him west,
By lonely loch and moorland dreary;
And many a foot the white snow press'd,
By lonely glen and chasm'd quarry.

And long by loch and mountain stream,
They watch'd to see the dead light hover,
Till twice the full moon's silvery beam,
Illum'd the cold earth's spotless cover.

But who is he amid the storm,
That wanders—to the echoes sighing;
Who thinks each speck a lifeless form,
Each sound the murmur of the dying;

That turns him from the trackless wild,
To hear a mother's bitter anguish!
Or see, in broken sleep, his child
Upon the chilly mountain languish?

Alas! more near his native vale,
No aid! with all he lov'd around him;
He sank exhausted, bleach'd and pale,—
And bleach'd and pale a brother found him!

His head reclining on his hand, [streaming;
The wild winds through his dark locks
And on that pensive visage bland,
The noontide sun was brightly gleaming.

'Twas sad to cold the funeral train,
So darkly o'er the white hills bending,
Unto the church yard's stilly scene,
With slow and solemn step descending.

Now storms may gather, tempests rise,
O'er Doon's dark waves & mountains hoary,
In soft repose the shepherd lies:
With tears bedew his hapless story!

W. L. G.

ENTHUSIASM is a beneficent enchantress, who never exerts her magic but to our advantage, and only deals about her friendly spells in order to raise imaginary beauties or to improve real ones. The worst that can be said of her is, that she is a kind deceiver, and an obliging flatterer.—*Fitzosborne.*

THE meanest flower that blows, can give thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.—*Wordsworth.*

SKETCHES OF POETRY AND POETS.

BY G. P. JENNINGS.

No. VII.—MRS. HEMANS.

"HARK, as my lingering footsteps slow retire,
 Some spirit of the air has waked her string;
 'Tis now a seraph bold, with touch of fire;
 'Tis now the brush of fairy's frolic wing.
 Receding now, the dying numbers ring
 Fainter and fainter down the rugged dell;
 And now the mountain breezes scarcely bring
 A wandering witch-note of the distant spell;
 And now 'tis silent all!—Enchantress, fare thee well."

Sir Walter Scott.

FELICIA DOROTHEA BROWNE was born in Duke-street, Liverpool, on the 25th of September, 1794. Her father was a native of Ireland, and her mother was descended from an ancient Venetian family. Among her ancestors were three who had attained to the dignity of Doge of that city; and another who was commander at the battle of Lepanto. And in latter days another of the family held the more humble situation of Venetian Consul at Liverpool. To this affinity she would frequently allude in after life, and attribute to it much of that strong tinge of romance which pervaded every thought and action of her life, and inspired her with so passionate a fondness for German and Italian literature. When a child, she was an object almost of devotion; her beauty was extreme, and the early evidences she gave of her high abilities, with her quickness and aptitude for instruction, rendered her the admiration of all with whom she was connected.

When she was only about five years of age, her father was compelled, through commercial embarrassments, to leave Liverpool, and remove his family to Grwyth, in Denbighshire, North Wales. The house which they here inhabited was exactly of a description to excite and encourage the development of her poetic fancies. It was an old and spacious mansion, standing close to the sea, shut in by rocky hills, and presenting altogether a scene of the wildest solitude. Along the shore, and among the wilds of the hills it was her delight to roam, and to the latest period of her life, she would talk with delight of this home of her youth, and of the strange conceptions with which its solitude inspired her, and of the goblin tales attached to it. She was an early admirer of Shakspeare, and in order to screen herself from interruption in the enjoyment of her favourite author, she used to climb into an apple tree, and there study his plays. Her favourite characters were Imogene and Beatrice—in many respects bearing strong resemblance to herself: and it was under auspices like these that her first poetical attempts were made.

Her first volume of poems was published in 1808, and contain several pieces written at the age of eight and nine years. Her second production appeared in 1812, and exhibited a great and progressive ripening of her powers, and particularly contains many expressions of enthusiastic ardour and martial spirit, totally different from the natural style of a girl of her age. This was caused by the circumstance of a favourite brother being engaged in the Peninsular campaign, and her attention being thereby forcibly drawn to the literature and chivalry of Spain, with which her ardent mind invested in most glowing colours, the career and achievements of those she loved; yet even at this early age, it was not the pageantry of parade that caused this deep interest and ardent feeling, but the delight she took in scenes of enterprise and glory.

In the year 1812 she was married to Captain Hemans, of the 4th regiment.—"This union," says her biographer, "may be said to have closed shortly before the birth of a fifth son, by a protracted separation." One main cause of this termination of her wedded life, may be ascribed to the ill-matched tastes and sentiments of herself and husband; he being of too common-place a nature to make sufficient allowance for the disposition of his wife, being as she was of so aerial a temperament, and incapable of conforming to the ordinary rules of domestic life. Captain Hemans' health had

also been so much injured by his military career, and the severe service in which he had been engaged, that "it was necessary for him, a few years after his marriage, to exchange his native climate for the milder skies of Italy." At the same time the numerous literary pursuits in which Mrs. Hemans was engaged, rendered it necessary that she should remain nearer home; to which she was further induced by the age of her sons, who had now acquired years sufficient to render their education an object of the deepest importance to a mother of superior capacity and surpassing intelligence like hers.

The separation having now taken place, Mrs. Hemans went to reside with her children at Bronwylfa, near St. Asaph, whither her mother and sister had latterly removed; here she employed herself in her poetical pursuits, and in providing for the education of her children. In 1819 she published "Tales and Historical Scenes in Verse;" and in the following year "The Sceptic," and "Stanzas to the Memory of George III." Her poems of "Wallace," and "Dartmoor," also appeared about the same time, the latter of which gained a prize from the Royal Society. In 1823, she published the "Siege of Valencia, and other Poems;" and also a tragedy called the "Vespers of Palermo," which was produced at Covent Garden Theatre; it possessed great poetic merit, but was quite unsuited for the stage in the present state of the drama. She was now admired not only by the world at large, but by the leading poets of the day, among whom was Heber: Lord Byron, also spoke in high terms of her talents, and she also received a flattering epistle from the talented but infidel Shelley, congratulating her on her success, and urging her to pursue her course.

We now come to what an eminent biographical friend of Mrs. Hemans calls the brightest period of her fame, 1827, when her "Forest Sanctuary," and above all, her "Records of Woman," had not only raised her name high in the estimation of all classes of readers, but excited considerable curiosity, and it may be believed, genuine interest as to the person and fortunes of the writer. The same writer observes,— "she had now made considerable progress in a legend, in which to secure the love and constancy of a mortal suitor, a beautiful enchantress is represented as resigning one spell of power after another—last of all, her immortality, and is repaid by ingratitude and desertion. So strongly and painfully was Mrs. Hemans excited by the progress of the story, that her health and spirits began severely to suffer, and the tale was therefore abandoned."

Shortly after this time she quitted Wales, and came to reside in a small house at Wavertree, near Liverpool. The interest excited by her arrival was, as may be expected, immense; she had scarcely settled in her new abode, when she was besieged by visitors of all descriptions, some of whom, in the true spirit of lion-gazing, could have no possible excuse for their intrusion, except the gratification of their curiosity. One lady from New York assured her that "her friends at home would think so much more of her, if she could only say she had seen Mrs. Hemans;" another lady, also from America, remonstrated with her on the melancholy tone of her poetry in general, and entreated her to infuse a little more spirit and cheerfulness into her compositions, adding that she would introduce a friend of her's, "on whom she might lean as a perfect walking stick of friendship!" a term which became a favourite with her, and was often referred to in her lively sallies of wit. But her American connexion was not confined to the vulgar gaping of walking sticks, or their recommenders: one of her most regular and esteemed correspondents was Dr. Channing, and many other distinguished men of the same country paid her the tribute of their applause.*

*Among the distinguished female characters with whom she was now acquainted, there was^s one who demands rather more than a mere passing notice, not only for her brilliant talents and high worth, but also for her local connexions. This was Miss Jewsbury, who was for a great portion of her life a resident of Manchester. She appeared in the world of authorship at a most unfavourable period, and many of her choicest pieces were issued anonymously; but all her writings bear the impress of unwearied study and unflinching principle, and it is to be regretted that she so early passed away without receiving the honour or enjoying the reputation which she so well merited. She married the Rev. W. Fletcher, whom she accompanied to India, when, a few months after her arrival, she died, on the 3rd of October, 1833, at the age of about 32 years. The poet Wordsworth, with whom she had long been acquainted, bears this honourable testimony to her worth:—"Her enthusiasm was ardent, her piety steadfast, and her great talents would have enabled her to be eminently useful in the path to which she had been called. The opinion she entertained of her own performance was modest and humble, and indeed far below her merits. In one quality—quickness in the motions of her mind, she was unrivalled."

Early in the summer of 1829 Mrs. Hemans paid a visit to Scotland, which greatly enlarged the sphere of her literary acquaintance. She now was received as a guest by those, personally strangers to her, who were made her friends by the interest inspired by her works. She spent some time with Sir Walter Scott, at Abbotsford, and was highly pleased with him, especially with the manly modesty of his character. "Never," said she in a letter to a friend, "did I hear him make any allusion to his own fame, except on one occasion, when we visited Newark Tower, and on seeing two other visitors make a precipitate retreat on our approach, he said, smiling, 'Ah, Mrs. Hemans, they little know what two lions they are running away from;' and with him I am now in constant intercourse, taking long walks over moor and woodland, and listening to the song and legend of other times, until my mind forgets itself, and is carried back to the days of the slogan and the fiery cross, and the wild gatherings of Border chivalry; and as we go through I know not how many storied spots, the spirit of the master-mind seems to call up sudden pictures from every knoll and cairn as we pass by, so vivid were his descriptions of the things that had been. The whole expression of his benevolent countenance changes if he has but to speak of the dirk or claymore: you see the spirit that would 'say 'midst the trumpets, ha! ha!' suddenly flashing from his grey eyes; and sometimes in repeating a verse of warlike minstrelsy, he will spring up as if he sought the sound of a distant gathering cry."

After a stay of some months in Scotland, Mrs. Hemans returned to Wavertree, and in 1830 published her "Songs of the Affections," most of which had previously appeared in Blackwood's Magazine; and in the same summer she accomplished her long-planned visit to the Lakes. Here she experienced the greatest delight in (which indeed was the principal object of her visit) the society of Mr. Wordsworth. Of him and his lovely abode she thus writes:—"You can scarcely conceive a more beautiful little spot than Rydal Mount; my window is completely embowed in ivy and roses, and Windermere lies gleaming among the hills before it. I am charmed with Mr. Wordsworth himself: his manners are distinguished by that frank simplicity which I believe to be ever the characteristic of *real* genius—his conversation perfectly free and unaffected, yet remarkable for power of expression and vivid imagining; and as he walks by me while I explore the mountain glens and waterfalls, he occasionally repeats passages of his own poems in a deep and thinking tone, which harmonizes well with the spirit of these scenes. I was much interested by his showing me, carved deep into a rock, the initials of his wife's name, inscribed there many years since by himself, and the dear old-man renews them from time to time."

In the spring of 1831 Mrs. Hemans left England, as it proved, for the last time. She went to reside at Dublin; the principal reason for which was said to be the education of her sons. She here mingled but little in society, excepting with a few particular friends, of whom the Archbishop of Dublin was one of the most intimate. Here she prepared for the press her "Hymns for Childhood," "National Lyrics," and "Scenes and Hymns of Life," which were published in 1833 and 1834. But the time was drawing nigh when the harp of the enchantress was to sound no more. She had been for some time labouring under a protracted illness, which, however it affected her physical powers, was unable to repress the vigour of her mind. On the 26th of April (the last Sunday of her existence) she closed her poetical career,—perhaps the brightest which the annals of poesy can boast,—by dictating the "Sabbath Sonnet," one of the finest unions of regret and resignation which ever emanated from the pen of inspiration, and well worthy to be the closing scene in such a course as hers.* She expired

* "How many blessed groups this hour are bending
Through England's primrose meadow paths their way
Towards spire and tower, 'midst shadowy elms ascending,
Whence the sweet chimes proclaim the hallow'd day.
The halls from old heroic ages grey
Pour their fair children forth; and hamlets low,
With whose thick orchard-blooms the soft winds play,
Send out their inmates in a happy flow,
Like a freed vernal stream. I may not tread
With them those pathways,—to the feverish bed
Of sickness bound:—yet, oh, my God! I bless
Thy mercy, that with Sabbath peace hath filled
My chastened heart, and all its throbbings stilled
To one deep calm of lowliest thankfulness."

on the 16th of May, 1835, and was interred in St. Ann's church, close to the house in which she died. A plain tablet was placed to her memory in the cathedral of St. Asaph.

As a female writer Mrs. Hemans undoubtedly ranks in the highest order, if not the first of that order. Her poetry has the great superiority over most writers of her sex, of uniting intellectual beauty with high and noble feelings. Though she may have been exceeded by some in variety of fancy, she was chief among all for the richness of expression, and the harmony of her versification. The latter, indeed, is exquisite; and much waste paper might have been spared, had every ballad-monger of the last ten years spent an hour over her hyblean melodies before sending his own jingling effusions to the press. Her pre-eminence in this respect has been acknowledged by a larger tribute of popular esteem than ever fell to the lot of any writer. Her name was known and her fame acknowledged, not only in Britain, or even Europe, but in every corner of the world where the English tongue is spoken. She has also the high praise of having surrounded her name with a wreath as pure as it is bright; and in all her works the most scrutinizing moralist could scarcely require the erasure of a single line, and few authors are there of either sex prepared to stand so strict an ordeal. Of her personal manners, the following is the testimony of one of her most intimate friends, and who has been already referred to at some length in this article:—"She was totally different to any woman I had ever seen, either in Italy or England. She did not dazzle, she subdued me. Other women might be more commanding, more versatile, and more acute—but I never saw one so exquisitely feminine. Her birth, her education, but above all, the genius with which she was gifted, combined to inspire a passion for the ethereal, the tender, the imaginative, and the beautiful. Her knowledge was extensive and various, but, true to the first principle of her nature, it was poetry that she sought in history, character, and religious belief. Poetry that guided her studies, governed all her thoughts, and coloured all her conversation. Her nature was at once simple and profound: there was no room in her mind for philosophy, or in her heart for ambition,—the one was filled by imagination, the other engrossed by tenderness. Her voice was a sad, sweet melody; her spirits reminded me of an old poet's description of the orange tree, with its

"Golden lamps hid in a night of green;"

or of those Spanish gardens, where the pomegranate grows beside the cypress. Her gladness was like a burst of sunlight; and if in her depression she resembled night, it was night wearing her stars. I might describe, and describe for ever, but I should never succeed in portraying her: she was a muse, a grace, a dependant woman—the Italy of human beings."

To select examples of so extensive a writer, would be as futile as it would be difficult; for nothing is a more delicate task than to select specimens of excellence where all is good. I shall, therefore, offer but one of her compositions, and that not so much for the sake of the piece itself, as to give something that may be a sort of polar-star to many of our well-meaning sonnetteers and rhymists, who will have to answer (if poets are answerable for such doings) for the untimely end of many good quires of paper.

THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP.

What hid'st thou in thy treasure caves and cells?

Thou hollow sounding and mysterious main!

Pale glistening pearls, and rainbow-coloured shells,

Bright things which gleam unrecked of and in vain;

Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy sea!

We ask not such from thee.

Yet more, the depths have more! What wealth untold,

Far down, and shining through their stillness lies;

Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,

Won from a thousand royal argosies.

Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful main,—

Earth claims not these again!

Yet more,—the billows and the deep have more !
 High hearts and brave are gathered to thy breast.
 They hear not now the booming waters roar,—
 The battle thunder breaks not now their rest :
 Keep thy red gold and gems,—thou stormy grave
 Give back the brave !

Give back the lost and lovely !—those for whom
 The place was kept at board and hearth so long :
 The prayer went up through midnight's breathless gloom,
 And the vain yearning woke 'midst festive song !
 Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers o'erthrown,
 But all is not thine own.

To thee the love of woman hath gone down ;
 Dark flows thy tide o'er manhood's noble head,
 O'er youth's bright locks and beauty's flowing crown :
 Yet must thou hear a voice—Restore the dead !
 Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee :
 Restore the dead, thou sea !

ON ODD FELLOWS' SCHOOLS.

UNITED as we are for the purpose of doing all the good we can to our fellow-creatures, and especially to our brethren,—binding ourselves to offer to the great Creator of all our warmest petitions for one another, and to give our best counsels and advice,—it surely becomes us, both in our collective and individual capacity, to use all the means we can for our improvement in every social virtue. Allow me, then, to throw my mite into your treasury, for the purpose of calling the attention of our brethren to a plan which we are (if willing) fully adequate to commence and support, and which must eventually be productive to our happiness, and enhance the glory of our Order.

The plan I recommend to your serious consideration, is the establishment of a General Odd Fellows' School, on the following principles :—Odd Fellows' children, being proposed by a District and approved of by the A. M. C., (their ages not under seven, nor to exceed fourteen years), to be admitted,—receiving education and support while in the school. But, it may be asked, where or how are the funds requisite for such a purpose to be raised ? The following method might be adopted :—Let one shilling per member be paid at a certain time : this, among 100,000 members, would raise £5000. This I would appropriate to building the school,—and by the bye, Board Room and Offices, which would save us the rent that we have now to pay. As to its future support, let one farthing per week be laid on the contributions in each Lodge, to be returned to the Board with the March returns. This would amount to 1s. 1d. per member annually.

Thus 100,000 members, at 1s. 1d., produces....£5416 8 0

Say 150 boys, at £15. each, (annually).....	2250	0	0
150 girls, at £10. each, (annually).....	1500	0	0
2 masters, at £100. each, (annually)	200	0	0
2 mistresses, at £60. each, (annually)....	120	0	0
1 teacher of languages, &c.	150	0	0
	<hr/>		
	4220	0	0

Leaving a balance (to meet any other expense) of £1196 8 0

to be managed by the A. M. C., and under the superintendence of the Board of Directors; and as our numbers increase, the scholars may be increased. All vacancies to be filled up by the A. M. C. from those proposed by Districts.

Thus I have given you a plan which, if acted upon, will produce effects extending even to the boundless ages of eternity! Brethren, think on these things. If willing, we are able to accomplish all.

Yours, in F. L. & T.,

WILLIAM DODDS, P. Prov. G. M.

Bishop Wearmouth, 24th October, 1838.

[Many of our readers will be aware that plans, somewhat similar in their details to the above, were proposed and inserted in the Magazines of 1827 and 1829; and their practicability was discussed by several correspondents. We always object to taking up the space of the Magazine in needless controversy, which could be more profitably occupied with other matter. But considering the state of education at the present day, we think, in case our members, *as a body*, are ever to make provision for the education of their children, that the time has arrived when such decision should be made. Under these circumstances we have given insertion to the above letter, in order to afford an opportunity for any of our able correspondents to express their opinions on a subject of so great importance. The same reason has also induced us to insert the letter from Secretary H. L. Weddell, surgeon, on the subject of a General Widow and Orphans' Fund,—though we cannot help expressing an opinion, that it is an experiment requiring extreme caution to change the basis of an Institution already established.]

LINEs ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT SON.

I will not weep, my boy, for thee,
 Though thou wert all the world to me;
 I would not wish thee wak'd again,
 To strive, like me, with want and pain.
 I will but close that still bright eye,
 And kiss that brow so pale and high;
 And those pure lips whose tones divine
 Caught their first words—first prayers—from mine:
 And fold thee to this bosom lone,
 Which thou hast left as cold's thine own,—
 And thus implore the God who takes,
 To help the heart thine absence breaks!
 My boy, my boy, this darkened earth
 Shall never more to me seem fair;
 And I shall stand 'mid all its mirth,
 Like something which should not be there.
 Yet 'twas to heaven thy soul was borne,
 And wherefore should thy parent mourn?
 Perhaps in mercy he reprov'd
 The selfish zeal with which I lov'd.
 I'll mourn no more! my God, thou know'st
 The wealth my desolate heart hath lost;
 Oh! shield me from repining cares
 When other parents point to theirs.
 Bring back that light I now behold,—
 Oh, these lov'd features—calm and cold—
 That deathless smile which whispers me,
 He died in peace and joy with Thee!
 My boy, my boy,—sustaining Power
 Thy sinking mother well may crave,—
 For welcome shall be that blest hour,
 Which sees her share thy lonely grave.

Caledonian Lodge, York.

JOSEPH DARNBROUGH.

MARY OLIVER.*

BY FREDERIC MONTAGU, ESQ.

CHAPTER I.

Descriptive of LONDON, and MARY OLIVER, at daybreak.

AN observer of men and things will perhaps never have a greater opportunity of witnessing, in the same space of time, a more extraordinary scene than that which occurs during the first two hours after daybreak in London—we would even carry him to the very hour when the sun throws its first light upon the many steeples and spires of that vast emporium of life, when the observer, as he wandered through the partially deserted streets, would feel his walking amidst the sleep-stilled thousands almost an intrusion upon their quiet, were he not occasionally reminded of life by the presence of some being terminating or commencing a daily career.

We would first particularly describe that class who *commence* their daily career, but the two are so inseparably blended, that our descriptions, like Hobson's horses, must be taken as they come—and first, in the dim uncertain light,—the disunion of night and morning,—may be seen an emaciated being whose garb betokens misery, and whose palate has become tasteless, for he is eating the meat from the refuse bones thrown into the street, and wrangling with a dog for the possession of a crust saved from the gutter—the bones when meatless he deposits in the mat-basket which he carries under his left arm—he is in fact what is termed a "Bone-grubber," obtaining a livelihood by collecting bones, which occupies him for about two hours every morning—the remainder of his day is not spent either so industriously or so harmlessly, being divided between drinking, and skinning the cats he has caught during his perambulations—the skins of which he sells to a great advantage, and the carcasses he disposes of to the *mutton pie man*! when tainted meat is scarce, or when that respectable vender of promiscuous victuals is not over-burthened in his exchequer. We once watched a feline thief allure a kitten with a champagne cork and a piece of ribband, (many young but human beings have been as easily allured with the same materials,) and he was only made to release his captive by a threat of the police and the station house. The "Bone-grubber" has a regular set of rounds, and he may be met with almost at the same spot every morning—he is one of the first busy tenants of the streets.

The next in regular succession is the "Lamplighter," who in his way is a peculiar sort of person—generally, a thin active young man, who runs right up a ladder, or along the streets with one on his left shoulder, with a quickness only to be attained by considerable practise—immediately he plants his ladder against the iron arm extending from the lamp-post, he gives it a momentary shake to prove its stability—this motion he completes with an almost imperceptible rapidity; and upon his descent, as his left foot is upon the lowest step but one, he contrives to give the ladder a jerk, which prepares him instantly to poise it, preparatory to lifting it on his shoulder. Every trade has its fashion, so the lamplighter is generally dressed in a sailor's jacket, and always wears a hat—we never saw one with a cap—his conversation is in keeping with his legs, quick and apt—his walk resembles a partridge's run more than anything we can recollect; and from early hours his face is generally ruddy and healthful;—his work must always be rendered more agreeable than the work of most labourers, inasmuch as every lamp he extinguishes brings him nearer home. Often have we thought, when walking towards home, at the dawn of day, from some "righte merrie" party, (for after carousing the collapse creates thought in spite of our cups), that Death was upon the same employment with man, extinguishing his mortal lamp with as little notice or thought as our friend of the ladder.

*This story is the copyright of the Author, and written expressly for the *Odd Fellows' Magazine*.

And now may be seen wandering towards her sad resting place—for home she has none—a female ;—she is like unto the rose leaf borne upon by some rude weight, and her beauty is fast fading ;—her face wears the dejection of a broken heart, and her dress, though formed in the height of fashion, shows from the ill-assortment of colour that her mind was no partner in the act that made it her's ;—she wears it as it really is,—a badge of wretchedness ;—her feet are swollen with continued walking ;—the vivid brightness of her eyes, produced not by the natural warmth of the heart, but by the burning warmth of artificial stimulants, bears a melancholy contrast with the settled palor of her cheeks—in fact, it is plain to perceive that she is one of those many poor creatures, who having fallen the victim of the seducer's venomous passion, has been plunged into misery by the first error. How heart-piercing is the thought that the same sun which now falls upon her degraded state fell with its soft rays upon her hours of virtue ! It is a melancholy fact that amidst all their misery these unhappy beings cling with a steadfast constancy to the object of their first misplaced affection, and, except when thinking of a parent's death caused by their errors, rarely ever murmur, but hope that their destroyer may live to repent. This is woman's characteristic—the lily trodden upon and laid low, will preserve its sweetness even in its fall.

The waking chirp of the sparrow on the house-top will now interrupt the dominion silence had obtained, and the policeman will be seen "beating himself on his own beat :"—he accomplishes this object in a methodical, or rather a mathematical mode, for by forming an equilateral triangle with his legs and the pavement, and with his arms as radii describing semicircles with astonishing rapidity against his sides, he generates an agreeable heat, rendered doubly so from its being the first hour after daybreak, which is by far the coldest in the four-and-twenty, be it winter or summer.

The four carriages, three hackney coaches, two cabriolets, and the hired fly standing a short distance from the door, from the fan-light of which may be seen the expiring glare of a lamp, denotes that at the house there is a "*Party*," and that wretched-looking man, of about fifty, with a lantern, (which he carries more to prevent any person carrying away than for its use), is the "*Link-boy*," or, as some term him, "*Jack*," who is the self-appointed master of the out-door ceremonies, and who will earn as much as ten shillings per night, or he will go to his bed alternately abusing the inmates of the house and his *luck*, in language neither choice nor elegant.

His occupation is simple and agreeable ;—simple, inasmuch as he only has to awaken the coachmen from their dog-sleep, and to apprise the footmen when the carriage is at the door ready for its owner—agreeable, inasmuch as he witnesses as much beauty in one evening as it falls to the lot of some to view in a year—he lights them from and to their carriages—often illicit a sweet smile by his drollery, and many times obtains a kind word from a young lady who has enjoyed an agreeable evening, and who desires "*Papa*" to give the poor man a shilling. It is our nature to be most kind when most pleased—a jury invariably acquit *after* dinner.

One of the most approved philosophical principles of managing human nature is by "*flattering the vanity* ;" for each of us have a pet vanity, which, if accused of, immediately throws us into a violent denial of its existence, and yet which in truth is our cherished pet, and the indulgence of it one of our greatest pleasures. From the babe with its "*new shoes*," to the newly-created peeress with her coronet—from the schoolboy with his doggerel verses, to the poet renowned in song—from the little girl in a pantomime pie, to the prime minister, each and every of them indulge in some peculiar vanity. It was a belief in this truth which was most serviceable to our friend, of the lantern, who would oftentimes obtain money in the following manner :—The man-servant of the house informs "*Jack*" that "*Lady Dibbs's carriage is wanted*." Jack, in a stentorian voice, instantly informs the coachman. Jack then enquires of Lady Dibbs's man-servant at what party his mistress was the last night, and receiving an answer, he patiently awaits the outcoming of her Ladyship, when the following colloquy ensues :—

Jack.—"Make way—make way—Lady Dibbs is coming. Now yer Liddyship—three steps—Lawk-a-mercy, wot a foot ! its no bigger nor a haycorn." (*Opens the carriage-door.*) "Ope yer Liddyship and Sir Villiam is quite vell."

Sir William, smiling.—"Very well, I thank you—very well"—(*following his wife into the carriage.*)

Jack.—“Ope yer’ll live long, yer honors”—(*putting up the carriage-steps.*)

Sir William.—“Thank you—thank you—that will do.”

Jack (*with the carriage-door open.*)—“Ope yer Leddys hip arnt forgot yer promise of a mag to poor Jack last night, at Sir Tristram Tong’s.”

Lady Dibbs.—“Did I promise you anything? Did I really?”

Jack.—“In corse you did, my Laddy, jist as that ere young hansom genl’em handed yer Leddys hip so werry purtilely into yer Leddys hip’s weehicle.”

Lady Dibbs.—“Very well—Sir William. give the poor man sixpence.”

Jack (*receiving the money and spitting upon it for “luck.”*)—“Thank yer honors”—(*shuts the carriage-door*)—“and long life to yer, and many parties.” And the carriage rolls away, whilst a hearty laugh ensues at the expense of Lady Dibbs and Sir William, amongst a cavalcade of servants, coachmen, and passing gazers.

Perhaps the next most amusing incident at the house of festivity is to observe the adieus of a young lady and gentleman, who have, during as much of the evening as they could be together, said all sorts of pleasant things to and of each other. We who are getting into that period of life, when our faces, in accordance with the world’s usual stiffness, ought to assume a frigidity upon the mention of the words “smitten,” “taken,” “touched,” or “hit,” and ought to wear an apoplectic symptom at the mention of the word “love,” can recollect when we did precisely as the two of whom we are about to write,—and as “to err is human,” we think that were our time to come over again we should do precisely the same.

It is evident from the lateness of the hour, the pale face and tired eye of the maiden lady who has acted as chaperon, and the surly look of the coachman, that the young and sweetly blue-eyed girl who is accompanied by the young gentleman who is *not* afraid of catching cold, as his bare head discovers, has induced the aforesaid maiden lady to wait for “another quadrille,” until not another will be danced. How carefully the young lady is wrapped up, and what care he takes of her, and the little kerchief thrown over head only allows two of her light tresses to play with the morning breeze—this very kerchief tells that she is betrothed, for it is fastened with a “true lover’s knot”—she has taken his right arm, whilst he, to impress some thought upon her memory, has taken her left hand, in which she accidentally holds the remains of a bouquet, the leaves of whose flowers have all been sacrificed to different topics, and only one flower is left amidst some myrtle—it is hellebore, which denotes “I love myself—but thee much more.” All this is the employment of a few moments—she steps into the carriage—the window is drawn up with difficulty—one look which speaks the heart’s whole volume—the carriage hastens onward—she throws her head back—and the young gentleman finds that he—has no hat on.

The next personage who tenants the streets, in the performance of his avocations, is the *Coffee-man*, who for the sum of three-halfpence supplies a cup of hot coffee, together with a slice of bread and butter. He is very soon surrounded by policemen, hackney coachmen, and sweeps. We have seen a master-sweep enjoying his public breakfast, whilst his boy has watched his movements with all the hungry anxiety of a dog who espies piece by piece vanishing into his master’s mouth, till at last the thick crust, which from age he cannot eat, he thrusts into the boy’s open hands, whose cry of “sweep” is temporally muffled during the length of the next street.

We who enjoy life when we see others enjoy it, have often presented a sweep with a pecuniary trifle, and have invariably watched him to some pastry-cook’s shop, where he has purchased a “pennorth of yesterday,” which signifies a pennyworth of what was yesterday unsold; for upon a chair at the door-way of almost every pastry-cook’s shop in London, may be seen (before the steps are cleaned) certain little allotments of “yesterday,” which create a mental infringement of the tenth commandment amongst embryo butchers, bakers, and sweeps. The following novel mode of securing the fulfilment of an agreement was practised by a sweep:—He entered a pastry-cook’s shop and asked for a penny tart, (one of those child-tempting open raspberry ones,) and taking it between his sooty fore-finger and thumb he discovered that he possessed half only of the purchase money.—“A penny, did you say?” asked the sweep. “Yes,” was the reply. “I will only give a halfpenny,” was the rejoinder to which the con-

fectioner was obliged to accede, amidst a volley of epithets in which his Satanic Majesty was a prominent character.

In another street, and in the vicinity of some pump, will be found a bevy of milk-women, who are conversing in their native Welch at a high pressure. Their healthy faces are generally under ample black beaver bonnets—their well-scoured milk-yorks upon their shoulders (over which is first thrown a silk handkerchief, the ends of which are passed under their arms and fastened at their back)—a blue-printed calico gown—black-worsted stockings, and well blacked shoes or laced boots, complete their dress—they are always neat in their appearance, and many wear gloves, probably to defend their hands against the cold steel handles of their cans. The clicking of these handles—the opening and shutting of the cans—the clattering of the tin gill, pint and quart measures, together with the vocal warning they give to the cook of their milky way, render their vocation rather of the noisy order.

The mode by which a master-milkman obtains, what is termed, a “milk walk,” is as follows:—A man with a cow perambulates the streets, warning the inhabitants of better times by having “new milk from the cow.” The cooks, particularly if from the country, instantly seize this grateful opportunity; and if not from the country, the love of change, inherent in all, contributes to the innovator’s success. After a few months, by interest and canvassing, he obtains from the neighbourhood a great many votes—sufficient at least to stand a poll—he therefore boldly contests the election with the last favourite. *The cow is left at home*, and new and well-polished milk cans, borne by Welch women, who every morning converse at the pump, manifests that the new comer is fully established in public favour.

There are other occupations which, belonging more immediately to our story, we shall describe at their proper places—there is one we have yet to mention.

There is a street in London, connecting Russell with Tavistock Square—it is like a small conjunction between two unimportant words. It is, however, (to be more minute,) composed of two parallel lines of formal houses, varying only in appearance as to the color the doors are painted—it is always one of the coldest streets in winter and hottest in summer, but throughout the year is one of the noisiest, being a general thoroughfare. Two families in it keep their carriage, and there are four hackney coach-stands within a stone’s-throw. The inhabitants are always respectable—sometimes wealthy—they give upon an average each two dinner parties a year, and perhaps one dance; and by the daily concourse of organs, minstrels, buy-a-brooms, “Punch,” and Fantoccini, must be domesticated in their habits, and encouragers of metropolitan minstrels and innocent recreation. In this very street, on the 6th of April, 1836, about three hours after daybreak, (which would be nearly half-past six o’clock), the morning was beautifully clear, but exceedingly cold; and all who were awake, yet comfortably ensconced in bed, thought “a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep,” a much more preferable undertaking than to arise. There was, however, an exception to this rule; for pacing before a house (the only one whose inmates indicated anything like life), dressed in a very comfortable padded puce-colored silk morning-gown, with his feet buried in carpet-slippers trimmed with fur, (so much so that a favorite cat was purring and rubbing itself against them whenever their owner paused ere he turned), was a portly gentleman of about sixty years of age. He wore a fur cap with a green shade—his face was round—his chin was wrapped in the extensive folds of an India shawl—his hands were in gloves which an Esquimeaux would covet—he wore green spectacles, and was the line-engraving of good nature, and enjoyed the cognomen of DECIMUS DODDLETON, of Doddleton Hall, in the West Riding of the County of York, and Upper Bedford Place, London, Esquire, one of His Majesty’s Justices of the Peace.

Mr. Doddleton had but one fault—we all have faults, but we hold Mr. Doddleton’s to be one of the first class—he was a bachelor.

Mr. Doddleton had almost completed his twentieth turn, (the usual number he enjoyed when weather permitted), and was about to leave the cold street for his warm fireside, when he observed two sparrows about to quarrel over a piece of crust neither could carry away. Mr. Doddleton stepped eight feet out of his usual course, broke the crust into two equal proportions, and was stepping back, when his attention was

again arrested by a little girl, ill clad and unshod—her feet swollen with cold, and her bare and tender arms overspread with a blueish tinge from the same cause. Between bitter and unrestrained sobs she proclaimed her calling—she had a well filled basket on one arm, and in her right hand carried a bunch of fresh water-cresses.

"Well, my little girl," said Mr. Doddleton, in a voice the kindness of which caused the poor girl to cry again—"what is the matter with you?"

It was some time before she could make Mr. Doddleton understand that she had been out for an hour—had not sold any water-cresses—and *that her mother was dying, and had no bread!*

"Dying, and no bread?" said the humane Mr. Doddleton, with a sort of reproachful tone, as if indignant with himself for living so happily, as he gave his informant half-a-crown—"Where do you live?"

"In Back-street, Saint Giles's, Sir."

"The number?"

"Number four, Sir—up three pair back—the door on the right hand, Sir."

"Good, my little girl," replied Mr. Doddleton, as he took down the address in a little memorandum book—"I will be there before ten o'clock. Stop—stop—what is your name, my little girl?" for she had curtsied and was retiring.

"Mary Oliver, Sir."

"Oh, Mary Oliver—very well—I will not forget;" and Mr. Doddleton *thought* he observed that a stream of silent but eloquent tears coursed over little Mary's cheeks as she curtsied once more ere she departed, and Mr. Doddleton *thought* also that his own face required the application of his silk handkerchief, and—both thoughts were correct.

(The second chapter will appear in the April number.)

FRIENDSHIP.

'Tis charming to stray at the break of the morning,
When fragrance and health on the zephyrs are borne;
When cowslips and daisies the meads are adorning,
And dew-drops have spangled the points of the thorn.

'Tis sweet when the skylark is gaily ascending,
To carol her lays o'er her nest on the heath,
Till she mock the weak sight, and her faint notes are blending
With those of the linnets that warble beneath.

'Tis pleasant at eve through the greenwood to wander,
When Philomel just has her vespers begun;
Or to follow the streamlet whose waters meander,
Reflecting the rays of the bright setting sun.

'Tis sweet when the storm, with its awful attendant,
The loud crashing thunder tumultuous shall rise,
To behold the bright rainbow with colours resplendent,
Dispelling the darkness and spanning the skies;—

But sweeter by far in the moment of sadness,
When sorrow is bursting the floodgates of grief,
To rush on the mourner with tidings of gladness,
Or to offer the generous hand of relief.

Yes—when the warm hand of true friendship is given,
It gives new emotions and sympathies birth;
And raises the heart with devotion to heaven,
For blessings so kindly bestow'd upon earth.

Rose of Chetham Lodge, Cheetham Hill.

ROBERT WOOD.

PHRENOLOGY.

No. II.

[Continued from page 178.]

It is not necessary, although advantageous, to become acquainted with the anatomy of the brain, in studying Phrenology. The brain consists of two hemispheres, separated by a strong membrane called the Falioform process of the dura matter; each hemisphere is an aggregate of parts, and each part serves to manifest some particular mental faculty. The two hemispheres generally correspond in form and functions—hence there are two organs for every faculty, one situated in each hemisphere. Having come to the consideration of the particular functions, it is necessary to divide the brain into several compartments. Every anatomist knows that there is a part of the brain separated, in a great measure, from the rest, called the cerebellum or little brain—some men have it much smaller than others—the remaining portion is designated the cerebrum or large brain. The cerebellum in man is situated below the cerebrum—a thick membrane, named the Tentorium, partially separates them; but they are both connected with the medulla oblongata or top of the spinal marrow, and through it with each other. When both organs of a faculty lie in parts of the hemisphere which touch each other, they are included in one delineation on the bust, there being two organs for every faculty, except the propensity of *Amitiveness*; they are not separated by divisions on the brain, corresponding to the lines delineated on a bust, but each of them, when predominantly large, gives to the skull an appearance like that represented on busts, so that the forms are essentially representations of nature, and not arbitrary. The brain is soft, and when a skull is opened, its own pliability, the pressure of plaster, or other substances applied to it, removes those forms which the organs presented during life: the convolutions, however, differ in size, appearance, and direction in which they lie, so that no good observer, acquainted with the anatomy and functions of the brain, could have any difficulty in distinguishing an organ of the propensities or sentiments, from one of intellect, although presented separately.

The mental faculties are divided into two ORDERS, the *Affective* and *Intellectual*—These are again divided into GENERA; the former into two, *Propensities* and *Sentiments*; the latter into three, *External Senses*, *Perceptive*, and *Reflective Faculties*.

In learning Phrenology it is necessary to have a numerical and tabular view of the different organs therein comprised, in order to simplify references, I will therefore subjoin a list of them, according as they are arranged by G. COMBE, of Edinburgh, President of the Phrenological Society.

AFFECTIVE.

I.—PROPENSITIES.	II.—SENTIMENTS.
1 Amitiveness.	10 Self-esteem.
2 Philoprogenitiveness.	11 Love of Approbation.
3 Concentrativeness.	12 Cautiousness.
4 Adhesiveness.	13 Benevolence.
5 Combativeness.	14 Veneration.
6 Destructiveness.	15 Firmness.
7 Secretiveness.	16 Conscientiousness.
8 Acquisitiveness.	17 Hope.
9 Constructiveness.	18 Wonder.
	19 Ideality.
	20 Wit or Mirthfulness.
	21 Imitation.

INTELLECTUAL.

I.—PERCEPTIVE.	II.—REFLECTIVE.
22 Individuality.	34 Comparison.
23 Form.	35 Casuality.
24 Size.	
25 Weight.	
26 Colouring.	
27 Locality.	
28 Number.	
29 Order.	
30 Eventuality.	
31 Time.	
32 Tune.	
33 Language.	

ORDER I.—FEELINGS.

GENUS I.—PROPENSITIES.

The organs or faculties, under this specification, do not form ideas; they are merely a propensity to certain desires and feelings, and are common to man as well as animals.

I.—AMITIVENESS.

The cerebellum is the organ of this propensity; immediately behind and a little below the opening of the ear two bony prominences will be felt, called the mastoid

processes; the cerebellum lies between them and the projecting point in the middle of the transverse ridge of the occipital bone. The size of this organ is indicated during life by a thickness of the neck at those parts. This faculty gives rise to the sensual feelings: it is very imperfectly developed in children, and attains its full size between the age of 18 and 26. It is generally less developed in women than men, and often decreases the advances of old age; it gives to each sex a peculiar interest in the welfare of each other, and conduces to softness of temper and kindness of manner. The abuse of this organ tends to libidinousness, and is generally fraught with innumerable evils, while a deficient developement of it creates disregard of the other sex, and greatly detracts from that social excellency which is inseparably connected with the happiness of mankind.

II.—PHILOPROGENITIVENESS.

This organ is situated above the middle part of the cerebellum, between which and it there is a small space occupied by a membrane, named the Tentorium. This organ corresponds to the protuberance of the occiput: when it is large and No. 1 moderate, it gives a drooping appearance to the hind part of the head. This is that propensity which induces a desire for, and an attachment to, offspring, and gives us peculiar pleasure in providing for them. This faculty is quite distinct from benevolence, for it is frequently found strong in selfish individuals who manifest no compassionate feeling towards adults. It chiefly supports the mother in her toils, and renders delightful the cares of rearing a helpless offspring: where the organ is greatly developed, it tends to pampering and spoiling children.

III.—CONCENTRATIVENESS

Is situated immediately above Philoprogenitiveness, and below Self-esteem. Dr. SPURZHEIM observed it to be large in those animals and persons who seemed attached to particular places—he thence termed it the organ of Inhabitativeness; but it also seems to direct the mind to unity of pursuit, and to concentrate the ideas on some special subject. When deficient, it will be evident by vagueness of thought; and when unduly large, it may tend to fix the mind on some object that may be of inferior importance to the neglect of things of general utility.

IV.—ADHESIVENESS.

This organ is placed on each side of Concentrativeness, and above Philoprogenitiveness; it produces an instinctive tendency of attachment to surrounding objects and beings. It may be termed the organ of attachment; from it arises the cement of steady friendship. It is generally larger in women than men; and it must be conceded that, in women, noble and generous friendship is frequently seen triumphing over every other feeling. When this organ is deficient, there is little attention manifested to the cultivation of friendship; and when greatly developed, no sacrifice is deemed too dear that a friendly union may be formed and perpetuated; in this case, it is often placed on unworthy objects.

V.—COMBATIVENESS

Is situated close on each side of Philoprogenitiveness; it inspires to meet danger and overcome difficulties; gives a tendency to oppose and attack whatever requires opposition, and to resist unjust encroachments; there would be no energy of character without it. When large, it causes a love of contention, and tends to provoke and assault; but where there is a small developement, the individual will find it almost impossible to contend with danger, or resist injuries, and timidity will characterize every undertaking.

VI.—DESTRUCTIVENESS

Is immediately above the external opening of the ear, and is close to Combativeness; it is that faculty which induces us to destroy noxious objects, and kill for food; it is very discernable in carnivorous animals. Combativeness gives the desire to meet and overcome difficulties, and having vanquished them, the mind, under its influence, pursues them no further. Destructiveness prompts us to exterminate them, so that they may never again occasion fresh embarrassment. When this organ is deficient, there is great lack of activity in the constitution,—the mind, as it were, wants edge, and the

individual sinks into passive indolence. Cruelty is the result of its excessive energy, uncontrolled by benevolence and justice.

VII.—SECRETIVENESS

Is situated above Destructiveness, or in the middle of the lateral portion of the brain ; it prompts us to restrain within the mind the various emotions and ideas that involuntarily present themselves, until the judgment has approved of giving them utterance. When it is large, there will be great slyness, and if uncontrolled by higher powers, the result will be great deceit, low cunning, and duplicity ; when deficient, the individual is too open, and wants discretion.

VIII.—ACQUISITIVENESS

Is situated immediately in front of Secretiveness, and below Ideality. It was, by Dr. SPURZHEIM, called Covetiveness ; but Sir G. S. MACKENZIE suggested the more appropriate name of Acquisitiveness. It tends to a desire for accumulation or gain ; it gives a desire to possess in general, without reference to the uses to which the objects, when attained, may be applied. It is guided by other faculties, and hence may lead to collecting minerals, coins, paintings, and other objects of curiosity or science, as well as money. It is that organ which, in the inferior animals, induces them to make provision for winter ; a proper development of it is essential to diligence in any calling. When over-large, it may produce the most sordid avarice, and when conscientiousness is deficient, it tends to fraud and theft.

IX.—CONSTRUCTIVENESS.

This organ is situated more forward than Acquisitiveness, a little upward and backward from the outer angle of the eye. It is that which enables us to construct, and is therefore indispensable in mechanics, architects, engineers, painters, and sculptors ; it must have a great development if they go beyond mediocrity. It is very small in the New Hollanders, who are savages of the lowest grade ; they use no clothes, build no dwellings, nor make any instruments either for agriculture, fishing, or the chase. Its abuses are, a tendency for constructing engines to injure or destroy, and fabrications of objects to deceive mankind.

I have here given the organs which are styled Propensities ; we will now proceed to consider—

GENUS II.—SENTIMENTS COMMON TO MAN WITH THE LOWER ANIMALS.

X.—SELF-ESTEEM.

This organ lies at the top of the back part of the head, immediately above Concentrativeness, and behind Firmness ; it inspires the mind with confidence in its own powers, and when combined with superior sentiments and intellect, gives dignity to the character. When deficient, it produces a want of confidence in one's-self, and may lead to an excess of humility ; if largely developed, it leads to pride, disdain, egotism, and arrogance.

XI.—LOVE OF APPROBATION

Is situated on each side of Self-esteem, and above Adhesiveness ; it produces love of esteem and admiration from others, expressed in praise or admiration ; a due endowment of it is indispensable to an amiable character. When fully developed, and under the influence of the moral powers, it is highly useful, and is productive of great advantages ; when very large, and not thus influenced, it produces ambition, envy, and excessive vanity, and will make such the easy dupes of flatterers. It is larger in Frenchmen than Englishmen, and much more active in women than in men.

In my next letter I will conclude the definition of the different organs, and then make some practical application of the subject.

J. I.

Birmingham Pride Lodge, Birmingham, October, 1838.

TO THE EDITOR AND COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT FOR THE
MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

SHOULD you deem the following remarks worth inserting, you will much oblige an humble but sincere Odd Fellow in so doing.

I remain, your affectionate brother,

In the Bonds of the Order,

H. L. WEDDELL, SURGEON.

Thirsk, October 25th, 1838.

I AM truly sorry that any Odd Fellow should have sent an Essay on Phrenology to the Magazine, and which I find is to be continued in future numbers. I say, I am sorry, because I think the author has commenced the task without thinking of the consequences which may ensue from the perusal of papers on such a subject.

Phrenology, like all other departments of Medical Philosophy, can only be studied with propriety, in conjunction with the other component parts of medical science. Like all other productions of the German school, there is something extremely visionary, although fascinating, in the study of Phrenology; and it is on this account I am sorry to see such a subject introduced to the general reader, whose mind generally will not be able to grasp with such a difficult subject. There is no part of the human frame, of which we are still so ignorant as the brain, and the Nervous System. We know, with tolerable certainty, that certain powers or properties have their origin in certain parts of the brain; and that there is as much difference in the size and configuration of the brain in different individuals, as there is also in their dispositions and talents, and this we justly attribute to their different organization and education. But further than this we know very little in reality. There are many cases on record where several ounces in weight of the brain have been lost after wounds, and the individuals have recovered, and never found the want of such lost brain. It is true, we may attribute this to the fact, that most organs in the brain are duplicate, and consequently one organ may do the work of two, as we always find that nature will make most extraordinary exertions to relieve such losses.

But my chief objection against the admission of Phrenological subjects into our Magazine, is the fact, that it has a tendency to lead to infidelity and materialism; for I do most firmly believe, that unless a man view it merely as a part of Physiology, in conjunction with the other divisions of medical science, it is sure to have such effect. We must remember that among our ranks we number brethren of all classes and ages, many of whom are talented and clever men, but may still be of other classes as well.

Phrenology teaches us that certain organs or parts of the brain, have certain powers given to them; thus we have the organ of Destructiveness, which makes a man fond of scenes of blood and murder. We also have the organ of Benevolence, which we may almost imagine an opponent to the other; but the first may be very large, while the latter is very small. Now many a man has thought and said, and may think and say again, "If God has given me such and such organs, I can't help it; if they make me do so and so, it is not my fault." Now the man who studies Phrenology in the only light in which it can be useful, and that is in its medical light, answers,—"It is true, you have the organ of Destructiveness very large, and feel inclined to do wrong, &c., but it is your duty to combat these thoughts and ideas; there is a moral principle in you, which will, if properly exercised, counteract the evil tendency of that organ." But this answer, although perfectly correct and true, implies that the individual must be possessed of a true sense of the moral duty we all owe to God, and to social life as well; and unless a man has this strong feeling of moral propriety deeply implanted in him, he is sure to go wrong. We must be aware that in each and all of us, there is a greater propensity to do evil, than to do good; that it is only by education and example, we are taught to combat those evil propensities, and act right. But if we get a slight insight into Phrenology, and lay the flattering unction to our soul, that God has given us such and such organs, and we must act in accordance with them, we

Vol. 5—No. 5—2 H.

are sure to gratify these evil propensities, which are but too deeply imbedded in the nature of man, and which, without any assistance, requires all our moral strength to combat from day to day. It is difficult to make a half-educated man understand that the *moral principle* of man ought to contend with his organic texture. He will see plain enough, that this moral principle is opposed to the exercise of those *bad organs*; but if he has any belief in Phrenology, and the reality of those organs being present, his mind gets confused, and he cannot see why he should not indulge in the gratification of that organ which predominates, more especially when it is more pleasant (at the time) to sin, than to fight against sin. It is on this account that I do not like to see such abstruse subjects brought before the general reader; and subjects too, we must remember, have no relation at all to the chief body of the people, but can only be useful when studied in their proper place, in connexion with the science of which they may form a part. "A little learning is a dangerous thing," is an old proverb, but a very true one.

I hope the writer of the paper will not be offended at my remarks, they are *only* dictated in that feeling of good fellowship, and anxious wish for the good and welfare of our noble Order, which ought to pervade the breasts of all true Odd Fellows. I am not opposed to Phrenology as a part of my own profession, but I do think such subjects very unfit for the generality of readers. I feel certain from the short specimen I have seen of J. I.'s writing that he is a man of talent, and thoroughly understands the subject, and I sincerely hope will view the subject in the same light as I do; but should he not, I hope he will not be offended at the freedom of my remarks.

H. L. W.

Perseverance Lodge, Thirsk, October, 1838.

[We do not see any cause to regret the insertion of the article on Phrenology; it found its way into the pages of the Magazine, not to alienate the members from religious creeds, nor to create theological discussion, but to develop to the readers the researches of the scientific world. Mr. WEDDELL himself does not dispute the claims of the science; on the contrary, as a medical practitioner, furnishes proofs that Phrenology is not one of the 'visionary productions of the German school,' but he dreads that it has a tendency to lead to infidelity and materialism. We would remind him that the same arguments have been used against the science of Astronomy; the intolerance towards Copernicus and Galileo stare us in the face, and raise a blush that our forefathers should have put in requisition the faggot and the rack to prevent the dissemination of a science which is, at the present day, admitted as a truth by the most sincere and even enthusiastic religionist. In opposition to 'a little learning is a dangerous thing,' we will place 'half a loaf is better than none;' besides, we must obtain a 'little' knowledge before we get much; we must therefore do our best to teach Odd Fellows to hold fast that which is good, and reject all that is injurious.]

BREAD FROM SAWDUST.

AN astronomer was making an observation through his telescope,—“What a fool is that fellow,” said a clown to his companion, “he is no nearer to the sun than we are.” Thus we ever find that, just in proportion to a person's ignorance, will be his readiness to ridicule a scientific discovery which may be above his comprehension. A man of ordinary attainments is more modest; for experience has shewn him, that all the wonders of nature are not to be found within the limits of his philosophy. He finds that, as he progresses, unanticipated and, to him, incomprehensible facts present themselves; “hills peep o'er hills, and alps o'er alps arise,” extending beyond the contracted sphere of his mental vision.

A few particulars which may interest your readers, will shew how strange to the ignorant must be some discoveries which have been achieved by philosophers.

1. Two simultaneous loud sounds may be made to produce perfect silence; and two bright lights to produce perfect darkness.

2. Two intense bitters will produce an extremely sweet sensation on the tongue.

3. Sugar, which is so palatable and so nutritious, may, by an easy chemical operation, be converted into oxalic acid, which is one of the most virulent poisons.

4. A pound of old rags may be changed into rather more than an equal weight of sugar.

5. A rib-bone of an ox, may by one operation be rendered as flexible as a belt of soft leather; and by another as friable as a piece of chalk.

6. The hardest bone of the largest animal may, in a peculiar way, be completely dissolved in water, so as to produce a nutritious jelly.

7. Sawdust may be made to produce bread, similar to that which is obtained from flour. This fact, originally discovered by Professor Autenzieth, of Tubinger, was first established in this country by Dr. Prout, who published, in the Philosophical Transactions for 1827, an elaborate and interesting paper on the subject. "The following," says this distinguished chemist, "was the method employed for this purpose. In the first place everything that was soluble in water was removed by frequent maceration and boiling. The wood was then reduced to a minute state of division,—that is to say, *not merely into fine fibres, but actual powder*; and after being repeatedly subjected to the heat of an oven, was ground in the usual manner of corn. Wood thus prepared acquires the smell and taste of corn-flour. It is, however, never quite white, but always of a yellowish colour. It also agrees with corn-flour in this respect, that it does not ferment without the addition of leaven, and in this case sour leaven of corn-flour is found to answer best;—with this it makes a *perfectly uniform and spongy bread*. Wood-flour also, boiled in water, forms a thick, tough, trembling jelly, like that of wheat-starch, and which is very nutritious." "This discovery," says Sir John Herschel in his Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy, "which renders famine next to impossible, deserves a higher degree of celebrity than it has obtained."

The experiment has been repeatedly performed in Manchester and in other places. It has also been, I am told, attempted in vain by persons who would not put themselves to the trouble of completing so long and tedious an operation, and who, as is not unusual, disparaged that which they had not the perseverance to obtain.

"But why is it not generally used instead of corn-flour?" Try the experiment, and it will then be found, that the product will not be adequate to the time and labour required. In this respect it resembles many other processes in the useful arts; thus, for example, the finest writing paper may be produced from the coarsest materials, but the article when obtained will not compensate for the expenditure incurred.

One of the facts which I have enumerated, I have here explained; some of your intelligent correspondents may, perhaps, be disposed to develop the others, though they will be apt to be discouraged by the recollection, that the attempts to enlighten those who are uninformed, is not generally the way to acquire their respect, but rather to excite their animosity—to raise an unmeaning laugh, or to elicit an empty sarcasm. I have found it so.

Manchester, December, 1838.

A CORRESPONDENT.

TO THE READERS OF THE MAGAZINE, AND MEMBERS OF THE ORDER.

We are happy to acknowledge the response with which our frequent invitations to our Correspondents has been met; and are truly proud to be able to commence the New Year with a Number so much improved in the style of its original communications, and have confident expectations that the individuals alluded to are enlisted as permanent fellow-labourers in the good cause. We flatter ourselves that our endeavours have not been wholly unavailing; and trust that the Magazine wears its age with credit, and that each succeeding year will add to its value and utility. The following remarks from the pen of one of our volunteers, are well suited, not only with reference to the objects and

intents of the Magazine, but are peculiarly applicable to the present season, opening to us, as it does, the vista of another year. Our readers will be glad to hear that each succeeding Number will contain, from the pen of the same writer, an article exclusively connected with the Order :—

“ We conceive that the intention of this Magazine should be threefold,—1st, To convey to the fireside of Odd Fellows, a cheap fund of “useful and entertaining knowledge.” Secondly, to furnish them with all possible information with reference to the principles, objects, state, and prospects of the Order to which they belong: and thirdly, to present to them and the public, a medium through which the varied talents and acquirements of Odd Fellows may be exercised and improved for the instruction and entertainment of both. When it is considered that this work is addressed to no less than a hundred thousand men, scattered alike among the agricultural and manufacturing population of this great kingdom, its importance becomes self-apparent, and its character of the highest consequence. The majority of our members are not those who have the means to purchase, or the leisure to peruse many books; of the greater import is it, then, that the one which their Order puts into their hands, stamped with its own authority, and recommended by its own name, should be one which should elevate as well as inform their minds, and not mislead while it gratifies their taste. Thus much praise may be fairly challenged for this work. Never was one page, so far as we know, degraded by the attempt to undermine the faith, shake the principles, or demoralize the character of its readers; never have we read in it a passage that would stain the cheek of modesty, or raise the indignation of insulted virtue; on the contrary, its pages have ever been devoted to the inculcation and support of honesty, temperance, industry, “Friendship, Love and Truth.” And we are not without hope that it has been instrumental in the promotion of these virtues among its readers in no small degree. The Order of Odd Fellows is now assuming an aspect among the Institutions of this country most striking and commanding. Consisting, as was before said, of above one hundred thousand men, and spreading and increasing in numbers most rapidly, its numerical power and interest must be immense; and its position as a feature of the national character cannot be overlooked. In many of our largest towns “The Odd Fellows’ Hall” rears its august head proudly among the first of the public buildings which wealth or commerce have placed in their streets: and in the smallest villages, the Lodge is not the least among its peculiar characteristics. And while we see with pleasure among our ranks many of the great, the learned, and the powerful, both lay and clerical, we feel, with proud satisfaction, that it is not to them, but to the excellency of our own principles and character as an Order, that we owe our greatness; that their co-operation, highly valuable as it is, is *not the cause but the consequence* of the almost boundless success with which the Great Master above has honored us in the cause of benevolence and love. Second to none in loyalty to the Sovereign, and love for the Institutions of our country, we are not a political body. Revering the ordinances and cherishing the spirit of our holy religion, we are not a sectarian body—men of all parties and opinions may find shelter and peace among us—under their own vine and their own fig-tree shall they sit, and none of their brethren shall make them afraid. Banded together for mutual support and assistance, in health and sickness alike; influenced by no unworthy motives, pursuing no unworthy objects, using no improper means, we present to the world a firm and bold phalanx of united brethren, fearless of its assaults, and yet desirous to conciliate its approbation. These observations are not made in the spirit of vainglorious boasting; we parade not our own greatness for the foolish purpose of exciting our own vanity, but that our members, aware of the high character and proud eminence of the Institution to which they belong, may be stimulated to greater efforts in promoting its interests, and more especially warned that they do nothing to tarnish its lustre. Regarding, as they have a right to do, their Institution as one of the noblest and most excellent ever organized by the prudence and benevolence of man, Odd Fellows should partake of its benefits and advantages with humility and gratitude. Humility, because we have nothing which has not been given us from above; gratitude, that we have been placed in circumstances so favourable to ourselves. The spirit of Odd Fellowship destroying all selfishness, and expanding the heart in kind feeling and good-will to our fellow-men, should induce us to bring others within the sphere of its philanthropic operations; and cherish in us to others, whether in or out of the Order, a principle of

charity and affection. The feeling of compassion, and the wish to relieve human misery and want may be, and should be, as universal as misery and poverty themselves; but it is evident that no man can extend the act to the will; in these cases we are taught by our Order to give the preference to our kindred and our brethren; and while we omit no opportunity within our reach and our means of doing good to all, it is especially our duty to exercise our benevolence in our own Order, and among the sick and distressed of its members.

"Towards other secret societies, whether Free Masons, Foresters, Gardeners, Druids, or by whatsoever other name they may be distinguished, we entertain no spirit of rivalry or contention. United for purposes similar to our own, though conducted in a different manner, we would hold out to them the right hand of fellowship, and wish them good luck; and while we cultivate the very natural preference which we feel for our own establishment, we would not for a moment undervalue theirs—while we believe that our own exertions for the relief of the needy and the destitute are the wisest and the best directed, we would throw no impediment in their way: and if it should be in our power to lend them a helping hand, or to remove a stumbling-block out of their path, we shall consider it incumbent upon us in the spirit of brotherly kindness, to do so willingly and cheerfully.

"To the whole body of our Order we have to say, that we shall be most happy to advocate their cause—to take their grievances into consideration—and so far as may consist with our means and opportunities, to attend to their communications.

"We are highly gratified in being able to state that our situation is most favorable and encouraging. There never was a time when Odd Fellowship was in so "high and palmy" a state, as at present. During the last quarter, no less than one hundred and nine new Lodges have been opened! which, supposing an average of only thirty members to each Lodge, gives an increase of 3270 members, or above 13,000 in the year. With prospects so delightful, we may well be inspirited to greater thankfulness and greater exertion; and we may with safety and propriety lay aside every doubt, and every fear, regarding the peace and prosperity of Odd Fellowship.

"The cause of the Widow and Orphan is also receiving the attention and advocacy of many of our first-rate men; and, no doubt, will be so effectually supported and regulated as to shower blessings upon thousands of those most dear to us. This benevolent appendage of our Order shall ever receive our most constant attention and support; and it should not be forgotten, that to this object the profits arising from this publication are exclusively devoted.

"Conscious of the magnitude and responsibility of the task we have entered upon, we must throw ourselves upon the indulgence of our readers, and request their forbearance in all things. While we would carefully avoid giving offence to any, it is proverbially impossible to please all; and it may be, that in some few instances, and perhaps in many, opinions may be advanced, and theories advocated, or a side in certain questions taken, in which it may not be possible to insure the approbation of each individual. In such cases, should they occur, let our readers forbear to overwhelm us with quires of remonstrance and reproof; let them remember that we are all liable to err: and being satisfied that it is our wish in all matters to act in the best spirit and to the utmost of our power for the good of all, let them extend to us the privilege (without which our labours would be worthless) of thinking for ourselves, and when, as it cannot but occasionally happen, let them recal the truth, that

"To err is human—to forgive divine."

"In conclusion, we would wish to our readers and our brethren, in the best sense of a common compliment, "A happy New Year," in the confidence that the requirements of our Order are those which most surely conduce to that happiness. Though we cannot foresee what may happen in its course—though we know not whether the sun of prosperity, or the clouds of adversity, are to gild or to darken our path through its veiled and mysterious futurity; yet we know that if we act up to the vows we have taken, and live in the spirit of the Order we have joined, we shall be, so far as mortals can be, prepared for either. That the pillars of Odd Fellowship are eternal and immutable, and that when the very name of Odd Fellow, with all things earthly shall have passed away, yet the principles upon which it is founded, Friendship, Love and Truth, shall triumph in immortal and celestial perfection."

We beg to direct the attention of our readers to the article of "MARY OLIVER," by Mr. MONTAGU, being his first contribution to the Magazine. This gentleman is a member of the Order, and promises to be a valuable accession in a line of writing which has never before been taken up by any of our Correspondents. But on this point delicacy bids us be brief, to which we are more inclined, being well aware that the offering of our new ally has ample merit to speak for itself.

We would advise those of our readers who have a taste for the arts, and wish to witness the progressive improvement in all departments of our Institution, to lose no time in procuring the New Emblem, just published by the Board. It is a splendid specimen of the artist's skill, and is well worthy a place among the choicest productions of the day. It is no small proof of the existence of some intelligence among us, for nothing but a most extensive demand could ever remunerate the publication of so exquisite and elaborate a work at so small a price. A similar plate could not in the ordinary extent of sale, be afforded for four times the charge.

We have seen a return of the number of travellers relieved in the Order during the past year, and find that about £4000. has been expended in that species of relief alone. This is a great and important feature in the economy of our Institution, though frequently lost sight of in a summary of its advantages. We cannot help suggesting that much good might result from the publication of these and other returns along with the regular reports of the Order. The various items by being only seen in the detached returns of Lodges or Districts, do not give so clear an idea of their importance, and of the extent to which our different reliefs are carried, as when presented to the eye in one mass. The whole amount of money annually paid in all the branches of the Order does not fall short of £100,000; of this about £50,000 is expended in relief to the sick and funeral allowances, exclusive of medical attendance, which will amount to about £12,000 more. Our income may be calculated at about £120,000, and we may safely reckon that the Order in this kingdom alone, realizes a surplus of about £20,000. per annum; although we have no exact data from which to make accurate calculations, we have no hesitation in believing that the above will not be far off the mark. And all this is done without one compulsory tax, or the repulsive feeling attendant on the receipt of alms. In connection with this subject, we cannot refrain from noticing two letters now before us. One of them being a return of thanks to his Lodge at Bedale, from a member on his death-bed, who had experienced the kindness of his brethren during a protracted illness. The other contains an extract from the books of a Lodge, in Manchester, from which we find that one of their afflicted brethren has received from his Lodge (in sick gifts) no less than £130. 5s. 5d., exclusive of about £9. collected by petition from other Lodges, and is still an object of their bounty. The correspondent who forwarded us these particulars adds—and in the same sentiment we fully coincide—"I do not mention these things from any vain wish to boast of that which is only our duty, but merely from a desire to show to what extent the benefits of the Order may be carried when conducted with prudence and economy. Let us continue to exercise that prudence without parsimony, which already is the characteristic of our Order; and while we can point to such good effects as the above, we may defy the lukewarmness of our friends, or the malice of our enemies." Facts like these must wear away that feeling of antipathy with which the world has too long regarded our Order. Public opinion begins indeed to allow us some modicum of justice, and people are fain to acknowledge that a man may be an Odd Fellow without being either an ignorant sot on the one hand, or a visionary enthusiast on the other.

Presenting to our numerous readers the "compliments of the season," and wishing them health and happiness,

We remain,

THE MAGAZINE COMMITTEE.

Births.

December 8, 1838, the wife of P. G. Oxley Ellam, of the Invitation Lodge, Newson, near Huddersfield, of a daughter.—June 14, the wife

of V. G. Smith, of the Noah's Ark Lodge, of a son: Nov. 16, the wife of brother Robert Lynn, of the Noah's Ark Lodge, Newark, of a son.—

July 23, the wife of N. G. Read, of a son: Aug. 3, the wife of V. G. Hamman, of a son: Aug. 1, the wife of brother James Holden, of a son; all of the Lord de Tabley Lodge, Knutsford.—April 29, 1838, the wife of brother John Coeson, surgeon to the Dales Lodge, Reeth, of a daughter: Aug. 26, the wife of brother Robert Metcalf, of the same Lodge, of a daughter: Oct. 23, the wife of brother Anthony Ward, of the same Lodge, of a daughter: Oct. 27, the wife of Sec. John Bradbury, of the same Lodge, of a son.—Dec. 30, 1837, Mary, the wife of P. Prov. G. M. John Schofield, of the Prince of Wales Lodge, Mossley, of a son: Sep. 6, 1838, Ann, the wife of P. V. William Hawkyard, of the Prince of Wales Lodge, of a daughter: June 11, Mary, the wife of brother Thomas Holden, of the North Star Lodge, Lydgate, of a daughter.—Dec. 1, the wife of N. G. William B. Richardson, of the Duke of Rutland Lodge, of a daughter.—November 8, 1838, the wife of P. P. G. M. J. D. Harper, of the loyal Friend in Need lodge, Cardiffaith, and C. S. of the Torvaen District, of a son.—On the 6th December, 1838, the wife of P. Prov. C. S. David Croston, of the Rising Sun Lodge, Mottram District, of a son.—July 19, 1838, the wife of P. G. Charles Bennett, of the Pilot Lodge, of a son: Aug. 20, the wife of P. G. Edward Smith, of the said Lodge, of a son.—July 5, the wife of P. G. Richard Toulson, of a daughter: Oct. 6, the wife of P. G. James Hall, of a daughter; both of the loyal Brougham Lodge, Birkenshaw.—Aug. 12, the wife of P. S. Samuel Oates, of a daughter: May 9th, the wife of P. G. Jonas Armitage, of a daughter: Nov. 3, the wife of brother Thomas Hood, of a daughter, all of the Perseverance Lodge, Bowling.—Feb. 17, the wife of brother James Wright, of a daughter: Nov. 7, the wife of P. G. Richard Huntingdon, of a son: Nov. 23, the wife of brother Jeremiah Sharp, of a son: Nov. 23, the wife of P. G. Christopher Toulinson, of a son; all of the Evening Star, Tong.—Nov. 17, the wife of P. P. D. G. M. Samuel Daniel, of the Victory Lodge, Little Horton, of a son.—Jan. 7, the wife of brother John James, of the Samaritans' Pride Lodge, of a son: Jan. 15, the wife of Prov. D. G. M. John Massey, of the Harvest Home Lodge, of a son: April 10, the wife of brother James Webb, of the Neptune Lodge, of a daughter: June 14, the wife of brother Richard James, of the Victory Lodge, of a son: July 20, the wife of P. G. George Hankinson, of the Victory Lodge, of a daughter: Aug. 24, the wife of brother James Guest, of the Neptune Lodge, of a daughter: Sep. 1, the wife of P. G. Thomas Foster Robinson, of the Neptune Lodge, of a daughter: Sep. 3, the wife of brother William Wilson, of the Trafalgar Lodge, of a daughter: On the 18th of October, the wife of P. G. William Little, of the loyal Neptune Lodge, of a daughter;

all of the Stockport District.—Aug. 30, the wife of Prov. C. S. John Binns, of the Peace Lodge, Halifax, of a son and heir.—Sep. 1, the wife of N. G. Thomas Anderson, of the Trafalgar Lodge, Halifax, of a son.—Oct. 12, the wife of P. G. Charles Butterworth, of the Virtue Lodge, Turton District, of a daughter.—March 23, the wife p. p. g. m. Samuel Eastwood, of the Virtue Lodge, Turton, of a son: July 12, the wife of C. S. John Knowles, of the Hearty Welcome Lodge, of a son.—March 4, the wife of brother George Lockwood, of a daughter: May 26, the wife of p. g. Edward Taylor, of a daughter: June 23, the wife of brother David Beaumont, of a daughter: Sep. 13, the wife of p. s. Wm. Dawson, of a daughter: Aug. 9, the wife of v. g. Joseph Sanderson, of a son: Oct. 5, the wife of prov. d. g. m. Richard Milner, of a daughter: Nov. 11, the wife of p. s. Benjamin Lockwood, of a son: Nov. 11, the wife of brother Joseph Kaye, of a daughter: Nov. 15, the wife of p. s. George Woodhouse, of a daughter: Nov. 23, the wife of p. g. John Dawson, of two sons; all of the Lily of the Valley Lodge, Armitage Bridge.—Sep. 8, the wife of p. w. George Dutton, of a son and heir: Nov. 13, Fanny, the wife of brother Wm. Stafford, of a daughter: Nov. 29, Ann, the wife of p. p. g. m. and present c. s. William Anelay, of a son; all of the Prince Regent, Glossop.—July 6, the wife of p. g. William Whittaker, of the Victory lodge, Little Horton, of a son.—Oct. 24, the wife of p. g. Jonas Jennings, Victory lodge, Little Horton, of a son and heir.—Feb. 18, the wife of brother John Smith, of the Friendly Mechanic lodge, Bradford, of a son.—July 2, 1836, the wife of brother Edward Harrison, Evening Star lodge, of a son and heir: also, Sep. 23, 1838, of a daughter.—Oct. 18, Hannah, the wife of brother John Booth, Rising Sun lodge, Charlesworth, of a daughter.—Dec. 5, Mary, the wife of p. prov. g. m. Royle, Rising Sun lodge, Charlesworth, of a daughter.—Dec. 10, Sarah, the wife of brother Robert Sinker, Rising Sun lodge, Charlesworth, of a son; all of the Mottram District.—April 26, the wife of brother Bullock, Lord Camden lodge, of a daughter.—May 18, the wife of p. g. Jonathan Haslam, of a daughter: Aug. 19, the wife of p. g. Charles Surkitt, of a daughter; both of the Surrey lodge.—April 29, the wife of p. g. Levi Hatfield, Saint Olave lodge, of a son.—July 21, the wife of brother John Harrison, of a son: Sep. 20, the wife of p. p. c. s. John Parkinson, examining officer of the Belper District, of a son; both of the Strangers' Refuge lodge, Belper.—Oct. 15, the wife of prov. d. g. m. Thomas Taylor, of a daughter: Oct. 18, the wife of p. prov. g. m. David Kidd, of a daughter; both of the Colville lodge, Duffield.—May 16, the wife of p. g. Christopher Edmondson, calico manufacturer, of the loyal Montagu lodge, Addingham, of a son.

Marriages.

July 29, at the Collegiate church, by the Rev. H. Fielding, brother Edward Scales, of the Philanthropic lodge, clock and watch maker, (formerly of Kendal) to Miss Hannah Bailey, of Shrewsbury.—Aug. 13, brother Thomas Littlefair, of the Dale Lodge, Reeth, to Miss Elizabeth of the same place.—Aug. 14, brother Joseph Smith, of the same lodge, to Mrs. Elizabeth Coates, of the same place: Oct. 3, brother

Matthew Wensley, of the same lodge, to Miss Ann Smith.—Nov. 24, p. s. John Ladderdale, of the United Brothers' lodge, Barnard Castle, to Miss Maria Heslop; and on the same day brother Henry Cole, to Miss Rachel Carnell, of the same place.—April 3, n. g. William Bargin Richardson, to Miss Mary Ball: Dec. 2, brother William Ball, to Miss Matilda Fox; both of the Duke of Rutland lodge.—Nov. 27, brother Jere-

miah Jacob, of the Gwenynen Gerddi Gwent lodge, Abergavenny, to Miss Williams, of Pen y Pound.—July 28, v g Joseph Horn, of the Tree of Life lodge, Shipley, to Miss Alice Lodge, of Shipley.—Oct. 21, brother Samuel Clarkson, of the Standard lodge, Windhill, to Miss Ann Parker, of the same place.—Aug. 18, brother Thomas Balmforth, to Miss Knowles, of Elsecar: same day, brother Edwin Roberts, to Miss White: Oct. 21, Joseph Ramsey, to Miss Betty; all of the Perseverance lodge, Bowling.—Sep. 16, at Ashton under-Lyne, p g William Wilson, of the Queen Anne lodge, Stockport District, to Miss Anne Robinson, of Ashton.—Sep. 24, p provg m Charles Bothams, of the Conciliator lodge, to Miss Ann Entwistle, of Stockport.—Oct. 8, p g William Rea, of the Trafalgar lodge, to Miss Apon, of Stockport.—Oct. 13, at St. Pancras' church, London, p s John Gaskell, surgeon to the Travellers' Rest lodge, Stockport District, to Elizabeth, only surviving daughter of the late Thomas Jackson, Esq., of Red Lion-street, Clerkenwell, London.—Aug. 13, provg m James Avison, of the Heroes' Glory lodge, Halifax, to Miss Lydia Hargreaves.—Nov. 16, brother Geo. Hillingworth, of the Heroes' Glory lodge, to Miss Frances Cliff.—June 5, bro. Wm. Thompson, of the Providential, Northallerton, to Miss Jane Robinson, of Great Smeaton.—Sep. 1, p sec John Paylor, of the Providential lodge, Northallerton, to Miss Mary Goldsborough, of Fillis-kirk.—Oct. 23, brother John Sedgwick, grocer

and druggist, Northallerton, to Miss Meres, of Darlington.—Oct. 29, c s Thomas Hart, of the North Star lodge, Brompton, to Miss Ann Leng, of Bilsdale, Cleveland.—Nov. 24, p sec William Peacock, of the Providential lodge, Northallerton, to Ann Wetherell, of Danby Wiske.—Oct. 23, brother John Taylor, of the Virtue lodge, Tottington, Turton District, to Sarah Nuttall, of the same place.—Sep. 16, brother Thomas Roberts, of the Virtue lodge, to Margaret Hargreaves.—Sep. 3, v g James Scott, of the Hearty Welcome lodge, Edgworth, to Miss Ann Knowles of the same place.—Aug. 16, brother Oswald Row, of the Hearty Welcome lodge, to Nancy Low, of the same place.—At St. Mary's church, Lambeth, p warden Gray, of the Lord Camden lodge, to Miss Ann Rood, of Lambeth.—Sep. 1, Robert Nunn, of the Surrey lodge, to Mrs. Mary Johanson, of Merton.—Sep. 27, brother H. Ball, of the Strangers' Refuge lodge, Belper, to Miss Booth, of the same place.—Dec. 10, brother Samuel Cryer, of the Welcome Travellers lodge, Belton, to Miss Ann Smith.—Dec. 20, at the parish church of Bolton, by the Rev. J. Slade, vicar, brother Samuel Hunt, of the Welcome Traveller lodge, to Miss Horrobin, only daughter of Mr. Robert Horrobin, of Lever Bridge, Tong with Haugh, and sister to brother Robert Horrobin, of the Orthodox lodge.—Oct. 21, brother Benjamin Naylor, of the Lily of the Valley lodge, Armistage Bridge, to Miss Sarah Wagstaff.

Deaths.

Dec. 10, 1838, p g George Dunn, of the Shakspeare lodge, aged 30 years. He was a man universally respected by all who knew him, especially by the officers and brothers of the Shakspeare lodge; and it may be truly said of him, that he lived and died a good Odd Fellow.—Dec. 4, p g Joseph Straw, of the Earl Grey lodge, who met his death by falling down an engine shaft. His mortal remains were followed to the place of interment by a numerous band of brothers, both from the Earl Grey and Rutland lodges, which drew applause from the multitude who assembled on the occasion, as several exclaimed, 'see how these Odd Fellows respect each other.'—Aug. 1, aged three years, Emma, the daughter of p g Charles Bennet, of the Pilot lodge, Bradford.—Aug. 9, 1837, James aged eight weeks; Oct. 7, 1837, John, aged sixteen weeks; Sep. 13, 1838, Emma, aged five weeks; Nov. 11, Thomas, aged three years and two months; being all the children of p g Jonas Armitage, of the Perseverance lodge, Bowling.—Nov. 10, Thomas, the only son of p v Thomas Gomersal, of the Evening Star lodge, Tong, aged twelve years and three months.—Nov. 22, brother Thomas Midgley, aged 22, and on Nov. 20, brother John White, 38, of the Faith lodge, Bradford, aged 38 years.—May 21, brother John Heap, of the Virtue lodge, Tottington.—May 22, brother George Eccleston, of the same lodge, both leaving a disconsolate widow and three small children.—March 6, Joshua, son of c s

Knowles, of the Hearty Welcome lodge, Edgworth.—Sep. 12, Ann, wife of Samuel Sutcliffe, of the Yew lodge, Bursill Head, Shaw District, aged 32 years.—Nov. 1, p g Anthony Merriweather, of the Mansion of Peace lodge, Gawber: whilst repairing the beams connected with a coal pit, one of the beams fell on his head, and forced him to the bottom of the pit, a depth of 40 yards; he has left a widow and six children to lament his loss. He was a man greatly beloved by the District. This is another proof of the necessity of a Widow and Orphans' Fund.—Oct. 31, Ann, only daughter of brother Wm. Pear: Nov. 17, William Pear, son of brother William Pear, of the St. Olave lodge: April 17, Joseph, the son of p g Corbridge, of St. Olave lodge.—Sep. 27, Eliza Waller, daughter-in-law to p g William Lees, of the Lord Camden lodge.—Nov. 7, Mary, the beloved wife of brother Abraham Haywood, of the Strangers' Refuge lodge, Belper, leaving a numerous family to deplore their bereavement.—June 29, 1838, aged six weeks, the son of p g Christopher Edmondson, calico manufacturer, of the Montagu lodge, Addingham: Sep. 8, Margaret, aged 31, wife of p g Christopher Edmondson, of the Montagu lodge, Addingham; she has left three young children.—Nov. 22, aged 36, the wife of p d g m Thomas Turner, of the Earl of Bradford lodge, Bolton.—Oct. 5, aged 30 years, Elizabeth, wife of secretary Edward Harrison, of the Earl of Bradford lodge, Bolton.

[Births, &c., omitted in this Number, will be inserted in the next.]

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1839.

BIOGRAPHY.

JOHN ORMOND

WAS born on the 23rd of April, 1792, at the village of Styall Green, near Wilmslow, in Cheshire; and when about two years of age, was brought to Manchester, where the greater portion of his life has been spent. He early entered into the hardships of life, commencing working in a cotton mill when only six years old; consequently he had no opportunity of employing the morning of life in acquiring that knowledge which so generally stamps the character of future years. But notwithstanding all these disadvantages, he was enabled by a spirit of inquiry and diligent perseverance to acquire a good share of general education, and at the present time, many a man who has spent years at book and school, would find himself far outmatched by the self-taught factory-boy. Those who know the duties devolving on the C. S. of the Manchester District, are well aware that they require for their fulfilment, no small share of ability and education.

In 1823 he commenced business as a Licensed Victualler, at the Jolly Hatters, Bengal-street, at which house the Mechanic Lodge, No. 234, was opened in April, 1827; Mr. Ormond having been initiated in the Wellington Lodge on the 11th of July previous; in 1828 he was compelled, through losses in business, to leave his house. He successively served the various offices of the Lodge, and subsequently served as D. G. M. and G. M. of the Manchester District; and afterwards as D. G. M. and G. M. of the Order; the latter office in 1834: and in 1838 was elected C. S. of the same District, which situation he still continues to fill.

Few men have been more active in, or have done more service to, the Order, than the subject of the above sketch; and none have more unostentatiously, or more manfully exercised their "brief authority." He has passed through the offices of the Lodge, the District, and the Order, without stain or blemish, and his whole demeanour as a brother, and member of our inestimable Institution, has justly gained him the "praise and esteem of all good men"—what *others* may say, is a matter, to him, of the utmost indifference. The virtuous man will not, and the bad man, he knows, cannot, tarnish his fair fame. May he long continue to enjoy the luxury of an approving conscience.

In 1833 he was employed by the Directors to revise and condense the Minute Book; a task which he performed to their satisfaction, and much to the advantage of the Order. He also took an active part in the revival of the Lecture Book, and the publication of the Supplement.

The A. M. C. held at Hull in 1834, directed him to proceed to the north, in order to inquire into, and if possible arrange some unpleasant circumstances then existing in that part of the Unity. This, though a work of no ordinary difficulty, he accomplished, and left the once excited and disturbed Districts in a state of repose and harmony. He also gave the parties some advice, which they have acted upon, much to their mutual advantage, and the credit of the Order. In conclusion, Mr. Ormond, as an Odd Fellow, has gone abroad seeking whom he might serve and succour,—at home he has gained "golden opinions" of most men; and as he is yet in the prime of life, we trust he will be enabled to render the *State* still more service.

VOL. 5—No. 6—2 I.

MARY OLIVER.*

BY FREDERIC MONTAGU, ESQ.

CHAPTER II.

Descriptive, amongst other things, of Mrs. DARBY POBBS and DIDO.

To those who have always experienced want, and have ever been exposed to unheard-of hardships, any unlooked-for aid from its very suddenness creates a temporary glow of heart-warmth, generating a partial forgetfulness of the past; and Mary Oliver, full of thankfulness, forgot her tears, and hastening her steps only thought of the pleasure her gift, and the intelligence of which she was the bearer, would give her poor mother; so fast did she speed her way, that she jerked two or three bunches of her cresses out of her well-laden basket, and a beggar observing this ran to her with them; but as he too was ill-clad, and might, thought Mary Oliver, have a mother, she gave them to him, which kindness being observed by a maid-servant, who was cleaning the door-steps, of a house, she gave Mary a new sixpence she had saved for some relative, with the encouraging truth, that "a kind deed will always be seen by heaven." Mary thanked her, and almost overjoyed with her comparative excess of good fortune, journeyed onwards towards her destination.

How few—how very few, comparatively speaking—of the wealthy in worldly means have inclination, or having inclination, can summon resolution to visit the abode of misery and want. There is in our natures a fear of disturbing the mind by painful thought, or of harrowing the memory with sad reflections; and the very ease in which wealth is accustomed to live, is a sufficient bar to any self-imposed duty, whereby affliction may be communed with, and bitter want brought into their immediate presence; and yet, if during the pursuit of that melancholy error called pleasure, any impediment arises to check the butterfly-pursuit, a dark cloud seems to have fallen upon their fate—they imagine evils they know not of, and even repine at their lot, and almost sorrow that ever they were born.

These reflections lead us to the spot towards which Mary Oliver was rapidly hastening—a spot such as may be found in every largely-populated city and town throughout Great Britain, yet in no place to such an extent as in London. To be more explicit, there is one portion of the parish of St. Giles's which is the metropolitan headquarters of sin, infamy, guilt and misery—where profligacy has an unbounded sway, and where squalid wretchedness uninterruptedly holds its court.

Often have we seen, on the Sabbath morn, the well-trapped, panel-blazoned carriages of the neighbouring wealthy rolling through St. Giles's, bearing their possessors to the parish church, whilst at the corner of streets groups of the most squalid Irish—the halt, lame and blind—women almost ragless, and children emaciated and mud-bedaubed, looking upon their fellow-creatures as beings of a better fate;—nor has this sad contrast been less heightened by the cheering warmth of the bright sun, and the thrilling peals of the sweet-toned bells.

It is here where there is a solid irregular square of condensed buildings, of many acres extent, attainable by intersecting streets, and innumerable courts and alleys; and a stranger passing through Broad-street, St. Giles's, along Drury Lane and Long Acre, might imagine that he was in a poor part of London; but these appearances would give no idea, but rather form only a greater contrast with what he would see, were he possessed of so much curiosity (or unattended, so much imprudence) as to venture into the interior of the square, of which these streets form the most extensive boundaries.

It was in one portion of Saint Giles's, at the rear of what is called the "Rookery," where Mary Oliver now arrived, and ascending the stairs, she took the key, which was

* This Story, when completed, will form a volume, which will appear before the public, dedicated to "The Widows and Orphans of Deceased Odd Fellows," for whom and in whose welfare the Author feels a lively interest; and looks forward with anxious pleasure to the period when a substantial and permanent Fund may be formed for their support.

fastened around her waist by a piece of string, and very gently opened the door of a room—she knew how little sleep her mother had had during the night, and she was fearful of abbreviating any portion should sleep have fallen upon her. The room lighted by one window, the glassless half of which was covered with patches of paper, had a fire-place, but no stove, two bricks and a handle of an old gridiron serving in the stead—it was not underdrawn, being an attic, and little plotches of straw here and there shewed where the water had access; Mary had placed these to dull the noise the dropping rain would otherwise create, and thereby give her parent ease, though it was evident that the poor woman would soon obtain that ease which none could disturb. She was wrapped in a blanket and a worn-out red cloak, and lay upon some straw, an old basket filled with some straw forming a pillow—there was no chair or table in the room, the landlord having taken them with the bed and bedding for a fortnight's arrears of rent—there was a clump of wood on which little Mary sat, and the floor afforded a spacious *table*—it had *not* been taken, except some planks, by a former tenant, to convert into matches, to save her from starvation. In all this misery Mary Oliver had evidently bestowed pains upon all within her reach to preserve cleanliness, and the windows bore testimony of her exertions; for the bright sun threw its warm gleam into the corner of the room where fast asleep lay Mary's mother, pillowing her worn cheek upon the palm of her left hand. She was about two-and-thirty years of age—her features marked, and beautifully so—her eyebrows gently arched—her forehead round—her pale, but expressive lips compressed, and her hair of the darkest black, but sadly interspersed (whether by the effect of mind or body, or a combination of both) with those beacons, to the youthful, of life's frail bark—grey hairs. Mary Oliver sat beside her mother, waiting till she awoke—though but a child she too had her bitter sorrows. She loved her mother tenderly—she had seen her gradually fading away; and she knew that her father was—(she hardly dare pass the thought over her brain)—a *reputed and daring thief*; and that though he had partially deserted her mother and herself, and was associated with a horde of abandoned characters, he would at times pay them a visit, either to elude the vigilance of the officers of justice, or to attempt to ensnare little Mary over to his own abandoned ways.

Mary Oliver was thinking of her mother's illness, and her father's wickedness, when a dark cloud, obscuring the sun, threw its veil over her mother's pale face: her sunken eyes—the nose drawn down, and the arid lips, which were now parted, together with the almost inaudibility of her breath, and the convulsive outstretching of the right hand, made the poor girl tremble. She had seen death make his unwelcome visit before—she knew the warnings he gave, and she felt that if he came for her mother she would be left alone in the world. Again the sun beamed upon her mother's face—a smile instantaneously crossed it—she breathed audibly, and sunk into a deep sleep. Mary Oliver cried bitterly, but in silent gratitude, and soon wept herself asleep beside her mother, where, for the present, we will leave her.

Man, who is a mere creature of habit, becomes at a certain period of his life, so dependant upon a regular course of action, that the slightest deviation from this regularity, creates that feeling which in some is termed "nervousness." Thus, when Mr. Decimus Doddleton had put his hat upon its accustomed peg in the hall—had neatly folded his India shawl, and had placed it beside his gloves in the drawer of the hall table, he was very much astonished to find that the cook had neglected to place on the little square piece of oil cloth in its own corner, the little Dresden saucer of milk which Tibby usually enjoyed after her morning's walk—Tibby being a corruption of the pretty name of Isabella, and Mr. Doddleton's Isabella being no other than his favourite cat. As soon, therefore, as Mr. Doddleton arrived in the vicinity of the bell-rope in his breakfast room, he gave it one of those unmistakeable jerks by which every body in the house is in a very short period given to understand that some such domestic calamity has happened, as the decay of fire, the paucity of fuel, or the required attendance of some servant; in this instance the latter was the fact, for upon Davis, the butler's arrival, he was desired to inform Mrs. Pobbs, that her presence in the breakfast room was particularly requested.

Mrs. Darby Pobbs was the widow of a stock-broker, who had taken the name of Pobbs in accordance with the whim, will, and testament of an old gentleman, who left with the name the valuable consideration of £10,000; which sum Mr. Darby Pobbs was

induced to invest in the purchase of a new patent, the object of which was some such sensible invention, as the making of brown bread out of saw-dust, and tea trays out of turnip tops; the consequence of which folly, Mr. Darby Pobbs lost all his money and his health, and eventually died; *notwithstanding* he had taken, by the *advice* of a tobaccoist, fifty-two thousand of box No. 2 of Morrison's famous life-preserving pills, in the short period of six weeks. His widow being thus thrown upon the world, comparatively shillingless, thought that as she had seen twenty-five years' experience in her own house, and fifteen in that of her mother's, and had enjoyed the fame of being a "good manager," she could not do much better than by taking thirteen shillings as an advertisement to the Times newspaper office, and await patiently the paid answers of those single gentlemen who required "a matronly person as housekeeper;" and of all the seven-and-twenty letters in reply to the advertisement, that of Mr. Doddleton's was the most agreeable to the nice discrimination of Mrs. Darby Pobbs, who very soon received the keys of office, and had duly exercised her authority for six years prior to the moment when the servant was about to inform Mrs. Darby Pobbs of her master's wish.

It is a very annoying fact, and yet not less true than annoying, that human beings have a decided tendency to party feeling—a feeling not generated with the hope that a diversity of opinion may lead to strengthen truth, but a feeling of a much lower order—a desire to excel, not for the love of excellence, but for the mere love of excelling. *Perhaps* the little advantages and emoluments appertaining to the excelling party, gives a sort of zest to the conflict; in governments or in kitchens—in parliaments or in omnibuses, this is precisely a feeling of the same degraded family.

Mr. Davis, the butler, disliked a journey to the small apartment of Mrs. Pobbs, about as much as Mrs. Pobbs disliked Mr. Davis to venture thither; and this mutual disinclination to meet arose from pure party feeling, Mr. Davis having imbibed, as he thought very proper, and as Mrs. Pobbs thought very erroneous ideas, as to precedence, forasmuch as Mr. Davis considered, that he being the oldest servant, and nearer by situation to the person of Mr. Doddleton, he held the most honourable position in the household; whereas, Mrs. Pobbs being, to use her own phraseology,—“the widdler of a gentleman of the Stock-schange, and a woman of a natreral hedddication and talens,” could not consistently admit the claims of Mr. Davis, to household, or indeed, any other superiority. But what was a much stronger bar to the entertainment of any such question,—she would not; it is not very surprising, therefore, that as Mr. Davis met Miss Lydia, the cook, on the stairs with Tibby's milk, that he should respectfully desire her to tell “Pobbs” (the abrupt appellation he usually adopted) that master wanted her.

The housekeeper's room in the town establishment of Mr. Decimus Doddleton, was a room of peculiar neatness; the furnishing of which was under the sole control of Mrs. Pobbs, who in one respect resembled England's Monarch—she could change her cabinet as often as she pleased. The four walls of this room were papered with a jessamine-sprigged pattern, on a light ground; the window was adorned with elegant dove-coloured curtains and hangings. Over the chimney-piece, and surmounting a lozenge shaped looking-glass, was a black likeness, “done” with a machine of Mrs. Darby Pobbs, supported on the right by a sampler, the delicate work of Miss Gravina Solly, previously to the cognominal changes of Darby and Pobbs; and on the left by a framed prospectus of “The Brown Bread Saw Dust Society,” wherein the name of “Darby Pobbs, Esquire,” conspicuously stood out as vice chairman. Upon the chimney-piece were four shells—two match-holders—a bottle of salts—a three-minute egg glass, and a tortoise-shell snuff box; under the chimney-piece, and on the fire, was a fat copper-kettle, steaming away like an impatient Margate Packet; whilst on the breakfast table were the usual morning occupants,—and near to it, looking at the picture of the Penny Magazine, sat Mrs. Pobbs.

Mrs. Pobbs (for she had dropped the Darby) was a short lady; her face fat, round and pale,—two light-grey eyes glimmered beside a round little beacon of a nose, which towards the apex, had a settled redness. She wore her cap a little at the back of her head, to give place to a light flaxen front, which came very low on a low forehead, bestowing that uncomfortable appearance which is sometimes seen in a person with a liberal supply of hat, and which is only stayed in its downward progress by the nose.

A neat white muslin kerchief, fastened by a large black jet heart, with a very full made black silk gown—a white apron with two little pockets—black velvet shoes and white cotton stockings, with the ever accompaniment when walking about the house, on her left arm, of a little-wicker basket, lined with green baize, and plentifully filled with keys, will complete her portrait.

To do her justice, Mrs. Pobb was an excellent “manager,” a very cleanly woman, and the very model of that useful appendage to the house of a bachelor—a housekeeper. In consideration of which, and on the express understanding that it should never be allowed to enter his room, Mr. Doddleton permitted her a body guard, in the inestimable person of a white curly, ugly, half-bred French poodle dog, which answered to the name of Di, to Mrs. Pobb, Dido to the rest of the world, and which gave two growls, one suppressed bark, and a wag of its curly tail, as Miss Lydia, the cook, knocked at, and opened the door, to deliver, by deputy, the message given to Davis by Mr. Doddleton.

“Come in, my child,” (the invariable expression used by ladies who have never been blessed with any) said Mrs. Pobb, “and shut the door, or I shall be froze to death—and Di will get out and get cold. What’s that in the saucy—that vermint’s milk, which kitten’d in my bonnet, and which Mr. Doddleton hencourages like a christen, and which is as much use in a house as that poor supper-animated Davis? Oh, Liddy, we do persist in times when old folks like him thinks they can clean silver, or lay upon a table cloth properly.”

“Yes, mum,” replied Lydia, whose motto was “anything for peace and quietness,” and please, mum, master wishes to see you.”

“That’s singular, child,” rejoined Mrs. Pobb, laying down the Penny Magazine as she commenced toasting a slice of bread; it aint bill-book day—surely nobody dines here, or it would be wrote down on the slate. What can it be?”

“I don’t know, I’m sure, mum,” said Lydia, whilst she unconsciously rubbed the gilding off the moulding with the fore-finger of her left hand, a motion which caused her as unconsciously to spill the milk which she held in her right hand.

It was not till Lydia gave this dubitative reply, that Mrs. Pobb recollected that she had ordered no water cresses for Mr. Doddleton’s breakfast; and it occurred to Mrs. Pobb, that this omission was the cause of the required interview. This threw the housekeeper into a series of excusative meditation, whereby her master’s anger might be propitiated; and how long she would have meditated upon this point is uncertain, as the bread she had held to the fire had, for some time, vied with its opposite neighbour, the chimney, for blackness, had not a huge coal given way under the fat little copper kettle, which fell forward with its polished nose on the upper bar of the grate, thereby precipitating a quantity of water upon the right hand of Mrs. Pobb, who instantaneously called out, which caused Lydia to scream, and Dido to bark vociferously; to add to which Mr. Doddleton’s bell rang violently, and Davis knocked at the door.

It was some time before Mrs. Pobb was sufficiently recovered to receive the message Davis delivered in a surly tone, and immediately retired amidst another peal from Mr. Doddleton’s bell. Mrs. Pobb smoothed down her apron with her right hand—pulled her cap up—set her front in front, it having got a little on one side—pulled her cap-strings out—seized her basket of keys, and a white Scotch cambric handkerchief, and after a self-approving look, partly at herself and partly at Lydia, desired the cook to “set the things in order,” and with a caution to Di not to leave the room on pain of death, left to wait upon Mr. Doddleton; and on applying the knuckle of her bent fore-finger with a gentle force to the panel of the door, she was surprised at not receiving an answer; and upon repeating the communication, she ventured to open the door, and then to enter the room, which was empty. At this moment an accident occurred. Dido, who from the moment of its mistress’s absence had been peculiarly restless, was released from the room by Lydia, who was, on this occasion, one of those thoughtless lovers of liberty who grant unrestrained liberty to the ill-conditioned, regardless of the injury they may create; for no sooner had Dido gained the breakfast room, where Mrs. Pobb was waiting, than partly through the extreme novelty of its situation, partly through the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Pobb, and a general mixture of ill-regu-

lated animal spirits, it pranced about, knowing the legs of every French-polished chair with a Parisian sympathy—gambolled with the hearth-rug—applied first its nose and then its mouth to the buttery-edges of the covered plate of toast before the fire, and eventually, in sportive amusement, flew at Isabella, upon which act of pleasantry Mrs. Pobbs was on the verge of fainting, but for a circumstance which required other and more efficient and satisfactory employment; for Dido, in its ecstasy, had leapt into Mr. Doddleton's arm-chair, and from thence on to the breakfast table, and by his waggish behaviour threatened to overturn all upon its damask surface. The stick, however, to which the hearth-broom was attached, being well applied to Dido's back, it ended its pranks by seizing a piece of paper which was near to Mr. Doddleton's breakfast cup, and had barely scampered out of the room, when Mr. Doddleton's heavy step was heard upon the stairs.

If Mr. Doddleton prided himself upon any one of his many (good) qualities, more than upon any other, it was upon his strict regard to punctuality. He was, in fact, a living time-piece: his heart was his balance wheel—his integrity, his regulator—his natural goodness of nature, his chain—and memory, his main-spring; and they were all kept actively in continual exertion, by that best of all human keys—CHARITY. Not to keep an appointment, Mr. Doddleton considered equivalent to not keeping his word; and he almost carried this feeling to that point which the unthinking term "eccentricity."

Whenever a man is "odd" or eccentric on the *right* side of the heart, let charity take the place of censure—admiration that of satire—and let us all consider that this "eccentricity," this "odd way," is merely carrying out the true principles of brotherly love—an employment we trust (as we believe) most Odd Fellows are skilled in.

To return to our story: Mr. Doddleton recollected that he had named the hour of ten to be with Mary Oliver's mother, and he (rightly) considered that the poor had, if possible, a greater claim to the exercise of his habit of punctuality; he, therefore, had waited for Mrs. Pobbs till he could wait no longer, and now was proceeding down stairs ready dressed for the day, though he had meditated upon the gentle remonstrance he should address to his housekeeper, previously to his charitable visit to the poor and needy.

(To be continued.)

THE FOLLOWING ADDRESS

Was delivered by P. Prov. G. M. JOHN ELSOM, after his health had been drunk, at the Anniversary of the Elsom Lodge, Birmingham, on the 24th of December, 1838, the same day being also the Anniversary of Mr. Elsom's Birth Day.

WORTHY CHAIRMAN AND BROTHERS,—I rise with the utmost pleasure to acknowledge the high compliment and distinction you have thought proper to confer upon me. In offering my heartfelt thanks, I do, however, feel some degree of embarrassment, from a sense of my own unworthiness. I owe you a debt of gratitude, my friends, which can never be cancelled, unless I may be allowed, in the sense of Milton, that the grateful heart by owing owes not, at once indebted and discharged: but assuredly, Sir, I shall never, by any exertion, requite the exalted and lasting honour by which you have recorded my character, through the name of your Lodge, in the Manchester Unity. Sir, I feel it as no trivial matter that induces me to speak thus pathetically. You have kindly chronicled that, when I shall sleep the sleep of death, yet my humble name is, in all probability, to be held in remembrance. I have much pleasure in the opportunity thus afforded me to address such a numerous and respectable company of Odd Fellows, and have selected a few plain remarks on the nature of the Order, which, perhaps, may not be altogether thought inappropriate. I rejoice in our present conviviality and good fellowship, and feel desirous to impress upon your minds the necessity of becoming fully acquainted with the laws and various injunctions of our Fraternity; for assuredly, he serves the Order best, whose life and character supplies the most ample commentary upon its sublime principles and moral

excellence. We may now, Sir, just premise, that societies like this seem to have been in existence at a very early period, whose object of providing for the few, by the contributions of the many, is recorded and appreciated long prior to the Norman conquest. In the year 1066 a society was established at Cambridge, amongst noblemen and gentlemen, a translation of whose rules I have seen, and which, I believe, are still preserved in the original Saxon language. It is also remarkable how nearly they approach in principle, the rules which govern our Institution; the same reciprocal feeling is implied throughout, although in terms more abstruse and curious. Yes, Sir, these are sentiments wisely and providentially implanted in the human breast, to be perpetual and indestructible! It is, however, more pleasurable to us to survey the method and progress whereby the Independent Order has attained its present success and high character. Prior to the institution of our Annual Moveable Committees, its brighter objects were much veiled in obscurity; and even after then, our interests appeared somewhat precarious and unconnected, evidently awaiting a more conjoint line of policy. This has since been most happily consummated. The annual testimony of eminent men amongst the Order has brought about that mutual confidence and sympathy whereon is founded our present resources and dependency. The best energies of the mind have been called into action. We feel now not only our own security in sickness and necessity, but also considerable power to befriend the friendless, and often plead for the widow; thus more truly exemplifying the spirit of our profession. Sir, deliberation and counsel has placed a feeling of benevolence as the first rudiments of our Institution, and at such small pecuniary sacrifice, that it cannot fail to command the support of every true friend to humanity; for instance, perhaps, Sir, no Society ever experienced more rapid advancement and accumulation of members in the same period of time. The aggregate number of members in the Manchester Unity on the first of April, 1836, was 67,485; and on the same date of 1837, they amounted to 80,570; thus showing the astonishing increase, during one year, of 13,085 members. I believe the Birmingham District, both at that period and since, stands conspicuous for their progressive improvement. May you go on, my friends, and prosper. Indeed, Sir, few things can be considered to afford more gratification, than the enjoyment of benefits which result from our own well-doing; it makes us feel that we are of some value in society,—that we contribute by our labour, without being burdens upon it in our misfortunes. It is a species of frugality, which gives to man a moral independence, and induces general good conduct, with habits of the first order, the happy advantages of which are, I believe, incontrovertible. Amongst men of that class may be found the kind husband, the affectionate parent, the valued friend, and faithful servant, in whom both trust and confidence can be placed, without little or any reservation. Sir, I doubt not, but that the members of this Lodge will, by their conduct, amply illustrate the correctness of these remarks; and be assured, that if my humble support and best wishes can, in the least, favour such design, a recollection of your interest and well-being shall be noted in that book, where every day I turn the leaf to read it. Moreover, as a body, we confer more than an ordinary benefit towards the community, by thus being associated, and sensible of our true interests, by depending for support in sickness or old age, on the savings we make during the years of health and vigour. Yes, Sir, the more our Institution is extended, the more obvious will be the diminution of poor rates, for numbers of individuals who seek parochial aid in time of sickness and need, would require no such means, did they only embrace the advantages derivable from our Institution. Upon this peculiar ground, then, we are entitled to the support and consideration of the wise and good amongst all classes; but still further, by a moral consequence, it raises a man above the receipt of parochial bounty, and makes him feel an honest pride of heart, unknown to those who, either by unavoidable misfortune or folly, are the unhappy subjects of pauperism and improvidence. There are also other considerations which entitle us to regard and honourable report, the method taken to preserve the dignity and charity of our Order, untainted by individual delinquency, is rigidly insisted upon throughout the whole of our laws: every member must continue, through life, unimpeachable of any serious offence against the laws of our country, inasmuch that he voluntarily subscribes to forfeit all interest, and suffer exclusion, provided he be found convicted of felony, or following any other unlawful practices: hence there arises a superior disposition amongst us, which marks out the sure way to emulation and moral distinction, inasmuch, however, as such pursuits can be rendered applicable over the natural imbecility, which, alas, seems too

inherent to all mankind. Having thus adverted to the beneficence and high character of the Order, let us for awhile submit a few remarks upon its difficulties and misfortunes, for, like all other human Institutions, it is not exempt from treachery and innovation, and a long list of injuries concerted by false friends, whose conduct really "makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected." I would refer, Sir, more particularly to those who dishonourably take advantage of the rather too insecure state of our pecuniary affairs; for notwithstanding all our caution in these matters, you are fully aware that the Order has suffered materially from the knavery of some characters who have been intrusted with money and other property. I have often thought we exercise too much forbearance, and that on public occasions we are not sufficiently loud in our denunciations against such transgressors. I hope to see the time when we shall possess more effective protection, and fully able to control this species of encroachment: circumstances deeply call for it: our quarterly reports seldom appear without bearing lamentable record of some who have debased themselves by plundering their brethren of the accumulated savings of former years, intended for sickness and declining life, but thus lost by misapplication or embezzlement, the success of many a Lodge thereby becomes seriously retarded, and not unfrequently swamped by insolvency. Honesty, like the "truth" of our immortal bard, "has a quiet breast," and would to God that all in whom trust is reposed would more essentially cultivate that feeling, rather than become in any instance the slaves of incontinence and fraud, by actions similar to which I have just alluded; many would then escape, not rendering themselves fulsome to society, and fitly doomed to endure a lasting disgrace and exclusion from amongst their superiors. Very probably I may be thought too censorious on this subject; but, Sir, I hold it necessary that reproof amongst ourselves is as seasonable as that

"Good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!"

In conclusion, my friends, may your respectable Lodge continue uncontaminated by any inglorious action—may you regard the covenants of your Dispensation, sacred and inviolable, as being of vital importance to your stability—may you always pursue the course of fidelity and united perseverance, and effectually secure the means of support in sickness and necessity: let friendly co-operation, without alloy, without dissent, give additional impulse to every occasion that demands your generosity and beneficence.

TO CHARITY.

O, CHARITY! (whose name be ever blest)
Who noble souls distinguishest; to whom
All other Graces are inferior:—
Who to the poor thy wondrous works and love
Abundantly displayest; who the dead
Can'st not recall, 'tis true,—but life can'st give
To the diseased and perishing:—I ask—
Whence comest thou? What shape or earthly form
Dost thou assume? Do eastern shores make boast
Of having given thee birth? Does north, or south,
Or west, with east, argue that privilege?
Not they—no earthly land! Further I go—
No earthly paradise thee as its child
Can claim. Of mortal forms thou knowest none.
By hand Divine thou'rt formed spiritual;
Divine are all thy works. The quintessence
Of all virtues combined art thou;—and since
Thou'rt immortal—Grace itself—Divine;
And Charity's thy name—(by me be it loved.)
Since thee the God of All himself has framed,
And so to each thee as a rule prescribed—
Hail Spirit bright! be bounteous, and o'er all
Thy gracious power diffuse; that each in turn,
By praising thee, may homage pay to Him—
"Who's first, who's last, who's midst, and without end!"

ΦΙΛΟΣ.

THE MUSICAL SMALL COAL MAN.

HAVING seen an article in a late number of the Magazine, on the singular life and character of the REV. R. WALKER, or, as he is most justly styled, "WONDERFUL WALKER," I imagine that the following outline of a no less remarkable character may not be considered an unapt accompaniment. It is generally acknowledged that truth is stranger than fiction; and certain it is, that the history, now in question would, if met with in a romance or novel, be set down as a mere concoction of the fertile brain of the writer. In the present instance, however, though myself one of the most sceptical of readers in such matters, I have no doubt that the entire statements are perfectly true; since the substance of them is taken from a detailed account in a publication which bears the highest character for talent and correctness. I have also gleaned other particulars from authorities on which I consider some reliance may be placed, and on these grounds the following sketch is presented to our readers.

In the latter part of the seventeenth century, the trade of small coal man was common in London, but I believe it has now nearly disappeared before the rapid progress of the "march." The business did not involve much toil, the principal occupation being to traverse the streets, with a sack of small coal, selling it to the poorer inhabitants in very small quantities. THOMAS BRITTON, the hero of my tale, and one of this humble calling, was born about the year 1650, in Northamptonshire, and having served an apprenticeship in London, he set up in business for himself as an itinerant vender of small coal; occupying a low dwelling, originally a stable, near St. John's Gate, in one of the most obscure parts of the city. Honest Thomas had, however, a soul above the sack, but yet he did not spurn the trade as being below his notice, but pursued his humble calling with industry, at the same time that his genius was preparing a flight, not merely beyond his equals in station, but far, far above many who would be almost indignant at the supposition that a street vender of small coal belonged to the same species of humanity: and let this be some passing hint to that numerous class of cigar-puffing animals, who *never have any time for study or learning*, and on the strength of that excuse spend about one-third of their waking existence, in annoying their neighbours, and displaying their own folly. The first step BRITTON made beyond the narrow limits of his trade, was in consequence of becoming acquainted with a gentleman named Garenriers, who was well skilled in chemistry. Perceiving in BRITTON something above the ordinary degree of intelligence, he instructed him in the rudiments of the science, and his success in it was such, that by a *judicious employment of his leisure hours*, the small coal man constructed a small laboratory, with which he not only performed many experiments within the range of the science as then known, but in several instances improved upon existing theories. Among his numerous visitors, a Welsh gentleman was so much struck with the appearance of his laboratory, that he employed him to erect a similar structure at his own house, for which he handsomely rewarded him. But the great cause of his notoriety was his skill in music, which he appears to have imbibed at an early period of life. By his proficiency in this art, he attracted the notice of many musical amateurs, and among his earliest visitors was Sir Roger L'Estrange, who was styled the father of the English newspaper press, and is said to have been a good performer on the violin. At length, about 1680, a regular meeting of musical amateurs began to be held at BRITTON's small coal warehouse once a week. This warehouse (if it can be so styled) was on the ground floor, and above it was a long, low apartment, only accessible by a narrow staircase, up which his visitors had to crawl rather than walk; but here numerous parties not only of gentlemen but ladies, attended the performances of BRITTON and his friends. He did not look for any pecuniary advantage from these meetings, but was ever displeased at the offer of money by his visitors; but after some time he was prevailed on to extend his accommodations, and a subscription of ten shillings a-year was raised by his friends. The first professional men of the day now attended his concerts. Dubourg, the celebrated violinist, made his first public appearance at this place; and even the unrivalled Handel is said to have there played some of his most celebrated pieces. BRITTON himself played on the harpsicord and viol di gamba. A detailed account of the society and performances at BRITTON's, is found in a work on the Clubs of London, by Ward, the author of the London Spy, who was himself acquainted with BRITTON. When we reflect on the nature of this

remarkable assemblage, we are compelled to modify our opinions of the stiffness and formality of that age; for it must be remembered, that during all the time these concerts continued, which was near forty years, BRITTON still stuck to his trade, and was every day seen exercising it in the streets. And this is, perhaps, the only instance of a man in his sphere of life, constantly following so mean an occupation, and enjoying, for such a length of time, so close intimacy with the really great. Much of it was doubtless owing to his great modesty, and the honourable independence of his character. He was not elated by intercourse with his superiors in rank, nor did he look with scorn upon his compeers. It is stated that his greatest gratification in the way of compliment was to hear some by-stander say, as he passed with his sack of coal,—“There goes the small coal man, who is a lover of learning, a performer of music, and a companion for gentlemen.”

BRITTON had also been from early youth, very fond of reading, and spent much of his time and money in furnishing himself with the means of this gratification.—During the reign of Queen Anne, termed the Augustan period of English literature, the collecting old and rare books was a favourite pursuit of many of the nobility; and among others, the Earls of Oxford, Pembroke, Sunderland, and Winchelsea, and the Duke of Devonshire, were accustomed, on Saturdays, when Parliament was not sitting, to visit those parts of the city where the greatest number of book shops and stalls were established; especially Moorfields and Little Britain. After enquiring at these repositories of learning, they would frequently meet at the shop of Christopher Bateman, a bookseller, in Paternoster Row, where a general conversation would take place on the subject in which they were conjointly interested; for the nobility of that generation were not in the habit of indulging in the more exciting amusements of tandem-driving and lamp-breaking, which have been practised by certain of the aristocracy of the present day with such distinguished success. BRITTON would frequently pass the shop where they were thus engaged, and laying his empty sack on the sole of the window, would come in, and freely mix in their conversation.

A portrait of BRITTON was painted by Mr. Wollaston, and is in Caulfield's portraits published in 1819; the likeness is said to be excellent, and represents him as being a short man, with an honest, ingenuous countenance, and a well-expanded forehead. The following anecdote is related respecting the painting of this portrait. “BRITTON had been out one morning, and having nearly emptied his sack sooner than usual, he had a mind to see Mr. Wollaston, but having always considered himself in two capacities, namely, as one who subsisted by a very mean occupation, and as a companion for persons in stations very much above him, he could not consistently with this distinction make a visit. He therefore, in his way home, varied his usual round, and passing through Warwick Lane, cried “small coal” close to Mr. Wollaston's door; as he expected, that gentleman no sooner heard him, than he opened the window, and beckoned him in, and intimated a desire to draw his picture, to which he consented, and he was painted in his blue frock, with his coal measure in his hand.”

This extraordinary man died in September, 1714, when he was near seventy years of age. His death is said to have been accelerated by a vile practical jest played upon him by a ventriloquist, giving him warning that he would die in a few days, and which BRITTON believed to proceed from supernatural agency, being with all his acquirements, not superior to the superstitions of the age. He was buried in Clerkenwell churchyard, and was attended to the grave by a numerous company of his friends and admirers.

He had, in the course of his life, acquired considerable wealth. His music and musical instruments, the former being chiefly copied by himself, were sold by auction, and fetched about £180. He had also collected a curious variety of pamphlets, which he had sold some years before his death to Lord Somers, for £500.; he had likewise a large collection of books, on the Rosicrucian Philosophy, which he also sold; yet after all these, the books and manuscripts belonging to him at his death, were numerous and valuable, and were sold for a large sum. He was one of those remarkable characters, who are almost without a parallel; and when we consider the disadvantages of acquiring knowledge in his time, there being no mechanics' institutes, libraries, lectures, or any of the stepping stones of science, now so numerous, the extent of his acquirements is the more remarkable, and we are the more called upon to admire that modest industry that placed the laurel of science on the swarthy brow of an itinerant vender of small coal.

G. P. J.

THE THREE HOMES.

"WHERE is thy home?" I ask'd a child,
 Who, in the morning air,
 Was twining flowers most sweet and wild,
 In garlands for her hair,—
 "My home," the happy heart replied,
 And smil'd in childish glee,
 "Is on the sunny mountain's side,
 Where soft winds wander free!"
 Oh! blessings fall on artless youth,
 And all its rosy hours,
 When every word is joy and truth,
 And treasure lives in flowers.

"Where is thy home?" I ask'd of one,
 Who bent with flushing face,
 To hear a warrior's tender tone,
 In the wild wood's secret place;
 She spoke not, but her varying cheek
 The tale might well impart;

The home of her young spirit meek,
 Was in a kindred heart.
 Ah! souls that well might soar above,
 To earth will fondly cling;
 And build their hopes on human love,
 That light and fragile thing.

"Where is thy home, thou lonely man?"
 I ask'd a pilgrim grey,
 Who came, with furrow'd brow and wan,
 Slow musing on his way;
 He paus'd, and with a solemn mien,
 Upturn'd his holy eyes,—
 "The land I seek thou ne'er hast seen,
 My home is in the skies."
 Oh blest, thrice blest, the heart must be,
 To whom such thoughts are given,
 That walks with worldly fetters free,
 Its only home is heaven.

VERITAS.

Newark District.

. ON LODGE MEETINGS.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE INDEPENDENT ORDER.

WORTHY BRETHREN,

In perusing the contents of the July Magazine, the American Correspondence particularly attracted my attention, and I must say, gave me great pleasure; especially that portion of it relative to the improvements of the Order in America, by the abolition of convivial practices at Lodge meetings, and other extraneous habits and customs at variance with its professed principles; and likewise the earnest and affectionate recommendation submitted to our early consideration, and I have no doubt, if adopted by us, will produce a similar result. Within a few years, very great improvements have been effected in the habits and customs of our Institution, and we may easily perceive the advantages gained by these improvements with respect to the augmentation of our numbers, talent and respectability. To effect the change recommended, it will be necessary, in the first place, to provide ourselves with rooms apart from public houses, where we shall not be in the direct path of temptation, which too often leads to intemperance and excess, whereby a many of our brethren are by its effects "rendered incapable of following their daily labour, and sometimes led into a behaviour unbecoming our laudable profession," while we are instructed to "keep within due bounds and free from all pollution." The march of intellect is making rapid strides around us, and it is in our power to facilitate its progress. The Independent Order comprises upwards of sixteen hundred Lodges, which contain about one hundred thousand members, capable of instructing and receiving instruction; therefore with such an organized body as this, we have the means (and I hope many have the inclination) to impart unto our brethren, the instruction requisite to enlighten their minds, thereby enabling them to appear as members of respectable society; for, as Lord Bacon says, "knowledge is power," and it is my opinion, that it is indispensably necessary that every individual of our fraternity should have power to obtain as much religious, literary, and scientific knowledge as his intellectual faculties are capable of containing;

therefore, having these means, it is our duty as far as we are able, to adopt such measures as are likely to produce these effects, improving the minds, and increasing the morals of our brethren. And with these views I would suggest to every thinking mind the propriety of establishing Odd Fellows' Hall, where there are a sufficient number of members willing to come forward for that purpose; and where Districts are so small that such buildings could not be erected, I am sure that rooms might be obtained at a rent which would prove less expensive in the end to the members, individually and collectively, considering what is now spent in liquor; besides the pleasure which would arise from the augmentation of intellectual knowledge, which is the great object I have in view: then instead of singing songs to fill up the vacant time unoccupied by Lodge business, we shall have individuals instructing the minds of their brethren, who have not been so highly favoured as themselves in early life with the means of instruction, and who, perhaps, now see the necessity of obtaining it, and value the opportunity they have of receiving it from them. There are in almost every Lodge individuals capable of giving a good moral recitation, or an address on some literary or scientific subject, which would tend not only to improve the mind of the hearer, but the deliverer; for the thinking portion would employ their leisure hours in reading and preparing something, and the hearer would be attracted and gratified by the appreciation of its merits; and by these means every Odd Fellow's Lodge would become a mutual improvement society, as well as an administration of pecuniary benefits to those whose distresses call for its aid and support. Another most important feature would be added to our invaluable Institution, by removing those prejudices from the public mind which, at present, exist; and we should likewise have the satisfaction of thinking that we were endeavouring to make the brethren of our Institution appear in this world as they ought, by teaching them to conform to its professed principles. I am sanguine in my anticipations for the result of these measures, if adopted; and if I can be the means of arousing individuals more capable than myself to do justice to the cause, I shall feel satisfied. It is quite certain that we cannot remove everything objectionable without a mature consideration, neither is it possible in a society-like ours, that every individual member will act according to its precepts; this is not the case even in religious societies, but then it is our duty, as far as we are able to ascertain, to remove everything likely to prejudice the public mind against us. The major part of the members of the Independent Order are individuals who are under that portion of the curse pronounced by God upon Adam, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," and being so situated, they have not had the means nor the opportunity of obtaining that knowledge in early life, which the more highly favoured amongst us have enjoyed; it is certain that the advantages for the attainment of learning are great, but then there are a great many who have not the means adequate to avail themselves of those advantageous attainments, or perhaps, might not have seen when young, the necessity of availing themselves of those advantages; and now when they feel the want, have learned how to set a proper value on them, yet are not located within the reach of those valuable institutions where they would be enabled to obtain them. Within the last few years Odd Fellows' Lodges have been opened in a considerable number of country villages, and some of those in very remote and secluded locations, but even in these there are individuals to be found who possess a great measure of intellectual knowledge, and I have no doubt if required to put it into operation, would be the means of imparting it to others. If Odd Fellows will begin to think, the means are in their hands, yea even at their disposal. I do not see the practicability of making general laws to enforce so desirable an acquisition; compulsion will not effect that which persuasion cannot. But as a humble individual, who has the good of the Order at heart, I would suggest the propriety of Lodges establishing among themselves libraries, reading-rooms, and mutual improvement societies, with occasional lectures on some branch of literature or science, if lecturers can be obtained; and if not so frequently at present, I anticipate if they become readers, they will become observers and thinkers, and there will soon be lecturers amongst ourselves. We have the means, then let us make use of them, and the time is not far distant, when Odd Fellows' Lodges will become in very deed and truth a society of brethren. Wherever there is an association, there is an opportunity of advancing knowledge, but more particularly in such associations as our own, where we meet under the banner of Friendship, Love, and Truth, to act in accordance with the principles of benevolence, brotherly love and charity; we are, brethren then, united by the solemnities of sincere friendship; we administer the balm of charity in a pecu-

niary way, and endeavour to supply our brethren who are needful, with food and the necessary comforts for the body. Let us, therefore, endeavour to supply one another with food for the mind, by putting them in the possession of the means of obtaining knowledge, and endeavouring to remove from them the alluring machinations of vice and immorality. Education is a powerful check to vice, and if our moral injunctions are accompanied by these valuable acquirements, we shall have happy Lodges, and by frequently meeting together, we shall become more mutually interested in the welfare of every individual of our fraternity; one general feeling will warm the bosom of all, one general sympathy will emanate from the heart of every Odd Fellow: it will then be said, as it was said of the disciples of Christ, "See how these Odd Fellows love one another." Haste, happy day! the time I long to see when these my pleasing thoughts will be realized. Then ignorance will remove to give place to knowledge; vice and immorality to religion, literature and science; all hearts will be connected by the pleasing bonds of affection, and our children will have cause to bless our beloved Institution, its praises will be sung when we have paid the debt of nature, and our souls have been wafted to the regions of eternity, there to be arraigned before that awful tribunal, to answer for the deeds done in the body, whether they have been good or bad.

I have no doubt but great improvements will be effected in a short time; great changes have been effected, and the result has more than realized the expectation of the promoters of those changes; and from the tenor of the language of the correspondents to our invaluable Magazine, great good will yet be effected. As a society we stand high in the estimation of a large portion of the community, and if we by our endeavours can promote the advancement of learning, and improve the minds and morals of our brethren, we shall soon remove the prejudices of that portion of the public mind that is now against us, and be the means of exalting us far above the scale we at present occupy. It is my ardent desire as a sincere wisher for the welfare of the Order that these remarks may be the means of calling forth some more talented than myself, who will take up their pen in support of these brief suggestions; and I anticipate that by our united and energetic zeal, great good to our philanthropic institution may be effected. We are as yet in our infancy in the tide of improvement, and we must go on until we become of riper years; let us not be satisfied with the few pebbles on the shore, while the ocean is before us, and its wealth attainable.

I have attended a number of Lodges, where I have seen frequently a pair of globes form part of the regalia, and I have often viewed them with pleasure, and thought what valuable information was derivable from them if they were appropriated to the use of the members, at intervals when they were not required to form a part of such regalia, but I never had the pleasure of seeing them so appropriated, or hearing an application for them; indeed, I scarcely thought that they were intended for such a purpose, until I fortuitously visited a Lodge in one (I should think) of the most secluded Districts in the Unity, I mean the District of Saddleworth; there to my surprise, I had the gratifying pleasure of hearing a member make application for the use of one of the globes for the next fortnight. I certainly was astonished when I heard it. I had visited a many Lodges in large towns, and more popular Districts, where I imagined scientific knowledge was more inquired after and more estimated, where Lodges possessed the same kind of instruments, and yet never had the gratification to hear them applied for, until influenced by circumstances, I became a visitor to that secluded, but picturesque vale, one of the last places I should have expected to find so interesting and valuable an acquirement as the knowledge of geography pursued and appreciated. I merely mention this to illustrate what has been previously said, and to shew in a brief manner what invaluable acquisitions I consider are attainable by making use of this portion of the Lodge regalia in this manner, where they possess it. As knowledge advances it propagates, and one branch of information leads to another, and as we are all equally interested in each other's welfare, if this principle can be instilled deeply into the minds of our brethren, I conjecture the result will be obvious. I may become prolixious, and perhaps, not profitable, I will therefore, at present, conclude, and shall ever remain a sincere well-wisher to the Order,

SAMUEL WHEELHOUSE, P. G.

St. David Lodge, Manchester, Jan. 30th, 1839.

DIFFUSION OF NEWSPAPER KNOWLEDGE, &c.

PERMIT me to define the nature of those benefits it bestows. Now, in what do these advantages chiefly consist? Not in the political sentiments; for as we have seen, they are often dishonest and always prejudiced. Not in the mere reasonings or opinions of the newspaper, whether on men or things. No; the advantages of the periodical press are in the vast accumulation of facts which it brings together—in the searching and universal light of publicity which it sheds upon your laws, your debates, your discoveries in knowledge, and your advances in civilization. To that sheet of paper which you see on your tables, served you so regularly, and studied by you with so much ease, the four quarters of the globe contribute all the treasures of their intelligence. Is one fact valuable to mankind discovered by some scholar in the farthest end of the earth? Ten to one but you will see it first announced in a paragraph of your newspaper. Is there any abuse in your laws?—it is the newspaper press that drags it to day. Is there any invention that will augment your comfort, or sharpen your industry?—it is in the newspaper that it becomes familiar to you all. The newspaper is the chronicle of civilization, the common reservoir into which every stream pours its living waters, and at which every man may come and drink. It is the newspaper which gives to liberty its practical life, its constant observation, its perpetual vigilance, its unrelaxing activity. The newspaper is a daily and a sleepless watchman, that reports to you every danger which menaces the institutions of your country, and its interests at home or abroad. The newspaper informs legislation of public opinion, and it informs the people of the acts of legislation; thus keeping up that constant sympathy, that good understanding between people and legislators, which conduces to the maintenance of order, and prevents the stern necessity for revolution. Dionysius the tyrant had a chamber constructed in the form of a human ear, so that he might learn every rumour, every whisper that circulated in the market-place. What his chamber was to the tyrant, the newspaper press is to the government of a free people: it tells them our wishes—it apprises them of our wants—it carries to the ear of power the blessings of the grateful, or the murmurs of the oppressed. And this is not all. The newspaper teems with the most practical morality: in its reports of crime and punishment, you find a daily warning against temptation: not a case in a police court, not a single trial of a wretched outcast or trembling felon, that does not preach to us the awful lesson how imprudence leads to error, how error conduces to guilt, how guilt reaps its bitter fruit of anguish and degradation. Nor is even this all. The newspaper is the familiar bond that binds together man and man—no matter what may be the distance of climate, or the difference of race. Here it is that we have learned how to sympathize with the slave—how to battle for his rights—how to wrest the scourge from his taskmaster. Over land and over sea, the voice of outraged humanity has reached the great heart of England, and raised up a host of freemen as the liberators of the enslaved and tortured negro! Yes; it is in the humble and familiar newspaper, that civilization has united many of the best resources that enlighten, soften, guide, and warm mankind. It is a law-book for the indolent, a sermon for the thoughtless, a library for the poor: it may stimulate the most indifferent—it may instruct the most profound. Such are the real advantages, the substantial utility, of the newspaper press. These, in spite of all its abuses, have made it the boast of liberty, the glory of civilization. For these it is that it has been justly likened to the air we breathe; for, like the air, it is the circulator of light; and like the air it dispenses to us all, to the meanest and to the proudest, the common glory of the sun of truth! And here I cannot but recollect that it was to a peasant that our sister Kingdom, Scotland, owes the establishment of popular libraries in the scattered villages and hamlets. Yes, it was to that peasant—her glory and her boast—the inimitable and imperishable Burns, that Scotland is indebted for those most valuable institutions which have served so greatly to diffuse information throughout a country once far more turbulent, agitated, and disorderly, than Ireland is now. And when I allude to what one peasant achieved, by the example of his genius and by the inspiration of his energy, I hold it out to your own emulation, and tell you that it is not rank, it is not wealth, that are the true patrons and founders of these establishments; but that it is that love of truth, and that noble desire to cultivate those faculties which God has given to us all, which alone can make the tree that we plant this day strike root into the earth, and bring forth abundant fruit.—*Bulwer's Address at the opening of Lincoln News-room.*

LINES

Written on the sudden death of P. G. RIDDIFORD, of the Noah's Ark Lodge, Stonehouse, a very hale, robust man, who fell down and instantly expired, when on his way to his employment, on the 5th of February, 1838.

"Our sorrow transient,—we think little of the sufferings of others."

How lightly grief sits on the heart,
When neighbours fall or kindred die ;
How soon with sorrow's pang we part,
And cease to sigh.

But yesterday, the startling tale
Of Robin told, in pauseless breath,
That suddenly,—robust and hale,—
He sank in death.

Slow tolls the knell ; a sable train
Their brother bear to house of clay :
'Tis past—forgot ! and man again
Holds on his way.

Again bad news her terror brings,
The flames burst forth, the wind was strong,
And inmates all are, hapless things,
The heaps among !

'Twas night ; and tempest rul'd the world,
And fury howl'd along the beach ;
Vessel and voyagers were hurl'd
Past human reach.

Stonehouse, Gloucestershire.

O'erwhelming horror ! wild alarm
Echo across the frighten'd heath ;
Explosion plies his fearful arm
In mines beneath !

And lightning lays its victims low ;
And earthquake humbles city's pride ;
And plague and famine scatter woe
Thro' countries wide.

As when from wintry fields retired,
(While rains descend and floods deform,)
The labourer quaffs the rest required,
Nor heeds the storm.

So we, through *roughshod* misery ride,
Though lamentation's tones resound ;
Ourselves secure, heed not the tide
Of tears around.

Young pleasure dances o'er the green,
Life's busy sons of gain plod on ;
When Death unthought of shifts the scene,
And *we* are gone !

WILLIAM WILKINS.

STANZA.

I saw her at the Easter fair,—
We suddenly each other met ;
I'll think of all I then saw there,
I never shall that scene forget,—
That scene forget.

I could not pass her coldly by,
She look'd so melancholy meek ;
A tear-drop glisten'd in her eye,
And blushes spread across her cheek,—
Across her cheek.

Around were costly works of art,
Herself, to me, the dearest stood ;

Manchester.

I gave my arm, she had my heart,
Could I refuse ? No, no man could,—
No, no man could.

The fair's gay scenes around us pass'd
Unheeded by ; a charmed spell
Hung o'er me then, too sweet to last ;
I lov'd her then, Ah ! much too well,—
Much, much too well.

Months now have pass'd, for ever fled,
And all her seeming love for me ;
Still, though to me her heart is dead,
May her sweet breast from pain be free,
From pain be free.

HAMLET.

HONOUR.—The honour of a maid is her name, and no legacy is so rich as honesty.
—*Shakespeare.*

THE STORY OF ALIBEG, THE PERSIAN.

CHAS. ABBAS, the king of Persia, having resolved on taking a tour, retired from court into the country, under the concealed character of a private gentleman, in order to take an unsuspected survey of his subjects in all their native innocence and freedom; one favourite courtier alone had the honour to attend him in his travels.

"I have no right idea," said the monarch to his companion, "of the simple undisguised manners of mankind. Courtiers all act in masquerade; crowned heads see nothing of nature; every transaction is artifice and design. I have a great inclination to pry into the secret pleasures of a country life, and examine that portion of my subjects, who live retired from the busy world; and yet are in reality the props of my crown and constitution. It is a pain inexpressible to have none but courtiers about me, who take every opportunity by their fulsome flatteries, if possible, to deceive me; my resolution, therefore, is fixed to visit the shepherds and other labourers of the plains, to whom I shall be a perfect stranger."

Thus determined, he and his companion passed through several villages, where the nymphs and swains were assembled to spend the day in rural sports; and his Majesty was extremely pleased to find such agreeable diversions so remote from court, so innocent and inexpensive. He dined in one of their cottages, and having walked something farther than usual, and created himself an appetite, their coarse country diet proved a more agreeable entertainment than the vast variety of courtly dainties at his own table. As he was walking over a meadow enamelled with a thousand various flowers, and watered with a clear murmuring stream, he passed a young swain reclined at the foot of a shady elm, and playing on his rural pipe, whilst his tender flock stood grazing round him, and listened to his soft and melodious notes. The monarch approached him, looked earnestly at him, and was pleased with his agreeable aspect, his easy unaffected air, which yet was graceful and majestic; his shepherd's dress added new charms to his beauty. The king at first fancied he was some discontented courtier in disguise, nor was he convinced of his error, until the shepherd told him his name was Alibeg, and that all his relations lived in the adjacent village; his Majesty proposed to him several questions, and was exceedingly delighted with his pertinent and ready solutions. Alibeg's eyes were lively and sparkling, but not in the heart wild or roving; his voice soft, engaging and musical; his features were small and beautiful, but not soft and effeminate. Though sixteen years of age, he had no idea of his superior perfections; he imagined all his neighbours thought and talked as he did, and that nature had been as indulgent to them in their formation as to himself.

But without the advantages of a liberal education, he directed his conduct by the dictates of reason. The king after some few familiarities was charmed with his conversation. Alibeg gave him a true and impartial account of the state and constitution of the people; a secret kings can never learn amidst a crowd of flatterers. Sometimes his Majesty smiled at Alibeg's expressions, which were so natural, open and unguarded; it was an agreeable novelty to the king to hear such free unstudied discourses.

"I am now fully convinced," said his Majesty to his companion, "that nature appears as beautiful in the cottage as in the palace. No heir-apparent to a crown seems nobler born than this youth, who thus daily tends his harmless flock. How happy should Chas. Abbas be, had he a son so beautiful, so prudent, and so much the object of love and admiration. In my opinion he may be qualified for the highest employment, and with proper instructions may become an able minister of state; I will take him home with me, and give him a court education." The king accordingly, at his return, took Alibeg with him, as a new attendant, who was agreeably surprised to find his conversation had proved so acceptable to a monarch.

Soon after their arrival, proper masters were appointed, first to instruct him in reading, writing, singing, and dancing, and afterwards in the several studies of the arts and sciences which cultivate the mind. At first the grandeur of a court made too deep an impression on his heart, and his constitution varied with his advancement. His youth and reputation at court gave a new turn to his judgment and moderation; he flung away his crook, his pipe, and shepherd's weeds, and dressed himself in a purple vest, embroidered with gold; he wore likewise a turban on his head, set round

with costly jewels. The most beautiful, the gayest courtier served only as a foil to Alibeg. By industry and application he qualified himself for the most important undertakings, and well deserved the trust reposed in him by the king, who, fully sensible of Alibeg's refined taste for grandeur and magnificence, made him his jewel-keeper, or treasurer of his most costly furniture, one of the most considerable posts in all Persia.

During the whole reign of Chas. Abbas, Alibeg was a rising favourite; but as he grew in years he grew less gay, and often reflected with regret on his former happy state of life. "Happy days!" he would often whisper to himself,—“Oh days of innocence! then were all my enjoyments chaste, attended with no dangers in the pursuit! I never shall see days so blest again. His Majesty by his Royal bounty and magnificence has undone me.”

Alibeg once more paid a visit to his native village; once more observed with curious eye as he past along, where he formerly danced, and sung, and piped his brother swains. He made several valuable presents to his friends and relations; but advised them, as they regarded their future welfare, to shun the dangers that attended ambition, and spend their happy days in innocence.

Alibeg, soon after the death of his indulgent master, was plunged in a sea of troubles. Chas. Sefi succeeded his father on the throne of Persia. Some jealous designing courtiers projected the downfall of Alibeg, and agreed to misrepresent him to the young monarch. They charged him of high crimes and misdemeanors; with being false to the trust reposed in him by the late king; with clandestinely disposing of several rich moveables in the treasury; applying the same to his own private use. Chas. Sefi, ascending the throne of his father very young, was perfectly credulous; regardless of right or wrong, and a Prince of but small penetration: however, he was so vain as to imagine his wisdom superior to his predecessors.

In order to remove Alibeg from his post with some color of justice, pursuant to the private advice of his envious counsel, he required him to produce forthwith the scymitar set round with costly jewels, which his warlike grandfather always wore in the field of battle. Chas. Abbas had formerly ordered all those things to be removed, and Alibeg brought indisputable proof of his innocence, and of their being disposed of in obedience to the absolute commands of his father, long before he had the honour of that important trust. When Alibeg's enemies found this scheme to ruin him proved ineffectual, they prevailed on Chas. Sefi to oblige him to produce an exact inventory of all the valuable furniture in the treasury then in his custody, within fifteen days, on pain of displeasure. Accordingly he did, and at the expiration of the term was so curious as to examine every individual article himself; Alibeg opened every closet and cabinet, and concealed nothing that was committed to his care. There was no item missing, the office was all clean and in perfect order, and the regalia closely locked up in their proper repositories. The young king, surprised to find his treasury managed with such good conduct and economy, had entertained a very favourable opinion of Alibeg, but that accidentally, he observed at the end of a long gallery, full of the richest furniture, a private iron door, on which were three substantial locks. "There, Sire," said Alibeg's accusers, whispering him in the ear, "there you will find the royal plunder." Chas. Sefi, enraged and looking sternly on Alibeg, cried aloud,—“What have you concealed there? I charge you shew me.” Alibeg fell prostrate at the king's feet, and implored his Majesty not to deprive him of all he valued upon earth. "Oh, think how unreasonable it is," said he, "at once to seize my whole estate—my last reserve for old age, after having served your royal father faithfully so many years; leave me but that,—all I have on earth besides I willingly resign." Chas. Sefi now was fully convinced that Alibeg was guilty, and that there lay concealed the royal treasure; now more angry than before, and in louder terms, he demanded the doors to be unlocked. Alibeg, who had the keys in his pocket, obeyed his order. Upon examination nothing was found but Alibeg's crook, his pipe, and the dress he wore before his advancement, which he frequently surveyed with pleasure to remind him of his first state of innocence. "Behold," said he, "oh king, there lie the valuable remains of all my former felicity. There, royal Sir, is all the treasure I have reserved to make me rich, when your displeasure shall sink me into poverty; the rest I give you back without regret; leave your servant but the dear pledges of his first

happy station. These, royal Sire, are durable riches,—these never will deceive me—riches that are natural, innocent, and for ever grateful to the wise man that lives content with the inconveniences of life, and shuns the fatal charms of false ambition—riches that are enjoyed without the loss of liberty, and free from dangers. These never procured any man one moment's disquiet. Ah! why was I charmed with golden prospects that have deceived me, and ruined my content."

The king, at the close of this address, was fully convinced of Alibeg's innocence and good conduct, and so far resented the villany of his unjust and envious accusers that he banished them his court. Alibeg was soon after made prime minister of state, and was intrusted with the most important affairs of the nation; however, every day he still surveyed his rural equipage, and kept them safe in his repository, to be ready at a time of need whenever fickle fortune should again prove unpropitious. He died in a good old age, without gratifying his revenge on his enemies, though in his power, and without laying up immense sums to enrich his posterity; he left his relations but just sufficient to maintain themselves with credit in the state of shepherds, which in his opinion was most free from care, and most completely happy.

Loyal Nelson Lodge, Birmingham.

V. G. NORTON.

AN INVITATION.

OH, stranger! is thy mind oppress'd with care,
And doth the world weigh heavy on thy heart?
Look'st thou upon the universal earth
And find'st no breast responsive to thine own?
Come thou with me, and I will take thee where,
When pledg'd thy faith, thine eyes may look around,
And kindly welcomes sink into thy soul:
A band of brethren shall around thee throng,
And in their language thou wilt find a balm.
Health, happiness, shall be invoc'd on thee;
No more shalt thou, desponding, gaze around,
And find thyself a stranger 'mid the crowd,—
A lonely man, where others congregate;
A little word,—a kindly signal given,
And thou a refuge from thy cares may'st find,—
A temple no unhallow'd foot may tread,
A home of peace no chilling glance may blight,—
A sanctuary no discord can approach;
No scornful gaze shall wither up thy soul,
No proud demeanour make thee shrink abash'd,—
But kindly tones shall answer to thine own,—
Thy friends, thy equals, and thy brothers all!
Then change the scene: If sickness visit thee,
And foul disease run riot through thy veins;
No kindred friends to hover round thy couch,
No mother's gentle eyes with tears look on,—
No faithful partner sooth thy anguish'd heart,
And flit, with angel tread, past thy pale form!
But oh! in that dark hour, when none are nigh,
Call thou for aid,—thy call shall be obey'd;
And kindly hands to thee shall minister
Comfort in that thy dire extremity;
And smooth thy passage to the silent grave,—
Or snatch thee from the cold embrace of death,
And give thee unto light and life again!

J. B. ROGERSON.

Countess of Wilton Lodge, Manchester.

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND TRUTH.

BEN IBRAHIM, an ancient sage,
 Who flourish'd in a by-gone age,
 And gain'd an everlasting fame,
 Which hath immortaliz'd his name,
 Pursu'd, with persevering zeal,
 The pleasing path of wisdom's ways,
 And felt as those alone can feel,
 Who of mankind do merit praise;
 His gen'rous soul with good was fraught,
 And kindness mark'd his ev'ry deed,—
 The youth philosophy he taught,
 And counsel gave to all in need.
 But fools alas, with prejudic'd eyes,
 Ever reject the counsels of the wise.
 And with Ben Ibrahim such was the case;
 For men, whom ignorance had render'd base,
 Guided by envious thoughts reports had spread,
 To bring dishonour on his worthy head;
 Evil reports and foul, in malice born,
 Subjecting him to hatred, fear, and scorn,
 Asserting falsely that he held converse
 With midnight fiends whose vile unholy
 curse
 Would fall with fearful vengeance upon those
 Who sought advice, or madly dar'd repose
 In him the least of confidence or trust.
 Counting him cursed and his ways unjust,
 All shun'd his path with superstitious fear,
 And none his habitation ventur'd near,
 Until a youth more wise than all the rest,
 Having a thirst for knowledge in his breast,
 Before Ben Ibrahim one ev'ning stood,
 Craving his counsel wise of ill and good :—
 "Father," he said, "thy sage advice I seek,
 For it will glad my heart to hear thee speak
 Thy grave opinion of this world below.
 Whence cometh man, & whither will he go?
 What is his destiny, his end and aim,
 Will he return to dust from whence he came?
 Or rise immortal to a world of bliss,
 If he but lead a godly life in this?
 Did the great Maker, when the breath he
 gave,
 Give no good qualities the soul to save?
 Say, shall the heart whose faith in God is
 firm,
 Furnish but loathsome food to feed the
 worm?"
 The youth thus ceas'd, then rose the
 rev'rend sage,
 His beard was whiten'd with the frost of age;

Shakspeare Lodge, Manchester.

Meek were his manners, heav'nly was his
 face,
 His soul it was adorn'd with ev'ry grace :—
 "My son," he said, "lend me thy serious
 ear,
 Whilst I with words of truth dispel thy fear:
 When first the form of man so nobly grand,
 Came undefil'd from out his Maker's hand,
 To him were given
 These gifts from heaven :—
 The essence of true life, a god-like mind,
 Sown with the seeds of *Friendship* for his
 kind;
 From whence spring forth a strong desire
 to do
 To others as he would be done unto.
 The fertile earth did bounteous produce give,
 That man in peace and happiness might live.
 Grateful he was for blessings from above,
 And gratitude inspir'd his heart with *Love*;
 Love for that Power Divine, the great First
 Cause!
 Primeval source of Nature and her laws;
 Holy, celestial Love, parent of peace,
 Before whose pow'r shall strife and discord
 cease;
 Conquering all hearts, the stubborn and
 the weak,
 Making the brutish mild, the savage meek;
 Giving man faith in man o'er all the earth,
 From whose sweet influence sympathy had
 birth.
 My son, with life these heavenly gifts began,
 And life eternal is bequeath'd to man;
 Sure guide whereto and beacon of the
 mind,
 The rays of Truth are shed upon mankind.
 Error and ignorance before them flee,
 The slaves of superstition they will free;
 Soon as the glorious flag is wide unfurl'd,
 The light of God shall then illumine the world;
 Virtue shall reign in springs eternal youth,
 And men shall practice *Friendship*, *Love*
 and *Truth*."
 The youth with rapture heard the accents
 flow,
 With sympathy he felt his bosom glow;
 Unconsciously the tear bedimm'd his eye,
 That powerful feeling which diffuses joy
 Ran through his frame; his heart felt truly
 then,
 He lov'd the meanest of his fellow-men.

B. STOTT, N. G.

REVENGE.—By taking revenge, a man is but even with his enemy; but in passing over it he is superior.—*Lord Bacon.*

FROM THE SALMAGUNDIAN ESSAYS.

Mustapha Keli Kahn, to Asem Hackem, principal Slave-driver to his Highness the Bashaw of Tripoli:

SWEEP, oh Asem! is the memory of distant friends! Like the mellow ray of a departing sun, it falls tenderly, yet sadly, on the heart; every hour of absence from my native land rolls heavily by, like the sandy wave of the desert,—and the fair shores of my country rise blooming to my imagination, clothed in the soft illusive charms of distance. I sigh, yet no one listens to the sigh of the captive,—I shed the bitter tear of recollection, but no one sympathizes in the tear of the turbaned stranger! Think not, however, thou brother of my soul, that I complain of the horrors of my situation—think not that my captivity is attended with the labours, the chains, the scourges, the insults that render slavery, with us, more dreadful than the pangs of hesitating, lingering death. Light, indeed, are the restraints on the personal freedom of thy kinsman; but who can enter into the afflictions of the mind,—who can describe the agonies of the heart? They are mutable as the clouds of the air, they are countless as the waves that divide me from my native country.

I have of late, my dear Asem, laboured under an inconvenience singularly unfortunate, and am reduced to a dilemma most ridiculously embarrassing. Why should I hide it from the companion of my thoughts, the partner of my sorrows and my joys? Alas! Asem, thy friend Mustapha, the sublime and invincible Captain of a Ketch, is sadly in want of a pair of breeches! Thou wilt doubtless smile, oh, most grave Mussulman, to hear me indulge in such ardent lamentations about a circumstance so trivial, and a want apparently so easy to be satisfied; but little canst thou know of the mortifications attending my necessities, and the astonishing difficulty of supplying them. Honoured by the smiles of the beautiful ladies of this city, who have fallen in love with my whiskers and my turban, courted by the Bashaws and the great men, who delight to have me at their feasts; the honour of my company eagerly solicited by every fiddler who gives a concert,—think of my chagrin at being obliged to decline the host of invitations that daily overwhelm me, merely for want of a pair of breeches! Oh, Allah, Allah! that thy disciples could come into the world all befeathered, like a bantam, or with a pair of leather breeches, like the wild deer of the forest! Surely, my friend, it is the destiny of man to be for ever subjected to petty evils, which, however trifling in appearance, prey in silence on his little pittance of enjoyment, and poison those moments of sunshine which might otherwise be consecrated to happiness.

The want of a garment, thou wilt say, is easily supplied, and thou mayest suppose need only be mentioned to be remedied at once by any tailor in the land; little canst thou conceive the impediments which stand in the way of my comfort, and still less art thou acquainted with the prodigious GREAT SCALE on which everything is transacted in this country. The nation moves most majestically slow and clumsy in the most trivial affairs, like the unwieldy elephant, which makes a formidable difficulty of picking up a straw! When I hinted my necessities to the officer who has charge of myself and my companions, I expected to have them forthwith relieved; but he made an amazing long face, told me that we were prisoners of state, that we must, therefore, be clothed at the expense of government; that as no provision had been made by Congress for an emergency of the kind, it was impossible to furnish me with a pair of breeches, until all the Sages of the nation had been convened to talk over the matter, and debate upon the expediency of granting my request. Sword of the immortal Khalid, thought I, but this is great—this is truly sublime! All the sages of an immense *logocracy* assembled together to talk about my breeches! Vain mortal that I am, I cannot but own I was somewhat reconciled to the delay which must necessarily attend this method of clothing me, by the consideration that, if they made the affair a national act, my name must, of course, “be embodied in history,” and myself, and my breeches, flourish to immortality in the annals of this mighty empire!

“But pray,” said I, “how does it happen that a matter so insignificant should be erected into an object of such importance, as to employ the representative wisdom of the nation, and what is the cause of their talking so much about a trifle?” “Oh,”

replied the officer, "it all proceeds from *economy*. If the government did not spend ten times as much money in debating whether it was proper to supply you with breeches, as the breeches themselves would cost, the people who govern the Bashaw and his divan, would straightway begin to complain of their liberties being infringed; the national finances squandered, and ten chances to one, but the Bashaw and the sages of his divan would all be turned out of office together. My good Mussulman," continued he, "the administration have the good of the people too much at heart to trifle with their pockets; and they would sooner assemble and talk away ten thousand dollars, than expend fifty silently out of the treasury. Such is the wonderful spirit of *economy* that pervades every branch of this government." "But," said I, "how is it possible they can spend money in talking; surely words cannot be the current coin of this country?" "Truly," cried he, smiling, "your question is pertinent enough, for words indeed often supply the place of cash among us, and many an honest debt is paid in promises; but the fact is, the grand Bashaw, and the members of Congress, or grand talkers of the nation, either receive a yearly salary, or are paid by the day."* "By the nine hundred tongues of the great beast in Mahomet's vision, but the murder is out; it is no wonder these honest men talk so much about nothing, when they are paid for *talking* like day labourers." "You are mistaken," said the officer, "it is nothing but *economy*!"

I remained silent for some minutes, for this inexplicable word *economy* always discomfited me; and when I flatter myself I have grasped it, it slips through my fingers like a Jack-o'-Lantern. I have not, nor perhaps ever shall acquire sufficient of the philosophic policy of this government, to draw a proper distinction between an individual and a nation. If a man were to throw away a pound in order to save a beggarly penny, and boast at the same time of his *economy*, I should think him on a par with the fool in the fable of Alfanji, who in skinning a flint worth a farthing, spoiled a knife worth fifty times the sum, and thought he had acted wisely. The shrewd fellow would doubtless have valued himself on his *economy*, could he have known that his example would one day be followed by this Bashaw, and the sages of his divan.

This economic disposition, my friend, occasions much fighting of the spirit, and innumerable contests of the tongue, in this talking assembly. Wouldst thou believe it? they were actually employed for a whole week in a most strenuous and eloquent debate about patching up a hole in the wall of the room appropriated to their meetings. A vast profusion of nervous argument and pompous declamation was expended on the occasion. Some of the orators, I am told, being rather waggishly inclined, were most stupidly jocular on the occasion; but their waggyery gave great offence, and was highly reprolated by the more weighty part of the assembly, who hold all wit and humour in abomination, and thought the business in hand much too solemn and serious to be treated lightly. It is supposed by some that this affair would have occupied a whole winter, as it was a subject upon which several gentlemen spoke who had never been known to open their lips in that place except to say *yes* and *no*. These silent members are, by way of distinction, denominated *orator mums*, and are highly valued in this country on account of their great talents for silence, a qualification extremely rare in a *logocracy*.

In the course of the debate on this momentous question, the members began to wax warm, and grew to be exceeding wrath with one another. The hole in the wall came well nigh producing a civil war of words throughout the empire; for, as usual in all public questions, the whole country was divided, and the *holeans* and the *anti-holeans*, headed by their respective slang-whangers, were marshalled out in array, and menaced deadly warfare. Fortunately for the public tranquility, in the hottest part of the debate, when two rampant Virginians, brimful of logic and philosophy, were measuring tongues, and syllogistically cudgelling each other out of their unreasonable notions, the President of the divan, a knowing old gentleman, one night slyly sent a mason with a hod of mortar, who in the course of a few minutes closed up the hole, and put a final end to the argument. Thus did this wise old gentleman, by *bitting*

* The President receives about £5,300 sterling; Vice President, £1060; Speaker of the House of Representatives, 12 dollars per diem, during his attendance; Members of the Senate and House of Representatives, 6 dollars each for every day's attendance, and 6 dollars for every twenty miles travelling expences.

on a most simple expedient, in all probability, save his country as much money as would build a gun-boat, or pay a hireling slang-whanger for a whole volume of words ; as it happened, only a few thousand dollars were expended in paying these men, who are denominated, I suppose in derision, "legislators."

To this economic body, therefore, was I advised to address my petition, and humbly pray that the august assembly of sages would, in the plenitude of their wisdom, and the magnitude of their powers, munificently bestow on an unfortunate captive, a pair of cotton breeches ! "Head of the immortal Amron," cried I, "but this would be presumptuous to a degree. What ! after these worthies have thought proper to leave their country naked and defenceless, and exposed to all the political storms that rattle without, can I expect that they will lend a helping hand to comfort the *extremities* of a solitary captive ?" My exclamation was only answered by a smile, and I was consoled by the assurance that, so far from being neglected, it was every way probable my *breeches* might occupy a whole session of the divan, and set several of the longest heads together by the ears. Flattering as was the idea of a whole nation being agitated about my breeches, yet I own I was somewhat dismayed at the idea of remaining *in querpo*, until all the national greybeards should have made a speech on the occasion, and given their consent to the measure. The embarrassment and distress of mind which I experienced, was visible in my countenance, and my guard, who is a man of infinite good-nature, immediately suggested, as a more expeditious plan of supplying my wants, a benefit at the theatre ; though profoundly ignorant of his meaning, I agreed to his proposition, the result of which I shall disclose to thee in another letter.

Fare thee well, dear Asem ! In thy pious prayers to our great Prophet, never forget to solicit thy friend's return ; and, when thou numberest up the many blessings bestowed on thee by all-bountiful Allah, pour forth thy gratitude that he has cast thy nativity in a land where there is not an assembly of legislative chatters, where the word *economy* is unknown, and where an unfortunate captive is not obliged to call upon the whole nation to cut him out a pair of breeches.

Ever thine—MUSTAPHA.

VESTA.

ON THE DUTIES OF AN ODD FELLOW.

I AM afraid that this is a subject which a great many brothers do not understand, or at least fully appreciate. When they enter a Lodge, they perhaps treat the promises they make as matters of no moment, and think that if they come nearly to the mark, it will do. If an individual who is wishful to become a real Odd Fellow, reflects for one moment on the beautiful and impressive charge, given him by the G. M., he will find that to act as an Odd Fellow ought to act, is not a matter of such indifference, either to his own welfare, or to the credit of the Order.

As an Odd Fellow, he professes to set an example to his neighbours, and this, I have no hesitation in saying, he will do, if he does but adhere to the rules and principles of the Order. He is to be a man of temperance and sobriety, in the *true* meaning of the words,—not to hate or despise the comforts and blessings that our Creator has kindly furnished us with, but to use them with moderation ; it is the abuse of wine, &c., that does harm, and not the use of it. For we, as christians, cannot imagine that God would have allowed man to discover such things as wines and spirits, if he did not at the same time mean him to use them. Drunkenness is forbidden by God, but you will find that wine is often spoken of, and recommended in the bible, as making the heart glad ; and to deny ourselves the *use* of such comforts, is to fly in the face of our Almighty Creator. But an Odd Fellow ought to know when to stop, and to let no inducement make him forget the promises he made on his entry into the Lodge.

He is to be a man of *benevolence and charity*. Charitable in his actions as far as his means will allow him ; not merely to his brethren, but to all who are distressed. He is to be charitable also in his thoughts ; not to think evil of his neighbours upon suspicion or report, but at all times to put the kindest construction possible upon all events and occurrences.

An Odd Fellow is expected to be a *loyal* subject, in the real meaning of the word, conforming cheerfully to all the laws of the land ; as a member of a Society which has peace and good order as one of its objects, he is bound to give due deference to their laws. In fine it is the bounden duty of every man to obey the laws of the land ; I care not what a man's politics may be, he may oppose the plan before it becomes a law, but when it has passed into a law, if he is a loyal subject, as all Odd Fellows ought to be, he will then obey the law as a matter of course ; and by thus acting, we as a body, shall tend to the establishment of peace and good order, wherever an Odd Fellow's Lodge is formed, and it is almost impossible to fix limits to the influence of a well-conducted Lodge. Take my own Lodge in point,—we muster nearly one hundred and twenty in our ranks, each and every one of us have some friends and connections, with whom we have influence, and if they see that we are orderly and loyal, and strive to make them so, we must do good in some degree ; and what is more, we shall do credit to the Order as well.

Religion, of course, an Odd Fellow never interferes with, as far as regards his neighbour's creed. It has been said, that Odd Fellows are nearly infidels. All I can say is, that those who say so, have not heard the beautiful but simple lectures which I, as an Odd Fellow, have heard, or they would not think so. It is true that our laws interfere with no creed or religion, because they consider *that* a subject entirely between man and his Creator, and consider that all may be good, if honestly acted up to ; and I think that if a man will but act upon that golden rule, "Do unto others as you would wish them to do unto you," as well as obeying the commands of God as displayed in the bible, which book Odd Fellows take as their guide, he will not go far wrong.

An Odd Fellow is expected to be a good neighbour, a good husband and a good father, and a useful member of society in general.

As a good neighbour, he is peaceable and orderly ; friendly to all both in his words and actions, and in the many kind offices which, as members of social life, we must be indebted to our neighbours ; an Odd Fellow stands pre-eminent, he is always among the first and most willing to assist a neighbour either in sickness, or distress of any kind, and thus obtains the good will and good word of all men, while at the same time he reflects credit on the Order to which he belongs.

As a good husband and a good father, his chief pleasure centres in his wife and children, and no enjoyment is complete unless shared with his family. As an Odd Fellow, he remembers the solemn vows he took at the altar, and since the hour in which he swore to love and cherish the wife of his choice, he has done so ; and has made allowances for those little ebullitions of feeling, to which woman from her nature and constitution is subject, and which man, as the stronger and sterner mind, ought to look on with feelings of kind pity, and not with anger ; and these things a man will learn if he pays the attention which he ought to the beautiful Lectures of our Order. As a father and a husband he has still further inducements to act up to the promises of temperance and sobriety which he made as an Odd Fellow, for he now feels that he has a wife and family dependant upon his exertions for their daily bread, and if any feelings can make a man temperate and industrious, it is those which swell his heart, when he sees these objects so dear to him as a man. He is not one, who with sullen unthankfulness, will refuse to enjoy the blessings and comforts which his merciful Creator has placed within his reach ; but he enjoys them with moderation, and strives to have all his enjoyments and pleasure at home if possible, so that his wife and family may share with him, by which means his pleasure is doubled.

By acting in this way, he must become a useful member of society, and be respected and esteemed by all who know him.

I hope I have said sufficient to cause my brethren in the Order to remember the charges which they heard on their initiation. Let them not forget that our "Order is far more important than they may deem it, and has a tendency to make men appear in this world as they ought, if they conform to its precepts." It is those precepts and lectures that I wish to induce them to examine and consider most seriously and attentively ; and I think that if they obey them strictly, they will not err far from the path of truth, in which every sincere christian ought to walk.

Loyal Perseverance Lodge, Thirsk.

ALPHA.

ON A GENERAL WIDOW AND ORPHANS' FUND.

BRETHREN,

I HOPE you will pardon the liberty I have taken of addressing a few remarks to you, relative to the object of the circular now going throughout our united Order, trusting that, though they come from a humble individual than whom no one is more zealous in the cause, you will have the kindness to peruse, and maturely consider them. I hope and trust they will operate beneficially upon the minds of the young, to whom chiefly they are addressed; as those more advanced in years, I doubt not, will hail the happy time with delight, when the annual minutes convey them the heavenly tidings of the establishment of a *General Fund* for the relief of the widow and orphan.

Though the remarks I have penned may have reference to such only, among us, as are married, yet I anticipate that those who are not now married, very probably soon will be; as God has pronounced that a state of celibacy, or a state of single life, is not a good one, for He said, "It is not good that man should be alone, I will make him an help meet for him." Now, I infer from this, that God made the woman for the man, and, in order that this divine injunction may be fulfilled, every son of Adam should be united to a daughter of Eve to the end of the world. Also, St. Paul, in his letter to the Hebrews says, "Marriage is honourable in ALL." Again, there is another proof that, I think, may be adduced in support of the institution of marriage being of divine origin, that is, in no part of the habitable world has nature produced a greater number of men than of women, nor a greater number of women than of men; but she, who never errs, and whose laws are infallible, has produced men and women in due proportion to each other. Seeing, then, worthy brothers, that God at the commencement of our species, ordained that a very intimate connexion should subsist between man and woman, I trust that those who are yet single, will feel themselves as much interested in my brief remarks, as those who are married.

First then, let me ask a single question, what is so near, and so dear to each of us, as our wife and children? I answer nothing; for with reference to the former, God says, "Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife, and they two shall be one flesh." "What therefore," says Christ, "God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." This divine precept, brothers, is verified daily, for we have no need to look abroad for proof, but only into our own hearts, and we shall there discover, that, at an early age, we were led by the laws of nature, to centre our affections in woman, in accordance with what is said above,— "she being made for man." Having thus so far seen, that in the matrimonial connexion the closest union, and the most affectionate attachment should subsist; we should always consider our wives as part of ourselves, and, as we never hated our own flesh, but nourish and support it, so should we deal likewise with our wives. While we live, our wives should partake of all the benefits we partake of; for when man and woman are first linked together, they are united as it were with a chain of pearls, to show, that such union is precious, beautiful, and delightful; in short, man and woman being thus united, should contribute in every possible way to the comfort and happiness of each other. But alas! alas! when a man dies, his beloved wife and his darling offspring, who were once the joy of his heart, and who were lately as happy, perhaps, as human nature can be,—are, in many instances, left destitute of the common necessities of life—the main pillar is cut down—the head of the family is no more,—the hearth, around which so many happy hours have been spent in juvenile amusements, perhaps in the midst of plenty, presents now an aspect of disconsolation and want. The poor disconsolate widow, surrounded by her darling orphans, whose looks would almost pierce a heart of adamant, begins to ruminate upon what is to be done; the coffers are empty—the stock once so copious is now reduced to a mouthful—the thorn of hunger begins to prick—friends there are none, and something must be had to supply the craving wants of nature. After reflecting thus awhile, she sees no other alternative left them than to cast themselves upon the benevolence of a parsimonious world. I have no hesitation in saying, that some of those forlorn mendicants whom we see daily wandering from door to door, asking alms, barefooted and almost naked, with a veresimilitude of their not having tasted food for a whole day,—are

widows and orphans of deceased Odd Fellows.. One poor widow, perhaps, has an orphan at the breast, another by the hand, and others around her crying for bread—herself almost at the point of sinking under her burden for want of food. What a thought to cross one's mind, more particularly the mind of an Odd Fellow, because every Odd Fellow has it in his power, while in the bloom of life, to provide guardians to protect his wife and children, after he has paid the debt of nature, and returned to the earth from whence he came. To accomplish so noble a purpose we need only embrace the present opportunity, and establish a Widow and Orphans' Fund, the foundation of which was first laid at the Derby A. M. C. The deputies of that Committee, as if influenced by a visitant from the supernal regions, are worthy of all the praise which it is possible for human language to bestow. They agreed, without a dissenting voice, that the profits arising from the sale of the Magazine should be appropriated towards the formation of Widow and Orphans' Funds. Who, worthy brothers, that has any affection for his wife and children, will not say that every Odd Fellow owes an immense debt of gratitude to the deputies of that Committee for giving their sanction to so heavenly a design?

In many parts of Scripture God is represented as the stranger's friend;—a husband to the widow—a father to the fatherless;—and there is scarcely a duty in life which he inculcates in stronger terms than that of hospitality to strangers. It is written in the 10th chap., 18, 19 ver. *DEUT.*,—"He doth execute the judgment of the fatherless and widow, and loveth the stranger, in giving him food and raiment. Love ye, therefore, the stranger, for ye were strangers in the land of Egypt." And in St. Matthew's gospel, 25th chap., 34, 35 ver., where the Immaculate One says,—“Come ye blessed of my father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world; for I was a stranger and ye took me in.” Again, St. Paul, the great Apostle of the Gentiles, in his letter to the Rom. 12th chap. 13 ver., where he is recommending the various important moral duties, “Given to hospitality,” as if he had said, do good unto all men, and relieve your poor brethren. And the same Apostle, in his letter to the Heb. 13 chap., 1, 2 ver., where he is exhorting them to hospitality to strangers, says,—“Let brotherly love continue. Be not forgetful to entertain strangers; for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.”

Seeing then, worthy brothers, that the scriptures in many places exhort us to acts of benevolence, hospitality, love, and charity, permit me, for a moment, to examine into our Institution, and try whether it bears any resemblance to the scriptures in this respect or not. Now, every one who is familiar with the objects of our Institution, knows that they are sympathetic and benevolent,—he knows that it is the real essence of the Order to provide funds for the relief of each other in the hour of sickness—to provide funds for the relief of those in distress of our Order,—to provide funds to bury the dead of our Order, and to provide funds for the relief of the traveller and sojourner of the Order. In fact, the Order of Odd Fellows, so far as I am able to judge, is a concatenation of benevolent and charitable funds. But, and mark you, though our fraternity is composed of such a chain of philanthropic funds, yet, I consider, that that chain is imperfect, there is one link wanted to complete it, and that is a general fund for the relief of widows and orphans of departed brothers of our Order, which, I doubt not, would be a consolation to every Odd Fellow, in those moments, when he is about to leave the confines of time and enter into those of eternity, whence no traveller returns.

Fearing that I am trespassing too much on your time, I will draw to a conclusion, as I need not to go any further to prove the semblance of our funds, to the passages quoted above from holy writ.

Then, worthy brothers, as we make provision for each other in case of necessity, for men whom we never saw, and who are in nowise related to us, only fraternally, I think you will say with me, that it is our imperative duty to make provision for woman also,—for her, who nurses our childhood,—for her, who solaces and cherishes our mature age,—for her, who, in the hour of sickness, is a ministering angel,—nay, to succour us in danger, she will even risk her very life. Surely then, such a being as this ought to be provided for.

VOL. 5—No. 6—2 M.

Trusting that you will zealously endeavour to promote the object in view, I will conclude my remarks, anxiously waiting your result, and, in the interim, repose in the bosom of Hope.

"O blessed Hope, that sets the captive free,
While fetters bind his limbs—who to the sick
Shows rosy health, and riches to the poor!"

P. G. J. MITCHELL.

Leopold Lodge, Dodworth, Barnsley District.

A CRY FROM SLAVERY.

PAIN would my hands resume my lyre,
To strike its strings again,
And with Hope's sweet and gladsome fire,
Pour forth some joyous strain;
But broken are my spirits now,
Chased are the smiles from off my brow,
Where hope, and joy, & love once reign'd,
There sad despair its seat has gain'd.

Full many a bright beam shone
Around my youthful head,
But now each pleasing hope is gone,
Each shining ray is fled;
Benighted in my early morn,
My hopes were blasted in their dawn;
And now instead of mid-day light,
Are the dark clouds of gloomy night.

Torn from the land I dearly love,
The land where I was born,
A pensive exile here I rove,
An outcast all forlorn;

Newark District.

How sadly slow the moments roll,
Now tyrants all my steps control:
But liberty I still adore,
Though I now taste her joys no more.

My friends from me are distant far,
So are my kindred dear,
To none my grief and woes to share,
To drop the pitying tear;
No! I'm a prisoner while I've life,
For death alone can end this strife;
And when all cold my body lies,
Here's no dear friend to close my eyes.

Come liberty, come, quick arise,
With all thy valiant train,
Erase beneath th' extended skies,
This vile and odious name;
Rise, and the glorious work is done,
The monster soon will flee his throne,—
Destroy the name of slavery,
And bid all Adam's sons be free!

VERITAS.

THE VEILED PICTURE.

"In my early youth I became acquainted with a young lady, whose beauty I will not eulogize, because you will soon have an opportunity of judging for yourself. We were both young, but I was, by a few years, her senior; I loved her, and in a short time, she returned my affection with all the devotion of woman's first love. We lived within a short distance of each other. My family had once moved in a sphere of the highest respectability, but misfortunes had humbled them, and they were obliged to find associates in a different community. Her father had amassed a considerable fortune by the most industrious habits, and in his old age continued the same employment with as much perseverance as he had practised in his youth; as long as he saw his family comfortable, and his business productive, he cared not how the world went, and never interfered in domestic matters. Her mother was a vulgar and ignorant woman, of a tyrannical disposition, who considered wealth the only sign of respectability: she ruled everywhere. She took care that her children should be educated as well as money could make them, in the hope of their forming alliances that would increase her importance. Laura was the youngest of them all. It was strange that form and nature of such rare workmanship should have been produced from such materials; but nature loves to disappoint the calculations of philosophers. She had

but one brother, who was a few years older than herself; he was the counterpart of his mother in all things, and consequently, her idol. It is almost needless to say, that I was objected to by them; but this rather strengthened Laura's affection than the contrary, and we met clandestinely, and corresponded through the agency of her servant.

At a very early age I had given evidence of a talent for painting, and I was educated for that profession. I have already told you that my family had been unfortunate; another reverse of fortune occurred, which obliged them to leave that neighbourhood for ever. At that time having, I knew, nothing to depend upon but my own exertions, I thought the world might suspect me of interested motive in retaining the affections of a young girl, whose expectations were so far superior to my own, therefore, after a long and painful struggle with my feelings, I came to the determination of discontinuing the connexion, rather than throw myself open to such debasing suspicions. I wrote and resigned all claim to her hand and heart, as from my situation in society, I was unable to offer her those advantages which, I felt convinced, she had a right to expect. Then, in language that can never fade from my memory, she replied,—“When you have lost all affection for me, then, dearest Arthur, tell me that you cannot offer what I have a right to expect; and she who now feels in calling herself only your Laura, will no longer style herself by so enviable a name.” This silenced my scruples, and I resigned myself to the delightful enjoyment of loving and being loved,

Some envious wretch, like the evil one, when he beheld the felicity of our first parents, had witnessed our happiness only with a design to mar it,—he told her family of our secret meetings. They were, of course, very much enraged, took advantage of Laura's absence to break open her writing-desk, and there discovered several of my letters. Laura was instantly sent for, overwhelmed with abuse, which she bore with the meekness of an angel, and made to indite a very angry letter to me, the purport of which was to reprove me for my presumption in daring to aspire to an alliance with her family, and to forbid any further correspondence. When I received it, it caused me much anxiety, and I began to believe in the general fickleness of womankind; but the next post brought me a letter from her full of womanly tenderness, and of words,—

“Sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath.”

It cleared up the mystery. Although she was watched with the most rigid espionage, and suffered every indignity from the family, because she would not promise to renounce me, for two years we continued to correspond with, and at intervals to meet, each other; she improved in beauty, and I in my profession. I studied long and earnestly for improvement, for I thought that only by attaining eminence I could prove myself worthy of her love. About this time her letters began to be less frequent, and our interviews at longer intervals; yet in speech and in writing she seemed as kind as ever. At the last she told me that our correspondence must be discontinued, as her mother had quarrelled with the faithful servant, by whose agency it had been carried on; and, as she had been dismissed from her service, no letters of mine could come to her without being discovered: she concludes her letter by saying,—“I allow that time does make changes, but it never—never will in my regard for you; and I tell you, Arthur, that while I can hear that you still remain firm in your affection to your dear Laura, no power on earth shall force me to give up my hand to another.” Although I could not but regret that the only channel of communication between us was no longer available, these assurances of her unaltered attachment convinced me of her sincerity, and I felt assured that the absence of my letters would make no difference in her regard to me. I placed the most unbounded confidence in her truth.”

As he concluded the sentence, Arthur linked his arm within mine, and led me before the picture, which I had noticed as the one concealed by a curtain.

“So deeply,” he continued, “were her features fixed upon my memory, that wanting to paint a picture from the story of Abelard and Heloise, I made her as a study for the latter, and endeavoured to trace upon the canvass those charms which had made so lasting an impression on my heart. I had then no opportunity of seeing her, but she was ever in my thoughts; therefore, from memory I am indebted for the strong resemblance which the portrait bears to the original. There is no composition with which I have taken so much pains; I lingered over it like a mother over her first-born;

I touched and re-touched it, and endeavoured to bestow upon it all the exquisite finish of a Gerard Dow. I have lately closed the painting from view, because it became too painful a mockery for me to bear."

With a trembling hand he drew aside the curtain, and I never beheld anything so lovely as the being before me; the atmosphere seemed to grow bright, as if a burst of sunshine had flashed upon the room. Heloise was designed as rising from a couch, on which she had been reclining; while her lover, kneeling at her feet had, in the passionate eloquence of verse, declared the eagerness of his love. Her hair was light and of a glossy hue, parted off her fair and open forehead, and rested in luxuriant tresses upon her dazzling throat and swelling breast; her eyes were of that deep rich blue that seem born of heaven, from their resemblance to the fair clouds which veil it from our sight, and were filled with that deep and earnest expression of womanly tenderness that subdues the heart on which it falls. Beauty seemed to breathe in the swelling outline of her form, and passion appeared to dwell in the melting fondness of her looks. Her dress was in the picturesque costume of the twelfth century, allowing the graceful shape of the limbs to be seen beneath its folds. The room was decorated with tapestry, on which were delineated subjects from the scriptural history, and the rich light which fell upon the eloquent features of Heloise, came mellowed through a window of painted glass, whereon a virgin and child were drawn in clear and fadeless colours.

I looked upon the painting with inconceivable rapture; it was a master-piece. It appeared to possess all the richness of colour which belongs to the Italian school, united with the exquisite finish of the Flemish painters. I think I should have gazed at it till nightfall entranced in admiration, had I not been startled by a heavy sigh; I hastily let fall the curtain, and turned round; my friend had sunk into a seat, his face was buried in his hands, and his attenuated frame shook with violent convulsions.

"Arthur," said I, taking his thin hand in mine, "what ails you?"

"Nothing," he replied faintly, catching his breath at intervals, as if something impeded his respiration, "nothing—nothing—my friend; 'tis a slight attack to which I am sometimes subject, but it will soon be over. There—there—I am better now—I am much better; I will now go on with my narrative."

"No, no, Arthur," I exclaimed, observing the agitation he was endeavouring to controul, "you can continue it some other time."

"Perhaps not, my friend,—perhaps not," he replied; "I dare not trifle with time." He made a violent effort to conquer his weakness, and then, with assumed composure, continued,—"Soon afterwards my productions attracted the attention of a certain nobleman, well known by the liberality with which he patronizes the fine arts, and he was so pleased with my compositions that, after a short acquaintance, he offered, at his own expense, to send me to Italy to pursue my studies. This was a temptation I could not resist, and I soon accepted his generous offer. Although I sought frequently, I found no opportunity of having an interview with Laura before I left England; but when I arrived in Rome I determined to confine myself to one object, that of rising in my profession, for the sole purpose of becoming worthy of her affection. The name of my noble patron was a passport to every *palazzo* in Rome, and I quickly availed myself of its influence. I studied the glorious creations of the antique, till I felt imbued with the spirit of their beauty; and the immortal designs of the great painters I had before my eyes, till I became familiar with every excellence they possessed. There I found the best living models to draw from—women as lovely as the Madonnas of Raffaele, and men as finely shaped as the Deities of Canova.

"Three years I remained in Italy, seeking for eminence, and in some degree—in a degree which gave me a proud and happy consciousness of having succeeded in my endeavours—I obtained it. Yet Laura was never absent from my remembrance. I filled my heart with hopes of creating a name and fortune worth her acceptance,—I yearned for distinction only for her sake. I was happy with the world and with all around me. I had obtained honours and rewards above my expectations, and I looked forward to the possession of Laura, as the crowning gift which would give a value to the rest. She was present with me at all times, and in all places, and shed a line of beauty and excellence over all I did. If I wanted to design any figure possessing ex-

traordinary grace, I thought of her, and creations of more than earth-born loveliness rose upon the canvass. It was to her I looked for inspiration, and all bright thoughts and glorious imaginings were centered in her remembrance; visions of beauty thronged upon my mind, freshly bathed in the sunshine of her delicious smiles, or newly glorified by the soft brilliance of her enamoured eyes.

"The time drew near for my return to England, and I busied myself during my voyage home, with delightful anticipations of coming felicity. I thought of the joy with which she would welcome me after so long a separation, and seemed to behold the lustre of her dove-like eyes swelling fondly on my own. I hailed the white cliffs of Dover, shining through the mist, for bringing me nearer to her presence. My fame had travelled before me; and I discovered, when I landed, that I was in as high estimation among my fellow-countrymen, as had followed my efforts in Italy. At the first opportunity I made inquiries for Laura and her family; I found that her father had died, during my absence, leaving an immense fortune to be divided amongst his widow and children, who, with the exception of the son, had retired into the country. It was some time before I found out her residence, and when it was discovered, I had still greater difficulty in seeing her; at last I met her by accident in town. She appeared glad to see me, pressed my hand with ecstasy, and looked up into my face with all her usual tenderness; yet, afterwards, she blushed, hung down her head in silence, and seemed fearful of being seen in my company. I would not leave her till she had given me permission to write to her, and had received her promise to answer me. I was too much wrapped up in the happiness I felt in her society, short as the period was in which we were together, to observe at the time those signs of estrangement, which afterwards came before my memory with all the bitterness of disappointment. My friend—it was the last time we met!"

In the few last sentences his voice faltered, and at the conclusion it was so broken as to be scarcely audible; but, with a supernatural energy, he struggled with his feelings, and in a few minutes resumed his narrative with apparent composure.

"I wrote," he continued, "yes, I wrote to her; I told her how long I had loved her—how faithful had been my affection, and that my attachment could only cease with my existence. That, to me, all the glory I had obtained was worthless, unless she for whom only it was sought, made it valuable by sharing it with me; and I implored her, by her gentle endearments, and by all the happy moments we had passed in each other's society, to assure me at once, either of the certainty of my happiness, or of my misery: I waited long and anxiously for an answer. When any suspicion entered my mind of her inconstancy, I thought of all she had endured for my sake; I recalled to mind the letters she had written to me from the country, where she had been sent by her friends for the purpose of preventing any communication between us, in which she stated that the persecutions of her relations had become quite insupportable, and the waters of a lake, round which she was in the habit of walking, looked so clear, so tranquil, and so beautiful, that she had been tempted to put an end to her misery and her existence at once; but that the thoughts of possessing my love held her back, and she felt that she could not give up my affection, even to possess peace. Yes, I thought of these things, and my heart smote me for suspecting her of deceit. I waited without a murmur; laid the fault of the delay on a variety of different causes, and felt assured of my coming happiness. My friend, imagine my feelings when I received this letter."

With a trembling hand he gave me a note which appeared much crumpled, and felt damp to the touch; it was dated more than three months back, and I read as follows:—

"You have, perhaps, before this, accused me of neglect, for not having answered your note before, but I have been unable to do so. Your letter was what might have been expected from you—noble and disinterested. I am grateful for your kind affection for me, though I can never repay it as you merit. Forget me—Arthur. I ask you to forget me. I am still your friend, and shall never cease to be so, but you will meet with those more likely to make you happy; you can then remember me as the friend of your adversity, and as one who could never have forsaken you in the day of trouble.

"Your sincere well-wisher,

"LAURA."

I was wondering, within myself, at the extraordinary fickleness of this girl, when my friend, with more composure than I could have expected from him, proceeded,—

"When I had perused that letter," he continued, "its meaning came with such a sudden shock upon my brain, as to derange at once every faculty it possessed; I was sensible only of a sudden and intense pain, about the region of the heart. The rest I heard from my attendants. They were alarmed by hearing a noise in my room; they rushed in, and found me extended on the floor. For several months I was delirious, my life was despaired of; but I recovered to the state in which you now see me, to linger by a painful and declining death. What are to me fame, and name, and honour, and glory, now she for whom I sought them requires them not? What are to me the riches of the world, now her for whom I struggled to obtain them refuses to share them with me. I have no occupation—I have no incentive to occupation. The world holds out to me no prize worth struggling for, and the stimulus of earthly passions has no power over me. I am wasting away gradually, but surely; all the functions of the body have lost their energy, though the soul still lives in the immortality of its youth. In a short time, however, it will be over, and I shall be at peace with her and all mankind."

I went home in a most melancholy state of mind from hearing my friend's eventful history. The next morning I called upon him at an early hour. I had left him tranquil and resigned; indeed I felt surprised and delighted at his composure. When I was taking leave, he pressed my hand with more than his usual kindness of manner, while the tears were tracing their way along his haggard cheeks. I knocked at the door, as I recalled these things to my mind; the servant opened it; his look alarmed me. I rushed up stairs into my friend's bed-room, and there I beheld the unhappy man extended lifeless on his bed! On the table near him, lay a small bottle, which had contained poison of the deadliest nature. I saw how bitterly I had been deceived by his composure of the previous evening; he had evidently premeditated self-destruction, and had assumed tranquility to avoid suspicion. He seemed to have died without a struggle. As I was examining the corpse, I observed something glittering between its bony fingers,—it was a gold locket, containing hair, and on the back of it was engraven the name of Laura. He died as he had lived.

I witnessed the last honours paid to his remains, and then proceeded to examine his papers. He left his pictures to be sold for the benefit of his relations, except a few which he bequeathed to me as a testimony of his friendship; and one, which was "THE VEILED PICTURE," he begged me to take to Laura, after he was buried, and to give into her hands, at the same time, the following letter:—

"I do not write either to complain or to reproach; I am as much above the one, as I am superior to the other. Before these lines meet your gaze, the hand which now traces them will be cold, and the heart from whence they spring will have ceased to hold communion with the world; the dead complain of no injuries, and feel no wrongs. I write to assure you of my forgiveness, and that my last words may express, with heart and soul, and in spirit and in truth—God bless you!

"ARTHUR."

With some difficulty I discovered her dwelling, and learnt that she was going to be married the following week. After asking for the young lady, I was told by the servant she would be with me immediately, and was desired to walk into a handsomely decorated room. I placed the picture in the most advantageous light, and awaited her coming. In a short time she appeared. She was fully as beautiful as she had been described; but there was a trace of melancholy in the features of the original, which the portrait did not possess. I wondered not at the infatuation of my unfortunate friend, as I gazed on the charms with which this Circe had bound his existence in her love. I said nothing to her, fearing to trust my voice in her presence, but gently withdrew the curtain of the picture. As soon as she beheld it, a flood of sweet recollections seemed to rush upon her heart, and her whole soul appeared absorbed in the scene before her. As she gazed upon it, she drew in her breath eagerly, so as to make her respiration distinctly audible, and her looks were expressive of the most intense interest. I gently put into her hand the letter; she took it almost mechanically, but without taking the least notice of my presence; her eyes fell upon the characters which she recognized and read. As soon as she had perused it through, she turned her gaze upon me with a glassiness of hue that rivetted me to the spot. Her beautiful mouth became mo-

mentarily distorted, her lovely features underwent a sudden and complete transformation, expressive of deep and silent agony ; she dropped the letter at my feet, uttered a loud and horrid laugh, and sunk upon the floor in violent hysterics.

For several days she was in a state of raving madness, and though the fit left her in a precarious state of weakness, on her first return to sensibility she sent for me. She bade me relate to her all I knew of her lover ; I did so ; and she continually interrupted my narration with execrations on her cruelty and falsehood. After she heard me out, she told me she was the victim of her mother's ambition. During Arthur's absence, she had tried every scheme to thrust him from her affection, and to bring about a marriage which she considered more advantageous ; she had succeeded but too well. Laura's heart had been humbled by threats, and her life rendered miserable by unkindness. Receiving no intelligence of her lover, in a moment of weakness, she agreed to all her mother proposed. She now exclaimed against her inhumanity, her falsehood, and her treachery, and accused herself of being the murderer of her lover. Although great attention was paid to her by her friends, she had received a shock from which she never recovered ; and before the day arrived which was to have seen her a bride, the grave possessed all that remained of one of the loveliest forms that death had ever disrobed of beauty.

W. L. G.

Nelond Craven.

SPRING.

SPRING has return'd, with lively train,
Running abroad o'er hill and plain,
Loosing the earth from Winter's chain,—
All hail ! young Spring.

Up ! to the budding fields away,
While the sweet flush of opening day
Paints the far east superbly gay,—
To grace the Spring.

Winter no longer now can keep
Nature laid dormant or asleep ;
Life from the clod begins to peep,—
To greet the Spring.

All the great powers of mother earth,
Labour to bring in prosperous birth,
Innocent joy and harmless mirth,—
To bless the Spring.

Look ! how the crocus, buttercup,
Daisy so fair, and snow-blench'd-drop,
Out from their beds are rising up,—
To see the Spring.

Birds that of late with rough winds fought,
Sweetly now stretch each little throat,
Whistling aloud the mellow note,—
To cheer the Spring.

Rooks have begun their nests to build,
Cattle are straying in the field,
Feeding on what the valleys yield,—
The fruits of Spring.

Rise, now, ye sluggards, as ye need !
Break up the fallow, rake the weed ;
Harrow and bury well your seed,—
For Spring is come.

Up to the fields, before the sun
Hath his resplendent course begun ;
Labour to get the field-work done,—
In joyous Spring.

Up, all ye pleasure-seeking throng,
Lovers of beauty or of song,
Early run forth the fields among,
To taste of Spring.

Fairest of beauties now are seen,
Down in the valley that lies between,
Highlands of pretty budding green,
The tints of Spring.

Nature's best harmonies are heard,
Songs of the ploughboy and of bird,
Echo delight for bliss conferred
On them in Spring.

Welcome, young Spring, with lovely train,
Run yet abroad o'er hill and plain,
Loosing the earth from Winter's chain,—
All hail ! young Spring.

A. G. TYSON, Sec.

Rutland Lodge, Scarbro', Jan. 23rd, 1839.

A SCENE AFTER BATTLE.

(From Captain Blake's Adventures.)

"WATERLOO was won; the sun set upon a scene of slaughter, and the stillness of death succeeded the roar of battle. The thunder of four hundred cannon—the roll of musketry—the shock of mail-clad horsemen—the Highland slogan—the Irish huzza, were heard no more; and the moon gleamed coldly on a field of death, whose silence was only broken by the groans of the wounded, as they lay in helpless wretchedness beside their dead companions.

"I had hitherto escaped with but two trifling scratches. Hurried on by the frenzy of the scene, and the hotness of young blood on a 'first field,' I quickly found myself in the thickest of the *melee*, where sabre and bayonet were the only weapons employed. The artillery (our own) had ceased firing—for we were all intermingled, and fighting hand to hand. A grizzled grenadier of the Old Guard, with two orders on his breast, made a full lounge at me, and I felt the bayonet glancing along my ribs. I returned it with a sheer sabre-cut, which brought the veteran to his knees. An Irish guardsman—for he swore awfully in the sweet and euphonous language of 'my native land'—beat out his brains with a clubbed musket. I cut down a stray *tirailleur* pretty cleverly—and next moment was felled to the ground. A dozen English *bussars* rode over me—a stream of blood obscured my sight—I felt a few knocks like the kick of a charger—became insensible, and lay among the dead and dying, as the last gleam of sunshine faded on the field of battle.

"Directly over me, and in the very attitude in which he had groaned his last, an officer of the middle guard was stretched—our faces were nearly touching, and his open eyes had fixed their glassy stare on mine. A sword-cut had divided his upper lip, and exposing his teeth, gave to the dead man's countenance a grin so horrible and ghastly, that I who had witnessed death in every form, was glad to avert my eyes. I made a desperate effort to shake him off; but a horse's neck rested on my legs, and my feeble exertions were quite unequal to rid me of this double load.

"While suffering great inconvenience of position, I felt the cold intense, and thirst intolerable. No relief was attainable; the groans of the dying were unheard, and I sullenly submitted to my fate. But morning must soon break, and then probably I should be succoured. Could I but disengage myself from the dead man who pressed me almost to suffocation, I might endure pain, cold, and thirst. I made another effort—it failed—and in despair I laid my head upon the ground, moistened with my own blood and that of my departed enemy. Just then a voice immediately beside me uttered a feeble supplication for some water. I turned my head, and saw a young ensign, whose leg had been shattered by the wheels of a gun, raise himself upon his elbow, and look across the field, in hope of discovering some one who would relieve him. Nor were his cries unheard: a man dressed in the dark uniform of a Prussian *yager*, and armed with the short sword which rifle troops carry, approached the sufferer; but, alas! his was not the errand of mercy. Seizing the wounded man rudely, and deaf to his entreaties, he commenced his work of plunder. I heard the chinking of a purse, and a trinket, a watch, or locket, glittered in the moonlight, as he tore it from the bosom of the prostrate soldier.

"'Oh, no, no, I cannot, will not part with that!' a low weak voice muttered; 'it was my mother's dying gift—I will never part with it.' A struggle ensued, but it was a short one: as the ruffian, irritated at resistance, raised himself, and with one home-thrust, silenced the poor youth for ever. Great God! that such a scene of death should be increased by the hand of murder!

"I grew sick—I feared to breathe—my death was to be the next, for he had quickly plundered the body of his victim, and turned to the dead guardsman who lay across my breast. Suddenly he stopped, listened, and gazed suspiciously around; then sank down behind a horse, and stretched himself upon the field.

"My heart beat again. Two men came forward, and they too were plundering. But, surely, all could not be so ruthless as the crouching wretch beside him. Nearer and nearer they approached—and, sounds of joy! they conversed in my native tongue.

I listened with exquisite delight, and never did human voices appear so sweet as theirs! They were grenadiers of the line, and one of them wore a serjeant's stripes. Without a moment's hesitation, I addressed them; and an appeal in their native language was not disregarded. I was promptly answered in kindly tones; and while one caught the defunct Frenchman by the collar and flung him aside, his comrade extricated my legs from the dead charger, and assisted me to rise up.

"I found myself in the centre of a heap of corpses; to take a second step without treading on a body was impossible; yet I scarce regarded the scene of slaughter—my eyes were rivetted upon one corpse, that of the poor lad whom the crouching yager had so brutally murdered.

"I stood up with difficulty—a faintness overpowered me—I staggered, and would have fallen, but the serjeant supported me, while his comrade held a canteen to my mouth. It contained brandy diluted with water, and, to one parched as I was, the draught was exquisitely grateful. My deliverers appeared anxious to move off, either to obtain more plunder, or secure that already acquired; and which, to judge from the size of their havresacs, must have been considerable. I begged them to assist me from the field, but they declined it, alleging that they must rejoin their regiment before day-break. At this moment my eyes encountered those of the yager, who lay as motionless behind the dead horse as any of the corpses that surrounded him. If I remained—and I could not walk without support—the chances were immense that the villain would speedily remove one who had witnessed a deed of robbery and murder, and I made a fresh appeal to my worthy countrymen.

"'Serjeant, I will reward you handsomely—do not desert me.'—'I cannot remain longer, sir; morning is breaking, and you will soon have relief enough,' was the reply.—'It will never reach me: there is one within three paces, who will not permit me to look upon another sun.'

"Both soldiers started.

"'What do you mean?' exclaimed the serjeant eagerly—'Mark you that Prussian sharpshooter who skulks behind the horse!'

"'What of him?' asked the grenadier.—'Yonder dead officer supplicated assistance from that scoundrel, and he answered him with curses, and commenced plundering him directly. I saw him take a purse, and tear away his epaulette. Some other article the poor fellow feebly attempted to retain; and the yager, before my eyes, stabbed him to the heart. Hearing your approach, he flung himself behind that charger: need I add, that there he lies until you leave this spot, and I shall most probably be his next victim?'

"'You shall not, by Heaven!' exclaimed the soldier, as he drew his sword and stepped over the dead horse. The Prussian, who had no doubt watched the conference attentively, sprang upon his feet on the first movement of the serjeant; but his fate was sealed: before the soldier's comrade could unsheath his bayonet, the yager was cut down, and the murderer rolled in the agonies of death beside the unfortunate youth whom but a few minutes before he had so ruthlessly slaughtered.'

LITERARY GEMS.

NOBILITY.—MAXIMILIAN, on being asked by a courtier to enoble him, said—"No; though I can give you riches and a title, I cannot make you *noble*."

POPULARITY.—The love of popularity is the desire of being beloved; and, if it be attained by honest means, is laudable.

VIRTUE and VICE.—Vice is infamous, though in a prince; and virtue honourable, though in a peasant.—*Addison*.

It often happens that the more we see into a man, the less we admire him.—*Pliny*.
Vol. 5—No. 6—2 N.

NATURE'S GENTLEMAN.

WHOM do we dub as Gentleman? The knave, the fool, the brute,
 If they but own full tithe of gold, and wear a courtly suit;
 The parchment scroll of titled line, the riband at the knee,
 Can still suffice to ratify and grant such high degree.
 But Nature, with a matchless hand, sends forth her nobly born,
 And laughs the paltry attributes of wealth and rank to scorn;
 She moulds with care a spirit rare, half human, half divine,
 And cries exulting,—“Who can make a Gentleman like mine?”

She may not spend her common skill about the outward part,
 But showers beauty, grace and light, upon the brain and heart;
 She may not choose ancestral fame his pathway to illume—
 The sun that sheds the brightest day may rise from mist and gloom.
 Should fortune pour her welcome store, and useful gold abound,
 He shares it with a bounteous hand, and scatters blessings round;
 The treasure sent is rightly spent, and serves the end designed,
 When held by Nature's Gentleman, the good, the just, the kind.

He turns not from the cheerless home, where sorrow's offspring dwell,
 He'll greet the peasant in his hut—the culprit in his cell:
 He stays to hear the widow's plaint of deep and mourning love,
 He seeks to aid her lot below, and prompt her faith above.
 The orphan child, the friendless one, the luckless, or the poor,
 Will never meet his spurning frown, or leave his bolted door:
 His kindred circles all mankind, his country all the globe,—
 An honest name his jewell'd star, and truth his ermine robe.

He wisely yields his passions up to reason's firm control—
 His pleasures are of crimeless kind, and never taint the soul;
 He may be thrown among the gay and reckless sons of life,
 But will not love the revel scene, or head the brawling strife.
 He wounds no breast with jeer or jest, yet bears no honied tongue,—
 He's social with the grey-hair'd one, and merry with the young;
 He gravely shares the council speech, or joins the rustic game,
 And shines as Nature's Gentleman,—in every place the same.

No haughty gesture marks his gait, no pompous tone his word,
 No studied attitude is seen, no palling nonsense heard;
 He'll suit his bearing to the hour,—laugh, listen, learn, or teach,
 With joyous freedom in his mirth, and candour in his speech.
 He worships God with inward zeal, and serves him in each deed,
 He would not blame another's faith, nor have one martyr bleed;
 Justice and mercy form his code, he puts his trust in heaven;
 His prayer is—“If the heart mean well, may all else be forgiven!”

Though few of such may gem the earth, yet such rare gems there are,
 Each shining in his hallow'd sphere as virtue's polar star;
 Though human hearts too oft are found all gross, corrupt and dark,
 Yet do some bosoms breathe and burn, lit by Promethean spark.
 There are some spirits nobly just, unwarp'd by pelf or pride,
 Great in the calm, but greater still when dash'd by adverse tide;
 They hold the rank no king can give, no station can disgrace,—
 Nature puts forth her Gentleman, and monarchs must give place!

TITLES.—Titles are of no weight with posterity; and the name only of a man who has performed great exploits, carries more respect than all the epithets that can be added to it.—*Voltaire*.

ON SMOKING.

NEXT to drunkenness, there is nothing that so speedily injures a man's health as smoking; and I believe that no habit is so likely to lead a man into that most degrading of all vices, as smoking. Ask any smoker, (I care not how fond he may be of it now), and he will still remember the horrible nausea and sickness caused by smoking his first pipe. That very circumstance, one might suppose, would prevent a man pursuing so dirty a habit. But no; pride and the force of example carry him through, and he perseveres until he becomes a professed smoker. Let us consider the effects of tobacco-smoke.

The first effect is an increase of saliva;—a certain secretion of saliva seems necessary to a state of health, but the inordinate secretion caused by smoking must abstract some of the saline particles from the blood, which are necessary to a healthy state of that fluid, and by this means we must render the blood less capable of withstanding the effects of disease.

Tobacco-smoke also acts deleteriously on the air-tubes of the lungs. It is a well-known fact that the blood passes into the lungs *black*, and returns from the lungs quite a *brilliant red*, having undergone certain changes necessary to life, by coming into near contact with atmospheric air. But how different this air must pass into the lungs of a smoker;—instead of being pure, it is loaded with the narcotic principle of the tobacco, and the different substances used in the *manufacture* of tobacco; and I affirm, without the fear of contradiction, that all the blood which is then passed through the lungs is unhealthy, and of course must have a tendency to weaken the constitution, and render it more liable to disease; for we must all be aware, that if the blood of an individual is not healthy, his body cannot be.

Tobacco-smoke also acts most powerfully on the stomach: it acts as a stimulant and increases the juices secreted by the stomach, (and which are necessary for proper digestion), to an inordinate degree, and by that means often causes a craving appetite, which the smoker thinks healthy; but although it causes that kind of craving for food, at the same time by overworking the stomach, to pour out so much of its natural secretion, it thereby weakens the tone of it, and renders it incapable of digesting the whole of the food properly, and by this means again the blood is injured.

After all its stimulating properties are worn out, it then acts as a narcotic on the brain, and then it is that those sensations so delightful to a smoker are produced;—as a smoker will tell you, “it exerts its soothing influence on the mental faculties, and calms the mind.” So it does: at the same time, by deadening the influence of the nerves on the stomach and lungs, it weakens both those organs, and renders them less able to perform their proper functions, and by this means again the blood is further injured.

There is another point too, which, as an Odd Fellow, I deem it my duty to mention, and that is the well-known fact that if you smoke you must drink; and as both actions have one effect—intoxication—it is evident to me that we cannot act up to our promises respecting *temperance* and *sobriety*, unless we use both smoking and drinking in moderation. I am certain of one thing.—I know many hundreds of smokers, and I can only mention two or three that I know are *great smokers*, but no drinkers.—Tobacco-smoke will create a thirst, and it causes a peculiar hilarity of feeling which makes a man forget that he is drinking, and he keeps sipping and sipping until he gets more than does him any good. I do not wish to see smoking abolished altogether, but I do wish to see the abuse of it done away with among Odd Fellows; and I should like to see it abolished entirely during Lodge-hours,—for I think there ought to be a seriousness and solemnity about a Lodge, that cannot be where smoking is allowed:—in my eyes it takes much from the respectability of Odd Fellowship, that at times, when you enter a Lodge-room, you are hardly able to discover which is the N. G.'s chair, so dense is the volume of smoke issuing from, perhaps, 50 or 60 pipes. I want to see Odd Fellows set an example, *in every point*, to the rest of the world; and I must again repeat, that we are not acting up to our principles of temperance and *sobriety* while we allow smoking in Lodge-hours; and if we once break the habit there, we may hope that we shall, in time, induce brothers either to give it up entirely, or at all events to use it in moderation, and by this means the Order will save both the

health and the purse of many an Odd Fellow,—for smoking is a serious expense,—for even a moderate smoker will consume an immense quantity in a year. We have a by-law in our Lodge, which fines a brother five shillings for remaining in the Lodge-house after half-past eleven o'clock :—now our Lodge closes exactly at the legal hour, (half-past ten), and certainly there is plenty of time in one hour for those officers and brothers, who cannot do without tobacco, to smoke as many pipes as will do them any good.

There is no doubt that smoking impairs the vigour and sensibilities of the intellect, and renders the mind more fickle, and less able to sustain itself for any length of time under energetic efforts. It has been remarked that many of our greatest and cleverest men have been inveterate smokers : Sir Isaac Newton among others. It is true, such has been the case ; but as there is no rule without an exception, we must naturally suppose that splendid intellects like his would shine through any cloud ;—besides there is another and most important difference between the great smoker of Sir Isaac Newton's time, and the smoker of this day. At that time tobacco was not *manufactured* in England to the extent it is now, and was to be had in a far purer state than it is at present. There can be little doubt but that more tobacco is smoked in England than is imported from, or perhaps even grown abroad. If smokers did but know of the immense quantities of lettuce leaves, and other vegetable matters that are used in the *manufacture of tobacco*, they would not be surprised at my account of the deleterious effects of smoking, or at my anxious wish to see the custom, at all events less common among our Order, if not altogether abolished.

We are told to look at Germany, as a nation of philosophers and a nation of smokers. That there are an immense number of talented and conscientious men among the German professors, I should be sorry to deny ; for there are many I know as medical writers that are not surpassed by any ; but I hope never to see the day when England shall become a land of mad enthusiasts in the cause of metaphysics, and too often infidelity, as is too much the case there, where the meersehaum rarely leaves the philosopher's lips, except for the glass to pass. Read the lighter literature of Germany, and you will find all their tales and romances are of the most horrible kind, —generally connected with devils and spirits, &c. This I should attribute entirely to their excessive smoking, keeping the mind, as it were, in a state of dreamy stupefaction, or severe intoxication.

I do not mean to assert that smoking is never beneficial, or that tobacco is not to be used, for that would be flying in the face of God, since we must suppose He made all things for use ; and I think, that in his wonderful and merciful provision for men, he has caused tobacco to grow in those climes where it is likely to be most useful to man.

In those hot climates, the inhabitants, whether natives or Europeans, (but the latter especially), suffer much from profuse perspiration, so as to feel excessive depression and exhaustion ; and here it is that tobacco, (and mind it is unadulterated there) is beneficial. By moderating the action of the heart, it relieves the capillary vessels of the skin, and determines the blood more to the large viscera, and especially to the mucous lining of the intestines ; and in that way tends to lessen the action of the malaria, which is so especially dangerous to Europeans. In this way, and in those climates, smoking is beneficial, and deserves to be highly recommended ; but in a cold, foggy climate like ours, where the skin is in a very different state, and where the exhalation from the capillaries is not so profuse, the use of tobacco is decidedly injurious, by causing congestion of blood to the larger viscera, to which affections our climate still more predisposes us.

I can conceive that smoking might be useful to some of our mechanics who work in very hot rooms, or in foundries, or those who smelt ore, &c., and who are always in a state of perspiration. Here, perhaps, the moderate use of tobacco, especially if used just before they go into the open air, might be beneficial by withdrawing the blood from the capillary vessels, and preventing their liability to cold, &c. But further than this, I think smoking can be of no use to any one, and I should wish to see the use of it nearly altogether abandoned.

Loyal Perseverance Lodge, Thirsk, Oct. 10th, 1838.

ALPHA.

LINEAMENTS OF NATURE.

No. IV.

Volcanoes ;—Earthquakes, &c.

"THE fluid lake that works below,
 Bitumen, sulphur, salt and iron scum,
 Heaves up its boiling tide. The lab'ring mount
 Is torn with agonizing throes. At once,
 Forth from its side disparted, blazing pours
 A mighty river; burning in prone waves,
 That glimmer through the night to yonder plain;
 Divided there, a hundred torrent streams,
 Each ploughing up its bed, roll dreadful on,
 Resistless. Villages, and woods, and rocks,
 Fall down before their sweep."—*Anon.*

THE last number of this series contained some observations on the changes which had been going on since the earliest period of existence, on the surface of the earth, and we will now resume the subject by considering those important agents in geological changes known most familiarly as the volcano and earthquake. We will consider them separately; for though they are doubtless the effects of the same operation, they give rise to very different results. I will first trace out the geographical situations of those regions where these causes are in most active operation, and that the reader may be aware of the extensive scale on which the agency of subterranean fire has been employed. Of these vast districts, that of the Andes is one of the best defined. If the reader will refer to a map of the world, he will find this immense line of mountains extends the entire length of South America, connected with other ranges which, under different names, form an entire chain of mountains through the whole of both North and South America; through a great portion of which chain, there is a line of volcanoes, so regularly continued that it is rare to find a degree of latitude in which there is not an active vent. In the province of Chili a year never passes without some shocks of earthquake, and tremendous convulsions have frequently occurred, by which the land has been shaken from one extremity to the other, and large tracts have been raised to a great height above their former level; hot springs are also numerous in this district, and various kinds of mineral waters. Proceeding further north, we find in Peru only one active volcano as yet known, but earthquakes are extremely common. Towards the middle of Quito, where the Andes attain their greatest elevation, we find the gigantic piles of Chimborazo, Cotopaxi, &c., which frequently eject vast masses of flames. In the provinces between the isthmus of Panama and Mexico, there are no less than twenty-one active volcanoes, all contained between the tenth and fifteenth degrees of north latitude. In Mexico we find five active volcanoes; and in the peninsula of California, to the north of Mexico, there are several others. Another line of volcanic action commence in Russian America, and extends in an easterly direction nearly two hundred miles, and then runs southwards for a space of about sixty degrees of latitude to the Moluccas, when it branches off to the east and north-west; this line is continued through Kamtschatka, and over the Japanese and Phillippine Islands, in several of which there are active volcanoes. It passes through Java, and inclines gradually to the north-west, so as to point to the volcano in Barren Island, in the Bay of Bengal, about the twelfth degree of north latitude. In another direction the volcanic range is prolonged through Borneo, Celebes, and New Guinea; and further eastward, in New Britain, New Ireland, and various parts of the Polynesian Archipelago. The Pacific Ocean, near the equator, seems to be one vast scene of volcanic action, and its numerous groups of islands are all composed of coralline limestones, or volcanic rocks, interspersed with several vents frequently in active operation.

If we turn our attention to the principal volcanic region of the old world, we shall find it to extend from east to west for about one thousand miles, from the Caspian Sea to the Azores; including the greater part of the Mediterranean, and its most prominent peninsulas. From north to south it reaches for about the 35th to the 45th degree of latitude; and on the west it extends to the ocean; its eastern limit is difficult to fix, as the country beyond the Caspian Sea is not sufficiently known for any accurate statement to be made. The southern boundaries of this region include the most northerly

parts of Africa, and part of Arabia; and throughout the whole of this vast extent, numerous points of volcanic eruption may be traced, while few tracts, of any extent, have been entirely exempt from earthquakes throughout the last three thousand years.*

The best way of obtaining a clear idea of the mode of action in volcanic vents, is to take a more minute survey of one or two of those regions which have been the scene of the most extensive volcanic eruptions, and for this purpose we will first select the district round Naples, there being, from its early civilization, more authenticated information respecting its operations in past ages, than belongs to any other region; and its also containing the most noted volcanoes of modern times. The district of Neapolitan volcanoes, extends from Vesuvius along the coast, including the whole of the Bay of Naples, and the two islands of Procida and Ischia, lying at one extremity of the Bay, and some distance from the coast. Within this district the volcanic force is sometimes developed in single eruptions from a considerable number of points, but its great action is confined to the principal vent, Vesuvius, or Somma. The island of Ischia, about eighteen miles in circumference, has been repeatedly colonized, and the inhabitants have been as often compelled to quit it on account of the fury of its eruptions; but it is now many centuries since any eruption has occurred of sufficient violence to lay waste the country in the manner of the ancient explosions, and the island is now thickly populated. This island is entirely of volcanic origin, and a sub-marine connection is supposed to exist between it and the larger crater of Vesuvius. Though this district has abounded with volcanic eruptions from the earliest periods of tradition, we do not hear of any active explosions from Vesuvius, until about sixty-five years after the Christian era, before which time that mountain afforded no other indications of its volcanic character, than the similarity of its structure to other volcanoes. These indications were recognized by Strabo, but Pliny did not include Vesuvius in his list of active vents.† The ancient cone terminated with a flat surface, and not, as at present, with two peaks. The flanks of the mountain were covered with fertile, richly cultivated fields, and at its base were the populous cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum. But this long interval of repose was at length interrupted, and in the year 79, a terrific eruption took place, ejecting vast showers of ashes and pumice stones, beneath which those cities were entirely buried. The elder Pliny, the historian, was stationed in the vicinity, having command of the Roman fleet, and in his anxiety to obtain a view of the eruption, he approached too near, and was suffocated by the sulphureous vapours. Frequent eruptions continued after this time, but the most remarkable happened in 1538, when several violent shocks of earthquake were felt in the neighbourhood of Puzzuoli, near the extremity of the district previously mentioned, which ended in an explosion of lava and ashes from a gulf near the town, and a portion of the surface was thrown up so as to form a mountain of the height of 440 feet, which has been since called Monte Nuovo. After this wonderful convulsion, Vesuvius continued tranquil till 1631, from which time to the present, eruptions have continued to take place every ten or twelve years, and sometimes at much shorter intervals. A great change in the crater of Vesuvius took place during the eruption in 1822, when a series of violent explosions, during a space of twenty days, threw out an immense mass of lava, and also threw down a great portion of the cone, so as to leave a mouth or chasm, about three miles in circumference. The depth of this tremendous abyss has been differently estimated; when it was formed soon after the eruption, it was estimated at not less than 2000 feet to the extreme part of the existing summit; more than eight hundred feet of the cone was carried away by this eruption, so that the mountain was reduced in height from about 4200 to 3400 feet.‡

Etna, of which we have, next to Vesuvius, the most authentic records, is situated in the Island of Sicily, and is the largest volcanic mountain in Europe, as its extreme height is not much short of 11,000 feet; and is chiefly composed of volcanic matter. The base of its cone is almost circular, and eighty-seven miles in circumference, but the streams of lava ejected from it have extended over a district probably double that extent. Etna is divided by nature into three distinct zones or districts, called the *fertile*, the *woody*, and the *desert*. The first of these comprise the country round the foot of the mountain, and is well cultivated, and thickly inhabited; the woody region extends

* Lyell's Geology.

† Lyell.

‡ Edinburgh Journal of Science.

about six miles in width, and affords pasture for numerous herds, and the trees in it are various and luxuriant. Above this is the desert region, a waste chiefly composed of lava, from which the cone rises to the height of above 1100 feet, from whence sulphureous vapours are continually emitted; so much so, that the few adventurous travellers who have reached the summit, have found great caution necessary to escape their deadly influence. Over the whole of the surface of Etna, are many minor cones, or secondary volcanoes, which have been thrown up at different times by the force of the eruptions, and some of which are in themselves hills of considerable altitude, one of them being 700 feet in height; and several others from 400 to 500. These minor cones, as also the principal one, are frequently undergoing great changes, and every eruption causes considerable difference in their height and appearance. The records of volcanic eruptions in Etna, are extremely ancient, and have frequently been accompanied with most destructive earthquakes; but we cannot, at present, enter into detail on this subject.

The most complete chronological records of volcanic eruptions, after those already named, are in Iceland, for their history reaches as far back as the ninth century of our era; and it is evident that for the greatest part of that period, there has rarely been an interval of twenty years, without either an eruption or an earthquake. So intense is the force of the volcanic action in Iceland, that some eruptions of Hecla, have lasted several years without ceasing. Earthquakes have often shaken the whole island at once, causing great changes of surface, as the rending of mountains, the sinking of hills, turning rivers from their channels, and producing new lakes.*

But there are other remarkable features of volcanic action peculiar to Iceland, which claim our more especial notice, and are truly reckoned among the most wonderful phenomena of nature. These are the celebrated geysers, or springs of boiling water. They are seldom found very near a volcano, but are dispersed in different parts of the country. The largest geyser rises out of a spacious basin, at the summit of a circular mound; the diameter of the basin, or crater, is about fifty feet. From the centre of this basin, a perpendicular pipe descends, which is generally full of beautifully transparent water. When an eruption, or throwing up of the water takes place, a subterranean noise is heard, similar to the distant firing of cannon, which gradually increases, until a column of water, together with great clouds of vapour, is thrown from the basin, to the height of one or sometimes two hundred feet. After playing in this manner for some time, the water ceases, and a column of steam rushes up with amazing force and a thundering noise; after which the eruption terminates. If stones are thrown into the crater during an eruption, they are instantly ejected, and with such force, as to shiver pieces of hard rock into small splinters; and by throwing several large stones down the pipe of the geyser, when it is in a tranquil state, an eruption can be brought on in a few minutes, and in this case the explosive force seems to be much greater than at other times; but a greater space of time is requisite before another eruption comes on, after an explosion has been produced by this artificial means.†

In the different explanations as to the causes of this singular explosion, all writers agree in supposing a cavity at some distance below the surface, where a quantity of water is collected by means of various fissures descending into it; while an extremely high degree of heat is communicated to it by some volcanic action. The temperature of the water is thus raised, until, at last, the lower part of the cavity, is filled with boiling water, and the upper part with steam, under a high pressure; the expansive force of the steam becomes at last so great, that the boiling water is forced up the pipe in the manner described, and on the water being ejected, the steam then rushes up with great force, as on opening the valve of a steam boiler. From this explanation, any one at all conversant with the nature of steam, will be aware that throwing in large stones would, by increasing the pressure and heat, cause the eruption to take place before it would have done if left to itself.‡

Another remarkable feature of this region, so prolific in natural wonders, is the boiling mud and sulphur mountain, so called from its being covered with earth and clay, from which sulphureous vapours are continually rising, presenting a very different

* Van Hoff.

† Henderson's Residence in Iceland.

‡ Lyell.

appearance from the water springs of the geysers, but most probably owing their origin to the same cause. The greatest extent of this sulphur field is found a short distance from Hecle. At the foot of the mountain is a small bank, composed of clay and sulphur; beyond which, is a deep hollow, whence a profusion of vapour arises, with a confused noise, as of boiling water, accompanied by steam escaping from crevices in the rock. This hollow being also covered with sulphur and clay, was both difficult and hazardous to walk over. At the bottom was a basin, similar to the basin of the geyser, full of boiling mud, which was frequently thrown to the height of six or eight feet; and when the thermometer was inserted into the clay surrounding it, the mercury rose to near the boiling point. The vapour issuing from crevices in every direction, was so strongly impregnated with sulphur, as to render visiting this place an undertaking of considerable danger.

The origin of these subterranean fires is not easily explained; but they are, most probably, caused by the chemical action of different combustible substances at a great depth in the earth. M. Lemerry tried the following experiment to illustrate their origin:—He mixed twenty-five pounds of sulphur, with an equal weight of iron-filings, and having, by the addition of water, made them into a paste, he buried them, covered up in a pot, a foot under ground; in about ten hours, the ground above became warm, and cracked, sending forth hot sulphureous vapours. Much dissertation respecting their origin has taken place among scientific men, and every element has been successively argued as being the primary agent. But little has hitherto been proved, except the general agreement, that subterranean fires are caused by chemical combination and decomposition, aided by the air, gasses, and vapours, abounding in the cavities of the earth. Much of the uncertainty of positive information on this subject, is to be attributed to the fact that the notices of the volcanic eruptions, and also the earthquakes of ancient times, are confined to the devastation caused by them, and are rather a summary of their effects, than of any physical changes accompanying them; and this deficiency of information is more to be regretted, from the fact that in every instance where the spirit of scientific inquiry has prompted the witnesses of these events, much valuable information has been obtained, calculated to throw great light on former changes in the surface of the earth.

We now come to the next great agent in the convulsions of nature,—earthquakes; and will, in the first place, notice the atmospheric appearances by which they are usually preceded and accompanied, and which are as follow:—sudden gusts of wind, interrupted by dead calms; violent rains at unusual seasons, or in countries where they are not common; a reddening of the sun's disk, and haziness in the air; emission of sulphureous vapours from the earth; noises underground like distant thunder; animals uttering cries of distress, and seeming in great alarm; and a sensation of dizziness in the head is also frequently felt by men; and these appearances have always been noticed on such occasions in all parts of the world where earthquakes have ever been recorded.

The effects of earthquakes on the surface of the earth are various. Sometimes the earth is heaved up in a perpendicular direction, and sometimes it assumes a sort of rolling motion from side to side. Large chasms, or openings, are frequently made in the earth, extending a considerable distance, and being of great depth; these openings are sometimes in an irregular form, spreading in many directions from one centre, in a similar manner to the cracks in a square of glass, which has been broken in the middle. They are also sometimes perfectly round, and filled with water like a pond; and instances are known of large tracts of land, near the top or on the side of a hill, being detached by the force of a shock, and carried down on to the lower grounds, causing a change in the scene, somewhat equal to the magic wand of the far-famed genii of the east. The destruction of life and property caused by earthquakes is almost beyond calculation, as many instances are on record of above half the houses of a large and flourishing town, with the greater number of their inhabitants, being destroyed at one shock. The most appalling example in modern times occurred at Lisbon, in 1755, when the greater part of the city, including several churches and public buildings, were laid in ruins; and according to calculation, not less than 60,000 of the inhabitants perished, though the whole duration of the convulsion did not exceed six minutes. Several slight shocks had been felt at previous times; and the shock

was preceded by all the atmospherical appearances named above. The shock was felt throughout the whole coast, and ships a distance at sea, were tossed as in a storm, though not a breath of wind was stirring at the time. Great damage was done at Cadiz and Seville, and the shock was felt at Madrid, Gibraltar, and Malaga; Algiers and Morocco also suffered much injury, and in the latter province alone, about 8000 persons were overwhelmed. The force of this earthquake extended through France and Germany, and as far north as Norway and Sweden, where slight shocks were felt in several places, and the sea was much agitated. It was also perceptible in many parts of Great Britain and Ireland, where the principal effect was the agitation of the water of lakes and rivers, and unusual tides on the sea coast.

Various opinions have been formed and proposed for the explanation of the dreadful phenomena of earthquakes. The ancients supposed that clouds existed in the internal cavities of the earth, and bursting forth, shook and demolished the vaults that contained them. Others argued that those cavities contained subterranean fires, the action of which, at length destroyed the supports of their cells, which falling down, caused the convulsion. The philosophers of the more modern schools attributed them to the explosion of various inflammable vapours, which were exhaled from the internal cavities. These and similar hypothesis were generally accepted till about the middle of the eighteenth century, when Dr. Stukeley first started the idea that they were caused by electricity; and Dr. Priestley also proposed an improved theory on the same principles. Another solution to this difficult problem has also been proposed, coinciding in some measure, with the opinions of the ancient authors; it is, that earthquakes are caused by the sudden expansion of water into steam, by the action of subterranean fire; and this opinion is somewhat corroborated by the discoveries of recent years, respecting the expansive power and force of steam. The shocks of earthquakes, and the eruption of volcanoes are, in all probability, modifications of one common cause; the same countries are liable to both, and when the agitation produced by an earthquake extends further than there is reason to suspect a subterranean commotion, it is probably propagated through the earth in the same manner as sound is conveyed through the air. Still the difficulties attending the subject are not removed, and the true cause remains involved in great obscurity; perhaps all the agents which have been stated as the primary cause, may have some influence in contributing to the effect, and may operate at different times, and in different circumstances.

It has been already mentioned that during the great eruption of Vesuvius in 79, the cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum, situated near the base of that mountain, were destroyed, and before concluding the subject, we must pause a moment on their being again restored, after the lapse of nearly eighteen centuries, to the tread of man, and the light of heaven. The discovery of Herculaneum was occasioned by the accidental circumstance of a well being sunk, which came down upon the theatre, where several statues were found; the houses are mostly without roofs, and are many of them built of lava, with which material the streets are also paved. Both at Herculaneum and Pompeii, temples have been found with inscriptions commemorating their having been re-built, after they were thrown down by an earthquake, which happened sixteen years before they were overwhelmed. Many of the buildings, both public and private, bear testimony to this catastrophe; the walls are in many places rent, and columns thrown down; and in some instances, blocks of stone are found, half hewn into shape, as if for the repair of some damaged edifice. The interior of some of the buildings appeared just in the state in which the destructive showers had found them; the paintings on the walls were as vivid as when fresh, and names and other things written on the walls were perfectly legible: there were fountains decorated with shells; and in one house, probably belonging to a painter, a large collection of shells were found in as good a state of preservation as if they had been stored in a museum. The wooden beams in the houses are almost in the state of fresh wood, very small signs of decay being discernible. Fishing nets are numerous at both cities, often quite entire, and their number at Pompeii is more remarkable, the distance from this city to the sea being now upwards of a mile. Linen has been found at Herculaneum, with the texture well defined; and in a fruiterer's shop, vessels full of almonds, chestnuts, and other fruits were discovered, all distinctly recognizable from their shape. A loaf, also, was found in a baker's shop, with his name stamped upon it, thus:—"Elevis Q. Crani Riser." In the shop of an apothecary were found pills and medicinal herbs; and also moist olives,

in a state of wonderful preservation; numerous other instances might be cited of articles equally perishable in their texture, being discovered in a similar state of preservation. Many books or *papyri* have been found in both cities, many of them retaining the shape into which they had been rolled, and in appearance resembling round pieces, or cudgels of wood, reduced to the state of a cinder, and partly petrified. About 1500 of these rolls, or volumes, were found in one house at Herculaneum; the apartment in which they were contained was fitted up with wooden presses round the walls, about six feet in height, with a double row in the middle, so as to allow a free passage on every side. The wood of which these were made was burned to a cinder, and gave way at the first touch; but the books, though completely carbonised by the heat, were sufficiently preserved to admit of their removal. Mr. Lyell, in speaking of these rolls, observes,—“The small bundles of *papyri*, composed of five or six rolls tied up together, had sometimes lain horizontally, and were pressed in that direction, but were sometimes placed in a verticle position; small tickets were attached to each bundle, on which the title of the work was inscribed. In one case only have the sheets been found with writing on both sides of the pages; so numerous are the obliterations and corrections, that many must have been original manuscripts. Almost all are written in Greek, and but few in Latin; the titles of four hundred of those least injured have been read, and are found to be unimportant works, chiefly relating to music, rhetoric, and cookery. There are two volumes of Epicurus “on Nature,” and the others are mostly writers of the same school; only one fragment having been discovered by an opponent of the Epicurean system. In the opinion of some antiquarians, not one-hundredth part of the city has yet been explored; and the quarters hitherto cleared out, are those where there was the least probability of discovering manuscripts.”

A very small number of skeletons have been found in either city, and it is evident that the greater part of the inhabitants not only escaped, but also carried with them the principal part of their jewels and valuable effects. In the barracks at Pompeii were the skeletons of two soldiers chained to the stocks, and in the vaults of a country house in the suburbs, the skeletons of seventeen persons were found, who had apparently fled there to escape the shower of ashes; on one of the skeletons was a chain of gold, and rich jewels on the fingers; and several amphoræ, or wine-vessels, were ranged along the wall. Some other skeletons were also found in different parts of the city, most of them having something still grasped between their fingers, as if they had been overwhelmed in the moment of escape.

Besides the cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum, a small town called Stabizæ, about six miles from Vesuvius, was overwhelmed during the same eruption. Pliny mentions that when his uncle was there, he was obliged to make his escape to avoid the showers of falling stones and ashes.* In the ruins of this town a few skeletons have been found, together with some antiquities, but nothing of any great value.

The awful solemnity of a scene like this has been thus ably described by a classical traveller,—“Pompeii possesses a secret power that captivates and fixes,—I had almost said,—melts the soul. In other times and in other places, one single edifice, a temple, a theatre, a tomb, that had escaped the wreck of ages, would have enchanted us; even a solitary column was beheld with veneration; but to discover a single house, the abode of a Roman in his privacy, the scene of his domestic hours, was an object of fond but hopeless longing. Here not a temple, nor a theatre, nor a column, nor a house, but a whole city rises before us, untouched, unaltered, the same as it was eighteen hundred years ago, when inhabited by Romans. We range through the same streets, tread the same pavement, behold the same walls, enter the same doors, and repose in the same apartments. While you are wandering through the abandoned rooms, you may, without any great effort of the imagination, expect to meet some former inhabitants, or perhaps, the master of the house himself, and almost feel like intruders who dread the appearance of any of the family. In the streets you are afraid of turning a corner, lest you should jostle a passenger; and on entering a house, the least noise startles, as

* It is most remarkable that the historian Pliny, the younger, though giving a circumstantial detail of so many facts connected with this eruption, and so minute an account of his uncle's death, and the particular mention of the quantity of ashes falling at Stabizæ, should make no allusion to the destruction of two such important cities as Pompeii and Herculaneum. Even Tacitus, his friend and contemporary, when speaking of the convulsion, merely says, that “cities were consumed or buried.”

if the proprietor was coming out of the back apartments. The traveller may long indulge the illusion, for not a voice is heard, not even the sound of a foot, to disturb the loneliness of the place, or interrupt his reflections. All around is silence; not the silence of solitude and repose, but of death and devastation,—the silence of a great city without a single inhabitant.”

G. P. J.

ON THE SCHOOLMASTER.

In answer to Veritas.*

DEAR brother VERITAS, a feeling heart
And a compassionate regard for man
Ennoble thee! Yet let them not mislead
Thee into wrong or superficial views:—
There is a two-fold stream of things we see
Runs through this life—a great and outward show—
Its waters fair, with grandeur flow, and seem
For glory born; yet 'tis a bitter stream,
Breathing of death, and worse than Marah's were:—
But there is yet a second stream in life,
An insignificant and rippling rill,
That takes its course along the hidden vale,
Where, tho' but small, it scarce can make a way
Through thorns and briars, furze and reeds and rocks;
Yet 'tis so sweet, that all the thirsty herds
Pass by the greater to the lesser stream.

And what of the poor man who daily toils
Amidst a hundred heedless, trifling boys?
Tho' they his counsels spurn: tho' he is poor!
Subject to insolence! ingratitude!
And *all the viler passions*!! Why, he learns,
In richest lessons, human nature's worth,
And reaps contentment, patience, and the like,
For his reward. His mind is taught to soar
Above this grovelling earth! A mighty prince
Might envy him! He may be truly rich!

Rutland Lodge, Scarbro'.

A. G. TYSON.

A WISH.

O, for the time when all discordant strife
And party feelings shall for ever cease;
When virtuous acts shall dignify the life,
And crown the end of every man with peace.
When truth and friendship shall exalt our land,
And rich and poor with kindly thoughts impress;
When each shall take his neighbour by the hand,
And cheer and help a brother in distress.
But though I wait impatient for that day,
It far, far distant, still, alas! may be;
Yet till it comes my heart shall ever pray,—
LORD give me bread, and peace, and charity.

Rose of Cheetham Lodge, Cheetham Hill.

ROBERT WOOD.

* See page 254.

TO THE EDITOR AND COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT FOR THE MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

YOUR last Number, in my estimation, fully keeps pace with its predecessors. There are several original articles that would be ornaments to any publication, however high-sounding and attractive its title. The selections also have been made with considerable taste.

It is not my intention, upon this occasion, to comment on each article, but merely to notice a few of the originals, and such of those only as more immediately concern us as an Institution.

To begin with the Poetry, the first claiming our attention is "**LINES ADDRESSED TO THE MOON**," by W. L. G., which are well worthy of that promising bard, who appears to be possessed of poetic talents of no ordinary and every-day description. In my last I had occasion to speak with pleasure of his productions: I trust he will not allow his muse to lie idle, but continue to contribute his share for the instruction and gratification of the readers of the Magazine.

"**LINES ADDRESSED TO A MARKET TOWN IN THE COUNTY OF STAFFORD**."—Of this little can be said. Perhaps Gulielmus is a very young suitor to the muses; if so, his production is tolerable. Let him try again; for remember, application, patience and perseverance overcometh many obstacles.

"**THE DYING BOY**," by Richard White, P. G.: a chaste, beautiful, and affecting production, and one that cannot fail to be duly felt and appreciated, more particularly by every bereaved parent. What can be more beautiful than

"Wide over earth morn spreads her rosy wings,
And the meek sufferer, cold and ivory pale,
Lay on his couch asleep."

"**TO THE SACRED BRITISH BARDS**," by J. D.: a sublime and pious production, and one that will repay a perusal.

Such letters as that of J. I., on "**PHRENOLOGY**," are very suitable for our publication; as this is particularly a scientific age, it behoves us to endeavour to keep pace with the march of improvement. A series of letters upon this subject are very likely to be conducive to improvement; more particularly so, since the science of Phrenology is most decidedly progressing to a vast extent in the estimation of the reflecting part of the community. I should wish J. I. to give a plate of the human head, properly divided and explained; it would very materially assist to elucidate the subject, and would enable the reader at once to refer to the various organs with much more ease than he could possibly do without one, after the most lengthened and elaborate description.

The "**ADDRESS**" of brother Thomas Yates Walsh leads us to infer that, even in America, that land of liberty, (as well as in our own isle), Odd Fellowship has had its enemies; but I trust they are beginning to be there, as they are here, like angels' visits, few and far between. The deeply-rooted prejudices that have so long had hold of the public mind, with respect to Odd Fellowship, are beginning to fade away like mist before the refulgent rays of the summer's sun.

I well remember, when I was a mere boy, that the greatest care was taken to instil into my young mind the mischiefs and evil inevitably resulting from a connexion with Odd Fellows. I was taught to believe that there was something mysterious amongst them,—something derogatory to civilized society. When about 14 years of age, a member lent me a copy of the general laws: I there at once saw that I had been imposed upon—that I had been grossly deceived. So fully convinced was I of this, that I resolved, as soon as age permitted, I would avail myself of the privileges connected with membership. I religiously kept and fulfilled my resolution, and since that time I have been enabled, conscientiously, to attempt (though ever so feebly) to dispel the clouds of ignorance that have so long enveloped the minds of my fellow-men concerning this subject. I have little doubt but most, or a great many, who have been members for any length of time, have had to labour under the same misunderstanding as myself;

but these things are now fast passing away, like a tale that has been told,—brighter prospects now begin to dawn upon us : the Institution has now begun to enjoy more of the world's good opinion and approbation ; only let the members endeavour to practice what their principles teach, and I have no doubt but we shall, ere long, enjoy our full share of public approbation. There is one point worthy of notice, whilst we are upon this subject, viz : the mystery that many of the members strive to give to everything belonging to the Order, when really we have, or ought to have, very little of mystery or secrecy about us. What have we (except pass-words, &c.) that we have any cause to be afraid of being brought immediately before the public eye ? I know of nothing. The more we are known, the more we shall be respected ; and yet how fond a great many of the members are of endeavouring to clothe everything about us with a veil of impenetrable mystification. These things belong to the days that are gone by, and not to the present enlightened age.

The letter of Mercurius is also worthy of attention. The subject is one of vast importance to us as a Society ;—for who will attempt to draw a comparison betwixt the members of Lodges shouting songs and mangling recitations, and their being engaged in the discussion of, or listening to, a Lecture upon some useful science or branch of knowledge ? I can personally bear testimony to the advantages resulting from a connexion with a Mechanics' Institution, and consequently the Lectures. It can be no weighty objection that can be raised against the plan proposed by Mercurius, but I would earnestly recommend the subject to the attention of the Order generally.

SCRUTATOR.

December, 1838.

PHRENOLOGY.

No. III.

XII.—CAUTIOUSNESS.

THIS organ is situated near the middle of each parietal bone, where the ossification of the bone generally commences ; or on each side of Love of Approbation, rather a little lower down, just above Secretiveness. The faculty produces the emotion of fear in general ; it leads the individual in whom it is strong to hesitate before he acts, and from an apprehension of danger, to trace consequences, that he may be assured of his safety ; it is an essential organ in a prudent character. When very large it produces sensations of dread and apprehension, and the individual never decides on the most trivial concerns, without unnecessarily extended consideration. It is an element in a bashful character, and in consequence produces great timidity. When combined with large Combativeness, it gives rise to a valiant but prudent character ; when deficient there is often great precipitancy, and the individual frequently proceeds to act without mature deliberation.

GENUS III.—OF THE AFFECTIVE FACULTIES.

2.—*Superior Sentiments.*

XIII.—BENEVOLENCE

Is situated in the forepart of the head, in the coronal aspect, and immediately before the fontanel. It produces the desire of the happiness of others, and incites us to exert ourselves to diffuse happiness around us ; it communicates mildness to the temper, and disposes the possessor to view charitably the actions and character of others. Where it is very large, with deficient Cautiousness and Acquisitiveness, it may lead to the most unwarrantable and imprudent acts of generosity ; when small, there is great indifference to the welfare of others,—self will be the ruling power, and the attention will be entirely monopolized. When deficient, and Destructiveness large, it will be difficult for such to be either amiable or useful members of society.

Sentiments proper to Man.

XIV.—VENERATION.

This organ is situated immediately above Benevolence. This faculty produces the sentiment of respect and reverence, and when directed to the Supreme Being, adoration. It is a chief element in filial piety. When the organ is largely developed, and that of Self-Esteem small, humility will be the result. Profanity is not the result of its deficiency, but the mind, in consequence, will be little sensible to the respectful and reverential feelings before described. This organ is in general much developed in the Negroes.

XV.—FIRMNESS

Is situated at the posterior part of the coronal aspect of the brain, between Veneration and Self-Esteem; it produces determination, perseverance, and decision of character; it is the basis of independence of mind,—fortitude, as distinguished from active courage, results from it. A good development of it is essential to perseverance in any course connected with toil or difficulty; it gives, however, perseverance only in manifesting the faculties which are possessed by the individual in adequate strength. A person with great Firmness, and a good development of Tune, may persevere in making music; diminish the Tune, so as to render him insensible to melody, he will not then persevere in the attempt; but if he have great Casualty, he may then be constant in abstract study. When deficient, the character will be marked by great unsettledness and wavering of mind, concurring in the opinions and desires of others, though contrary to the directions of his own judgment; obstinacy, stubbornness, and infatuation are the results of a great development of this organ,—of such an individual it may be said,—

“Convince a man against his will.
He'll be of the same opinion still.”

XVI.—CONSCIENTIOUSNESS

Is situated on each side of Firmness. It produces the feeling of duty, obligation, and incumbency. We have no single definite expression in the English language, whereby we can convey the meaning of this faculty; justice is the result of it acting in combination with the intellectual powers. It is difficult to define exactly what we commonly understand by the term justice, since there is no determinate justice given by nature; our distinctions, then, must be arbitrary. A large endowment of this organ is of the highest importance in regulating the conduct; the individual is inclined to judge equitably the motives and conduct of others, it gives him great pleasure in acting justly between man and man; his conduct is regulated by the golden rule,—“do to others as you would that others should do unto you.” When the organ is small, the power of experiencing the sentiment is feeble, and the conduct, unless controlled by the other faculties, will correspond with that feeling; the individual, in consequence, is more apt to do an unprincipled action, if tempted by interest or inclination.

XVII.—HOPE.

This organ lies on each side of Veneration, and in front of Conscientiousness. It produces the tendency to believe in the possibility of what the other faculties desire, but without giving the conviction of it, which depends on reflection. The full development of this organ is necessary to the true enjoyment of life. It produces the natural tendency to look forward to futurity with the expectation of a blessed immortality. When the organ is small, and Cautiousness large, the mind will be harrassed by a gloomy despondency; when large, it disposes to credulity, to rash and inconsiderate speculations, which not being grounded on a reasonable basis, will prove a severe disappointment to those concerned.

XVIII.—WONDER,

(Called by Dr. Spurzheim, Marvellousness,) is situated above Ideality, and before Hope. It gives a tendency to believe in what is marvellous and supernatural. When very large, and internally active, it leads to a belief in spirits; and such imagine they see visions, and have communication with supernatural beings. When faintly developed, the individual desires to try everything by the standard of reason, experience, or common sense.

XIX.—IDEALITY

Is situated below Wonder and Hope, and just above Constructiveness and Acquisitiveness; it produces the feeling of beauty and perfectability; it is the source of what is beautiful, elevated, and refined. This faculty inspires with exaggeration and enthusiasm; it prompts to embellishment, and splendid conceptions. Poets who excel in the true poetic genius have it very much developed, such as Horace, Homer, and Milton. It is essential to those who cultivate the fine arts, such as painters, sculptors, &c.

XX.—WIT.

This organ is situated at the side of the upper part of the forehead, between Casualty and Ideality. It produces the sentiment of the ludicrous; some persons have it so strong that nothing can go through the brain without receiving a tinge from it, making it to appear in a ridiculous and laughable light. It is a predominant feature in the writings of Sterne, Voltaire, Swift, Rabelias, and Cervantes. When combined with Destructiveness, it produces satire; and humour, when combined with Secretiveness.

XXI.—IMITATION.

This organ lies on each side of Benevolence. It gives the power of imitating the actions of others; it is essential to great actors, those who excel in dramatic representations. There are comedians and tragedians, some who excel in the imitation of the softer feelings, others in the stronger; some in the representations of imperial characters, others in mild characters; that, however, is not conferred by this power alone: to perform a deep character many organs are requisite; Secretiveness is necessary, so that the actor may conceal his own character, while he assumes that of the individual whom he personifies.

ORDER II.—INTELLECTUAL FACULTIES.

It is by these Faculties that man and animals acquire a knowledge of their own internal sensations, and the external world. They consist of three genera,—the first includes the five senses; the second, the Perceptive Faculties, which take cognizance of external objects; the third, the Reflective Faculties, they trace abstract relations, and reason or reflect.

GENUS I.—EXTERNAL SENSES.

Each sense has two organs, but a single impression is received by the mind from affections of them; the Senses are,—first, Feeling, or Touch; second, Taste; third, Smell; fourth, Hearing; fifth, Sight; and Mr. Simpson conceives that there is evidence of a sixth sense, that of Force, or Resistance, of which the whole muscular frame is the external organ. (See *Phrenological Journal*, vol. 9, p. 193.)

GENUS II.—THE KNOWING FACULTIES, WHICH PERCEIVE THE EXISTENCE OF EXTERNAL OBJECTS, AND THEIR PHYSICAL QUALITIES.

XXII.—INDIVIDUALITY.

This organ is situated in the middle of the lower part of the forehead, just above the top of the nose; it is indicated by the breadth between the eyebrows. This organ produces the desire, accompanied with the ability, to know objects as mere existences, without regard to their modes of action or effects. It is well developed in individuals who excel in natural history, botany, geology, and in all those sciences which consist in a knowledge of specific existences. It was large in Sheridan and Sir Walter Scott. When deficient the power of observation is very weak.

XXIII.—FORM

Is situated below Individuality; its size is indicated by the width between the eyes; and generally when large, there is a great external breadth across the nose. It is by this faculty that man is rendered observant of form,—it gives the power of distinguishing faces. This organ, and likewise No. 22, was well developed in George III., and he possessed an amazing power of recollecting persons he had once seen. The French

and Italian have it larger, generally, than the English: to this is ascribed the power they have of finishing their works of art in the first style.

XXIV.—SIZE

Is situated at the inner and upper side of the eyebrow, on the two sides of Individuality; it gives the power of judging of space, and enables us to appreciate dimension and distance; but it is stated as only probable.

XXV.—WEIGHT.

This organ lies next to Size, in the eyebrow, but a little further distant from the nose. It communicates the perception of momentum, weight, and resistance; it is connected with a knowledge of the law of gravitation. By it, the archer, the player at billiards or quoits, adjusts the degree of force which is required for the degree of resistance to be overcome: but this organ, like that of No. 24, is not established.

XXVI.—COLOURING.

The organ of Colouring is situated in the middle of the arch of the eyebrow; it gives the perception of colours, their shades and their harmonies. Dr. Spurzheim relates a variety of striking instances of deficiency in this organ. One of them is that of Ottley, in Dublin. He could only distinguish the shades of red and green: if a dark green and a light red was placed before him, he could distinguish one from the other as differing in shade; but if there was placed before him a dark green and a dark red, he would say, "I receive one impression from the dark red and the dark green, and another impression from the light red and the light green, but the species of impression is the same, the only difference is the shade." A great developement of the organ gives a passion for colours, but it will not give a delicate taste in the compounding of them; that will depend more upon a well-regulated, rather than a powerful activity of the faculties.

GENUS III.—FACULTIES WHICH PERCEIVE THE RELATIONS OF EXTERNAL OBJECTS.

XXVII.—LOCALITY

Is situated above the eyebrow, on each side of Individuality; it imparts the power of recollecting places, and takes cognizance of the position of objects in space. A great developement of it will enable the individual to bring before his mind the whole scenery of a long journey; whereas, in cases of a deficiency, visits may be made to places previously seen, without having a bare recollection of them. Persons who have it very large will be inclined for travelling.

XXVIII.—NUMBER.

This organ is distinguished, when large, by a fullness of the outer angle of the eye; it is that faculty which gives the talent for calculation, or the conception of numbers.

XXIX.—ORDER.

This organ is situated above the outer angle of the orbit of the eye, between Number and Colouring; it produces a love for physical arrangement; it seems to be entirely confined to that, as mental classification results from the reflecting faculties. When deficient there is no taste for the beauty of order, and the individual will live quite contented in the midst of the greatest confusion.

XXX.—EVENTUALITY

Is situated exactly in the middle of the forehead, above Individuality; it takes cognizance of occurrences or events; it gives a talent for observation of changes, likewise for a narration of stories, anecdotes, and historical facts. This organ is useful in practical affairs; to the man of business, a good developement is essential.

XXXI.—TIME

Is situated on each side of Eventuality. This faculty gives the power of observing time in musical performance; it enables its possessor to have a just perception of

measured cadence, and seems to be the chief source of pleasure in dancing. It also aids the poet in his versification.

XXXII.—TUNE

Lies close to Time, between that organ and Constructiveness, immediately above the external angle of the orbit of the eye, as high as the middle of the forehead. This organ bears a corresponding relation to the ears, as the organ of Colour does to the eyes: the ear receives the impression of sounds, and is agreeably or disagreeably affected by them, but it has not the capability of recollecting tones, nor can it judge of their relations. The faculty inspires the mind with the perception of melody; but it is only one ingredient in a genius for music. To constitute a good musician, a combination of powers is requisite; a good development of Time and Imitation are necessary accompaniments to produce musical correctness.

XXXIII.—LANGUAGE.

This organ lies on the back part of the bone that forms the roof of the eye. A large development of it is indicated by the prominence of the eyes; when small they will present a depressed appearance. This faculty gives the power and facility of communicating our ideas by artificial signs or words; persons who have a great endowment of it have, even in ordinary conversation, a tendency to overload every subject with words. A deficiency will be marked by embarrassment in speaking, a painful repetition, and poverty of style.

GENUS IV.—REFLECTING FACULTIES.

The intellectual faculties which we have considered, give a knowledge of things and occurrences, their qualities and relations; we now come to those which produce ideas of *relation or reflection*.

XXXIV.—COMPARISON

Is situated above Eventuality, in the middle of the upper part of the forehead. It is this faculty which gives the power of perceiving resemblances, analogies, and differences. Tune may compare notes,—Colour contrast shades,—but Comparison may compare a shade and a note, a form and a colour, and find out a resemblance between both. It gives great power of illustration, and aids the explanation of one thing, by comparing it with another. Orators and popular preachers have it generally well developed.

XXXV.—CASUALTY

Is situated on the upper part of the forehead, on each side of comparison. This faculty traces out the relation of cause and effect; "it impresses us with an irresistible conviction that every phenomenon, or change in nature, has a cause, and hence, by successive steps, leads us to the First Cause of all." A good endowment of it gives deep penetration, and a quick perception of logical consequences in argument. When the organ is defective, the intellect will be superficial, and the individual, in consequence, will be unable to form comprehensive views, either in abstract science or business.

Thus far I have fulfilled my promise as respects this letter; but previous to concluding it, I must express my gratification at the liberality of the views of the Magazine Committee, respecting Phrenology; and after that, a word or two in reply to brother Weddell. All letters, of course, lie at the option of the Committee, whether they are inserted in the Magazine or not; and, had it not been for their quick discernment of the principles embodied in my first article, it probably would have been thrown overboard, and never more heard of. The definition given there of Phrenology, I grant was very brief; but neither the size nor the object of the Magazine, would admit of an elaborate elucidation of the subject; that must be looked for elsewhere. By a perusal of the fifth paragraph of my first article, it will there be seen distinctly, that Phrenology has no tendency to lead to infidelity and materialism, as is stated by H. L. Weddell; for Phrenologists do not put organs in the *cranium*, they only say that certain organs are there, through and by which the mind manifests itself. Now he (H. L. W.) grants "that it has been said by individuals, that if God has given me such and such organs, I can't help it if they make me do so and so,—it is not my fault; that the man

VOL. 5—No. 6—2 P.

who studies Phrenology in its medical light, (that being the only light in which it can be useful,) answers, it is true you have certain organs very large, and feel inclined to do wrong, but it is your duty to combat these thoughts and ideas,—there is a moral principle in you, which will, if properly exercised, counteract the evil tendency of these organs." Now this seems to be strange doctrine to a "half-educated man;" whereas, when he is told that all the organs he is in possession of are given him for specific purposes, and are the endowments of a beneficent Creator; that the abuse of them are not to be attributed to him, but chiefly to his own *imperfect education*, and the *ignorance of his parents*; it will then appear to him in a more reasonable and comprehensive light; he will see where his error lies, and how it may be partially removed; that by cultivating his *moral powers* and *intellectual faculties*, he will be able, in a great measure, to overcome his *animal propensities*.

Had my opinion of Phrenology been the same as H. L. W's, believing it to be a "medical science," a subject too which "has no relation to the chief body of the people," I never would have given myself any trouble about it; but my views are very different. At the same time, I have the greatest respect for brother Weddell; although his opinions differ from mine, I assure him I would stretch out the right hand of fellowship to him, as cordially as I would to one that coincided with my views respecting the science. I have not the slightest idea that anything here advanced will have the least tendency to injure his profession; I assure him, that neither the design of the writer, nor the subject treated of, are intended to do so: for it is not I that speak,—it is Nature. And it may be asked, "Why Nature, when she speaks to a geologist, or chemist, should be listened to with profound attention, and her revelation treasured for human improvement; but is scouted and dispised when she speaks to, and is interpreted by phrenologists? It is God who speaks from Nature in all her departments; and the brain is as assuredly his workmanship, as the Milky Way, with all its myriads of suns."* I feel convinced if phrenology, as the science of the mind, and the doctrine of the natural laws, with the adaptation of man to external objects, were taught to the people as part of their ordinary education, there would be more philanthropy practised among mankind generally; for each individual would feel that his greatest possible happiness consisted in making all around him comfortable and happy, thus fulfilling the mandates of our benevolent Institution.

My zeal for the promotion of the science has been the cause of my remarks being so extended, they have far exceeded my anticipations, but in justice to the subject, I considered them highly requisite, so that it might appear in its natural light; but as I have already trespassed too much, I must conclude by returning you my sincere thanks for the generosity evinced by the Committee toward this subject, at the same time hoping that this long epistle will not tend to a forfeiture of that indulgence which has hitherto been so kindly tendered to me.

J. I.

Birmingham Pride Lodge, Birmingham, February, 1839.

ERRATA FOR LAST NUMBER.

Page 270, line 3, for *Falioform*, read *Falciform*.
 Page 271, line 2, for *occiputal*, read *occipital*.
 Page 271, line 3, for *sensual*, read *sexual*.

IMPORTANCE OF EDUCATION.—All who have meditated on the art of governing mankind, have been convinced that the fate of empires depends on the education of youth.—*Aristotle*.

Little minds rejoice over the errors of men of genius, as the owl rejoices at an eclipse.

* Combe's Constitution of Man.

GENERAL WIDOW AND ORPHANS' FUND.

TO THE EDITOR AND COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT FOR THE MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

It is only fair and just that I should make some reply to the letter of P. P. D. G. M. Camm, who has kindly rectified an error in my calculation; he has, however, also fallen into an error himself. He states the mortality in England during the middle period of life, to be about two per cent., which I believe is true. This, of course, makes 600 widows in one year; but then the average mortality includes both *males and females*, which reduces his calculation to 300 widows annually; and as about three females die to two males, his calculation will be still further reduced. But it will be more satisfactory, if I give the basis (correct or incorrect) on which I drew my calculation. There appeared in a No. of our Magazine, in 1837, I believe, a report from the Stockport Senior Funeral Fund. According to this statement the Fund musters 2000 members. Now I concluded that this Fund had most likely been a work of time; that 2900 members did not join it in two or three years; and I found it had sixteen widows on its relief list. Now, if we take the whole Order at the same rate, namely, 100,000 members, and allow sixteen widows for every 2000 members, it will only make 800 widows in one year, supposing the whole were married; and allowing my calculation of 30,000 married brothers to be near the mark, we can *then* only have 240 widows in one year. But if my other supposition, which is very natural, is correct, that the Stockport Funeral Fund took several years to collect 2000 members, we shall have the number *decreased*, most materially, even to less than my calculation; for supposing the Stockport Fund took three years to obtain 2000 members, and had only sixteen widows in that time, it will only allow 80 widows per annum for the 30,000 married brothers.

I do not wish to see so momentous a plan as the proposed one brought forward in a hurry; I wish the whole Unity thoroughly to understand the plan, and I feel obliged to any brother who will be at the trouble to point out what he deems an error in it; for my only desire is, to do good to the Order at large, and to extend the blessings of Odd Fellowship.

I have received numerous and most flattering answers from all parts of the Unity, and all promising to support the plan as far as lies in their power; indeed I am in great hopes that there will be propositions from many parts of England in its favour at the next A. M. C. It is only fair that I should return my sincere thanks for the manner in which my circulars have been answered. If your readers could but see the affectionate words that have been used, and the kind compliments which have been paid me, they would excuse me for feeling a little proud of having been the *first* promoter of such a plan. I remain, your affectionate brother, in the Bonds of the Order,

H. L. WEDDELL.

Loyal Perseverance Lodge, Thirsk, January 25th, 1839.

[Mr. Weddell will perceive that we have somewhat curtailed his letter; but it came to hand so late that we had no other alternative.]

TO OUR READERS.

OFTEN as we have had to notice the increase of the Order, and the extension of its principles and utility, we have never had greater occasion for congratulation than at the present time. During the last quarter our increase and prosperity have been such as to gratify our warmest hopes; and we feel justified in saying, that there never was a period when Odd Fellowship stood so high in numbers, in respectability, in talent and influence as at present. Most of our readers will be aware that the Unity List, which show the number of Lodges and members, is this year made up to the 1st of March, instead of the 1st of April, as heretofore, thereby only showing the increase of eleven months instead of twelve; yet notwithstanding we have the gratifying fact to announce an increase, during that period, of 290 Lodges, and about 22,000 members.

The total amount of members on the 1st of April, 1838, was 91,702; and we find that their numbers are now swelled to about 112,000, giving nearly an average increase of 14 members per every Lodge in the Order. The cash account, we understand, is also in a most flourishing condition: the profits for the year, we believe, will be greater than any previous one, being about £2600. cash in the bankers' hands. This circumstance, however pleasing to the Directors, shows also the satisfactory state of the Order; Districts send their accounts freely, and every one appears content. Another great source of gratification is, that the Order has extended in distance as well as in numbers: numerous Lodges have been established, during the past year, in places where Odd Fellowship was before unknown, and in every instance the branches give earnest of being healthy additions to the parent stock.

If there are yet persons who doubt the utility of our Institution, this gradual and unprecedented increase must convince them of their error. It may be admitted that public opinion may err for the moment, but that will soon correct itself. A few persons, say hundreds, may join the Order out of curiosity, or other unworthy motives, but thousands would not do so. It cannot be doubted, if those who joined our ranks found it a mere farce, they would not remain members. How, then, can we account for such an influx of members? The reasons which can be assigned are, the excellency of the constitution, the uprightness of administering the laws, and the advantages accruing to those who join us. The working man knows, that in case of sickness, he is certain of relief: although his own Lodge is low in funds, he has no dread of losing the benefit of his savings; for should his Lodge be necessitated to close, (a circumstance of very rare occurrence), he can immediately join another Lodge, and be in full benefit.

The notice of the more wealthy and intelligent portion of the community is likewise beginning to be more directed towards us; and we are proud to know that it will detect nothing exceptionable or immoral in our constitution or enactments. On the contrary, we stand in a position to claim, without hesitation, the approval and support of the philanthropist, the christian, and the senator. A body of above 100,000 men of all sects, parties and descriptions, united together for mutual and benevolent assistance,—unconnected with politics,—good subjects of the government,—fearing God, loving the brotherhood, and honouring the queen,—subscribing £120,000, and spending above £100,000 in charitable purposes, cannot be regarded by intelligent and humane persons with any other than most gratified and approving sensations. We wish also to add to this the means of improving the minds, exalting the character, and ameliorating the minds of our members, by detaching them, so far as our influence goes, from the degrading pleasures of sense, and fixing their attention upon more intellectual pursuits.

Man, unlike a beast, requires something more than mere working, eating, and sleeping: the most of us have an hour or two occasionally to spare, which we devote to enjoyments of some kind or other,—and how can that better be spent than in a Lodge-room? If a person is of active disposition he can take office, which teaches the necessity of attention and order; or if rather inclined for quiet enjoyment, he has plenty of opportunity to amuse and be amused by others;—and what an excellent school for youth, not to exceed in their pleasures the bounds of moderation. It cannot be denied that most young men will at times enjoy a social hour, and will he not be more benefited to enjoy it in an Odd Fellow's Lodge than in a drinking club, or free and easy? and if a person is of a sympathizing disposition, what enjoyment must he have when Lodge-business is opened! Here the noble mind is developed: he not only exerts himself to furnish the greatest amount the funds will allow to the sick, the widow, the orphan, or the distressed, but he enlists himself to comfort and soothe the unfortunate who crave his sympathy. In short, Odd Fellows in their enjoyment embrace usefulness—their social hours are blended with acts of kindness—the donor receives a benefit equal to the receiver, the difference is only in kind, and each retires with peace and contentment.

We are, however, constrained to confess that some few blemishes do yet remain in our establishment, and we are not—any more than any other human Institution is—perfect. To one of these the attention of our readers was judiciously directed by P. G. Wheelhouse, of the St. David Lodge, in the last number of this journal. His observations “on Sunday Lectures and Sunday Committees” are very correct, and express our own opinion.

We will not deny that it is an evil that our Lodges should be held in public-houses at all, but at the same time it is one for which we acknowledge we can see no present remedy. In many of our large towns the Odd Fellows' Hall makes one of the most conspicuous of their public buildings, and when this is the case, the Order are, of course, perfectly independent, and all use it for their several meetings; and for this reason nothing gives us more pleasure than to hear of the erection of such edifices. But in the smaller towns and villages, there are neither numbers nor wealth to attempt anything of the kind; and with the pound of good we must be content to take the grain of evil, and meet at the inn or the village tavern. Still, however, the strictness of our penal laws against drunkenness ought to convince the world that we abhor it, and repress it as much as is in our power; and if some few are found tipping, or drunken, out of Lodge-hours, all that we can say is, that they are characters who would drink under any circumstances,—in fact, drunkards by habit,—and we can only regret that any such are admitted among our numbers. It is true of us, as of other excellent societies, that "all are not Israel, that are of Israel;" and possessing no more than human penetration, and exercising no more than human caution, we cannot prevent some bad ones intermingling with the good.

Nevertheless we are perfectly aware of the great importance of avoiding even the appearance of evil, and see no reason why Lodges should be withheld from meeting in some detached building, or private room, hired by themselves, wherever it can be done with safety to themselves and the Order. We do not profess to belong to those very straight-backed moralists, who, in our days, as of old, strain laboriously at a gnat, while they comfortably gulph down the camel. We do not wish to deprive the poor Odd Fellow of his glass of ale and pipe of tobacco after a day's, perhaps a week's hard labour; he has earned it—and he deserves it. Let him enjoy the bounties of Providence with gratitude, but with moderation. But if after the Lodge is closed, he spends perhaps the last hours of the week in the tavern, partaking of the drunkard's cup, and unfitting himself for the duties of the ensuing Sabbath, he becomes guilty of gross immorality, and disgraces himself and his Order. Conduct like this every good man, (whether he be an Odd Fellow or not) will discourage and denounce; and if the holding our meetings in public-houses lead to such consequences, it is not to be denied that it is a great evil, and one which, where it can, should be remedied.

Here, however, we must not forget that the mischief lies not in the assembling in such places, but in the abuses to which, through the imprudence or wickedness of individuals, it may lead. But with regard to Sunday Lectures and Committees we cannot apply a mode of reasoning so lenient. In them, *as such*, apart from their consequences, we recognize a distinct evil, which there is no use in palliating, or attempting to justify. We cannot be surprised, when good men pointing them out, assign them as reasons for not joining or encouraging the Order; we are not ignorant of the arguments adduced in extenuation of the practice, and we are quite willing to give them all due weight. It is said that the members who thus meet, are men employed generally throughout the week in manual labour, and cannot, except on the Sunday, be spared from their work. That may be true. But the Order is not so poor that these could not, when necessary, be paid for broken time, as in the case of delegates at quarterly meetings, &c. It is said that the work done is that of charity, and the lectures delivered are so moral in their nature and tendency, that there is no desecration of the holy day in attending to both. The remark is a very spacious one, but will not bear handling. That which takes a man on the Sabbath-day from his home, his family, and his worship, and leads him to a public-house,—into the focus of temptation,—will ever be regarded by all good men with a distrustful aspect. The lectures may be good,—and so they are; but they should not be allowed to interfere with the worship of God. The objects of the Society are charitable,—but they should not be managed on the Christian Sabbath. And conceding the lawfulness of the practice, for the sake of argument, (which we never can in reality) there is not a doubt but that it is highly inexpedient. It places many of our members in situations of extreme danger,—it is an open violation of public decorum,—and it furnishes to the public an occasion of suspicion and reproach. We take no higher ground than this, not because we are unable so to do, but because we are not a body, and this is not a publication, specially devoted to religious purposes. But still we must submit that the constitution of our Order, while it is eminently formed for the active branch of religion, Charity, does, at the same time, forbid the violation of any other of its enactments in reality or in

appearance. And it is to be remembered, that while our duty to ourselves is inculcated in the observance of temperance, and other personal virtues,—while our duty to our neighbour is enforced in the exercise of benevolence, mutual succour in distress, and brotherly love,—our duty to God in keeping his holy commandments is not the less imperatively enjoined by those initiatory directions and admonitions to which, as Odd Fellows, we promise conscientious obedience. Nor can we, in this instance, shelter ourselves under the plea of necessity. It may be *more convenient* to some individuals,—and we fear *more agreeable* to others; but there is no *absolute necessity* in the case. Time may be compensated,—and inconvenience must be disregarded in the performance of these duties,—rather than the Sunday should be profaned, and the Order brought into disrepute; and we do hope that the day is not far distant when the increased intelligence, and higher tone of moral feeling throughout the Order, will remedy this, as well as other abuses, which may have crept in amongst us. We yield to no man in love for Odd Fellowship—in admiration of its benevolent objects—or in approval of its excellent operations; but we do not believe that these feelings are best evidenced by a blind defence, or denial of any defects which may be pointed out. Rather we would assist in their prudent and gradual removal. We would rather anticipate than resent what others may reasonably say against us; and this, not for the purpose of discontented murmuring, but in order to assist in placing our Order in the highest possible moral position,—that the details of its management, as well as its aggregate aspect, may command the respect and co-operation of all wise and good men; and not only so, but that the blessing of God may accompany the favor of man. Once for all, we may be allowed earnestly to entreat our brethren to avoid in everything, not only what is *wrong* in itself, but what may seem to be wrong, or give offence, to others; to discountenance and repress whatever may tend to the breach of any known law, human or divine,—to endeavour, both as individuals and as members of our Order, to preserve with all men a fair report, so that it may not, through them, pass under any evil imputation. The time, perhaps, is not far distant, when the public attention, perhaps that of the legislature, may be directed to our constitution and conduct; and holding, as we do, high and important principles,—cemented as we are by sacred and affectionate union, it is most desirable that the penetrating, and even fastidious eye of public inquiry, should find nothing to stigmatize or to reprobate. We would have it said of the Odd Fellow, as one of our poets says of a character whom he is describing,—

"Meek as the poorest Publican is he,
Yet strict as lives the strictest Pharisee;
In him of both combine the better part,—
The blameless conduct, and the humble heart."

We remain,

THE MAGAZINE COMMITTEE.

Marriages.

December 25, 1838, Sec. John Greenwood, of the Royal Standard Lodge, Windhill, to Miss Elizabeth Wood, of Morley.—March 7, at St. Mary's church, by the Rev. M. H. Miller, N. G. Thomas Archer, of the Peaceful Retreat Lodge, Scarbro' District, to Mary Ann, youngest daughter of Mr. Francis Boyce, of the Ship Inn, Scarbro'.—Dec. 24, 1838, P. W. Thomas Edge, of the St. John Lodge, Burslem, to Miss Hall; both of Burslem.—Nov. 12, 1838, at Leek-in-the-Moors, brother Thomas Simcock, of the Widow and Orphans' Relief Lodge, Norton, to Miss Martha Bourne.—Dec. 31, 1838, at Wolstanton, by the Rev. J. Grove, brother George Woodwis, of the St. George Lodge, Newcastle-under-Lyme, to Miss Eliza Unwin.—Dec. 12, 1838, brother Nathaniel Mears, greener, of the Friendly Drop Lodge,

to Miss Sarah Ann Shires, only daughter of Mr. John Shires, Armley: Jan. 21, P. G. John Ross, of the Orphan's Refuge Lodge, to Miss Mary Ann Preston.—Feb. 25, brother John Beech, of the St. Stephen Lodge, Kirkstall, to Miss Mary Dawson: Feb. 26, brother Thomas Pulum, of the St. Stephen Lodge, Kirkstall, to Miss Sarah Hargreaves; all of the Bramley District.—February 16, at the parish church, Norton, by the Rev. Mr. Day, brother George Smith, of the Wentworth Lodge, Malton, to Miss Ann Brown, of Norton, near Malton.—Dec. 13, 1838, P. Sec. John Moore, tallow chandler, of the Providential Lodge, Northallerton, to Miss M. A. Moore, of the same place.—Oct. 20, 1838, brother Thomas Geldart, of the Philanthropic Lodge, Bedale, to Miss Mary Geldart, of the same place.—

Nov. 24, 1838, brother William Smith, of the Philanthropic Lodge, Bedale, to Mary Adamson, of the same place.—Dec. 1, 1838, brother John Seymore, of the Philanthropic Lodge, Bedale, to Miss Ann Pirkin, of the same place.—Oct. 15, 1838, brother John Turton, to Jane Haigh : Oct. 11, 1838, brother Samuel Senior, to Harriet Lodge ; all of Skelmanthorpe.—Sep. 9, 1838, brother James Byram, of the Redemption Lodge, Marsden, to Miss Garside, sister to P. G. James Garside, of the Redemption Lodge : Feb. 10, at the Collegiate church, Manchester, P. V. John Whiteley, of the above Lodge, to Miss Susannah Clough, of Hurst, near Ashton.—Oct. 2, 1837, V. G. Richard Hugginson, of the Traveller's Friend Lodge, Skipton, to Miss Elizabeth Caroline Hargreaves.—Oct. 14, 1838, brother William Jackman, of the Travellers' Friend Lodge, Skipton, to Miss Ann Fletcher.—Dec. 24, 1838, brother John Holmes, of the Travellers' Friend Lodge, Skipton, to Miss Jane Thomlinson.—March 7, P. G. William Glodhill, of the Travellers' Friend Lodge, Skipton, to Miss Catherine Cowman.—Nov. 11, 1838, at the Old Church, Kidderminster, brother John Burlingham, of the King William IV. Lodge, Kidderminster, to Miss Ann Palmer, both of the same place.—Nov. 27, 1838, at the parish church, Dowles, host Joseph Barber, of the Victory Lodge, Bewdley, to Miss Jane Lloyd, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Samuel Lloyd, of Bewdley.—Feb. 11, brother Thomas Winterbottom, of the Prince Regent Lodge, to Miss Mary Ann Choterton ; both of Glossop.—Jan. 27, P. G. George Holme, of the Lonsdale Lodge, Kirkby Lonsdale, to Miss Mary Todd, dress maker, of Kirkby Lonsdale : Jan. 14, brother J. Gibson, same Lodge, to Miss Jane Braithwaite, of Old Town, near Kirkby Lonsdale.—Feb. 7, at St. John's Sepulchre Church, brother Wm. Newman, of the Travellers' Rest Lodge, to Nanny Haigh Lakenhan.—Dec. 9, Edward Watson, D. G. M. of the Darlington District, to Miss Elizabeth Lund, sister to the N. G. of the Telegraph Lodge, Aycliffe.—Feb. 25, brother Thomas Wandlass, to Miss Ann Nicholson, daughter of the C. S. of the Darlington District.—Oct. 18, 1838, Joseph Currey, P. G. of

the Star of Providence Lodge, Middleham, Masham District, to Miss Whitworth, of Dewsbury.—Dec. 1, 1838, brother James Husworth, of the Richmond Castle Lodge, to Miss Margaret Todd, of Richmond.—Feb. 17, at St. John's church, Manchester, P. G. Edward Hurst, of the Poor Man's Protection Lodge, Boothstown, Worsley, to Mrs. Betty Adcroft, of Boothstown.—Jan. 27, Sec. William Derbyshire, of the Queen Caroline Lodge, to Miss Patience Caldwell, both of Manchester.—At Prestwich, Nov. 4, 1838, P. G. Thomas Kay, of the North Star Lodge, Hyde District, to Miss Bent, eldest daughter of P. G. Bent, of the above Lodge.—Feb. 10, brother William Coup, of the St. Thomas Lodge, Tibshelf, to Miss Margaret Roper, of Teversall.—Jan. 31, P. G. William Smith, of the Rutland Lodge, to Mrs. Ann Brown.—Dec. 26, brother George Peberly Barratt, of the Caledonian Lodge, Kettering, to Miss Ann Hill.—Sep. 5, 1838, at the Independent chapel, Devizes, by the Rev. R. Elliott, P. G. Henry Polman, to Miss Martha Phillips.—Sep. 13, 1838, at St. Mary's church, by the worthy Rector the Rev. E. J. Phipps, Prov. G. M. George Wilbee, to the amiable Elizabeth White ; both of Devizes.—Feb. 12, P. V. Robert Holme, of Skipton District, to Miss Mary Bell.—Dec. 25, 1838, John Watson, of the Airdale Lodge, Skipton District, to Miss Alice Sharp.—Dec. 30, 1838, brother Thomas Rushforth, of the Tree of Life Lodge, Shipley, to Miss Martha Kitchen, of the same place.—At the parish church, Bradford, on the 27th Jan. brother Wm. Harrison, of the Evening Star Lodge, Tong, to Miss Mary Peel, of Windill Cragg.—Jan. 28, at St. John's chapel, Weardale, N. G. George Tinkler, of the Stanhope Agricultural Lodge, Stanhope, to Miss Esther Fleming, of Chestergarth House, Rookhope.—Nov. 19, 1838, bro. James Raine, of the United Brothers Lodge, Barnard Castle, to Miss Elizabeth Fenwick, of the same place.—Feb. 2, brother Geo. Burmingham, of the Weavers' Refuge Lodge, Barnard Castle, to Miss Mary Daykins, of Arkindale, Yorkshire.—Feb. 10, P. S. Sanderson, of the United Brothers Lodge, to Miss Sarah Raine, of Gunnerside, Swaledale, Yorkshire.

Deaths.

January 21, 1839, John Appleyard, N. G. of the Alexander Lodge, Leeds District, aged 42.—Jan. 20, P. G. Isaac Smith, aged 39, of the Mount Sion Lodge, Halifax District, leaving a wife and ten

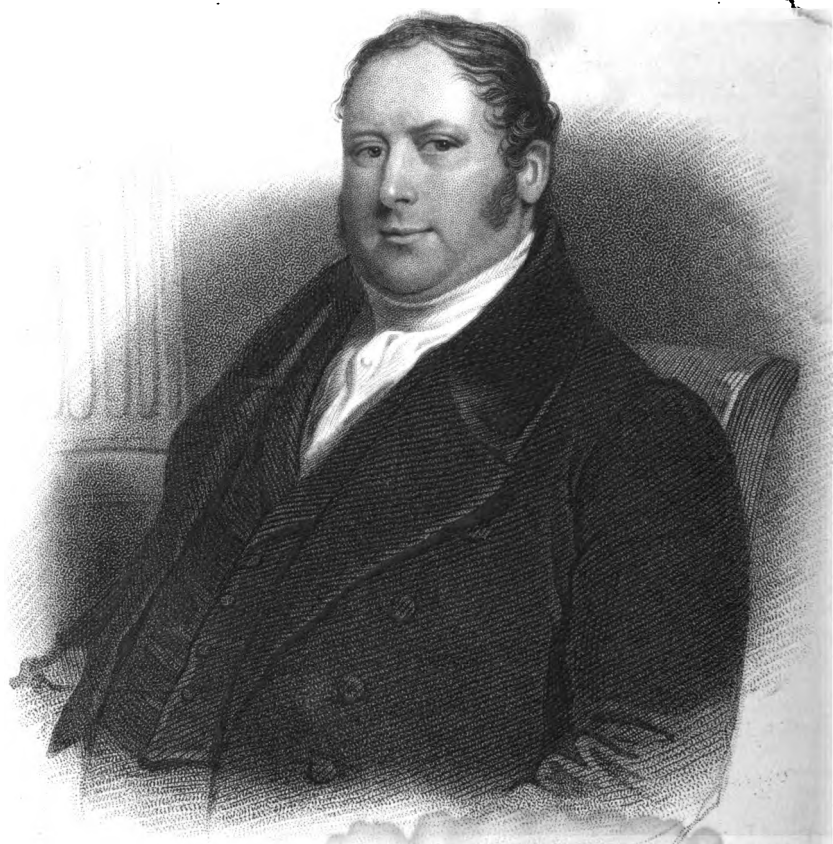
children.—April 23, 1838, Ann, the wife of brother Thomas Wess, of the St. Thomas Lodge, Tibshelf, leaving five children to deplore the loss of a most affectionate mother : also, Feb. 13, the wife of brother

Wm. Cooper, aged 27 years, leaving three children to deplore their loss.—Jan. 6, brother Thomas Owen, of the Victory Lodge, Huddersfield.—Feb. 3, G. M. Wm. Houlgate, of the Harvest Home Lodge, aged 37: he has left a wife and five children to deplore their loss.—Feb. 4, the wife of brother James Heywood, of the Virtue Lodge, Tottington: Feb. 11, V. G. William Moran, of the same Lodge.—Jan. 3, brother James Robinson, of the Nelson's Ball Lodge, after a protracted illness of many years.—Dec. 23, 1838, the wife of P. G. Samuel Wright, of the Nelson's Ball Lodge.—Feb. 24, brother George Towler, of Masham, woolcomber, aged 21 years.—Feb. 26, the wife of brother Dawson, of the Heart of Oak Lodge, Lonsdale District.—Nov. 15, P. V. Jonas Day, of the Yorkshire Lodge. Also, Martin Day, (Jonas Day's father.) Aug. 20, 1838, brother Thomas Barber, of the King William IV. Lodge, Kidderminster.—Jan. 14, N. G. Samuel Turley, of the Famed Waterloo Lodge, Cookley.—Nov. 5, 1836, Hannah, the wife of brother James Lawton, of the New Inn, near Royton, of the Sincerity Lodge, Royton, Shaw District, aged 36 years: Dec. 24, 1838, Mary, his second wife, aged 36 years: Jan. 17, the above James Lawton, aged 42 years.—Jan. 7, 1838, brother James Alton, of the Philanthropic Lodge, Bedale, aged 23 years.—July 3, brother George Bulmer, of the Philanthropic Lodge, Bedale, aged 21 years.—Jan. 30, brother Thomas Skelton, of the Wentworth Lodge, Malton, after a long and painful illness, leaving a wife and nine children.—Feb. 13, the wife of brother Robert Sanderson, of the Milton Lodge, Malton, after a few weeks' illness.—Nov. 7, 1838, brother George Thompson, of the Wentworth Lodge, Malton, after a lingering illness of above four years.—August 26, 1836, host James Baldwin, of the St. Stephen Lodge; after a long illness, aged 41 years.—January 28, brother James Leeming, of the St. Stephen Lodge; after a few days illness; both of the Bramley District.—April 2, 1838, brother Richard Steadman, of the St. Peter's Victory, Hanley.—June 21, 1838, brother Jesse Barker, of the St. George Lodge, aged 32.—Oct. 28, 1838, Mary, the wife of brother Jonas Goodhall, of the St. Peter's Victory Lodge, Hanley.—Oct. 20, 1838, Mary, the wife of V. G. Joseph Badley, of the

St. Andrew Lodge, Shelton.—Feb. 18, brother James Green, of the Globe Lodge, Bradford, aged 37.—February 19, Priscilla, wife of P. Sec. Abraham Booth, of the Strangers' Refuge Lodge, Belper, after a lingering affliction, aged 30 years.—May 26, 1838, brother John Peacock, of the United Brothers Lodge, aged 27: Oct. 30, the wife of brother Thomas Wouldhave, same Lodge, aged 25 years.—Nov. 18, the wife of brother John Dent, of St. John's, Miner's Lodge, Weardale.—Feb. 18, brother William Long, of the Tree of Life Lodge, Shipley, aged 24.—Oct. 19, 1838, at the age of 24 years, after a protracted illness, Sarah, the beloved wife of brother William Burtenshaw, of the Traveller's Call Lodge, Stockport.—Oct. 13, 1837, N. G. William Akeroyd, after a short illness of fourteen days, aged 30: Mar. 13, 1838, George Littlewood, aged 34 years: May 15, brother David Firth; all of the Fleece Lodge, Leeds District.—May 11, P. G. James Thornton, of the Friendly Call Lodge, Huddersfield District, aged 47 years, leaving a wife and eight children to moan their loss.—July 21, 1838, P. G. Charles Potter, aged 31: July 29, brother Thomas Bingham, aged 63: August 23, P. G. Edward Stubbs, aged 34: Aug. 25, brother William Ducker's wife; all of the Industry Lodge, Mansfield.—April 19, brother John Butterworth, Harmonic Lodge, Sutton-in-Ashfield.—June 12, brother William Tudsbury, Phoenix Lodge, Eastfieldside.—Aug. 12, P. N. G. William Marlow's wife, Fountain Dale Lodge.—July 5, after a lingering illness of nearly two years, P. V. Daniel Crawshaw, of the True Brothers Lodge, Morfield.—July 25, P. G. William Lord, of the Peace Lodge, Brighouse, aged 61 years.—Sep. 24, 1838, brother Robert Alphil, late surgeon to the Bath City Lodge.—Oct. 17, the wife of brother Samuel Smith, of the Prince Edwin Lodge.—Oct. 17, brother William Froggatt, of the Prince Edwin Lodge.—July 31, Amelia, the wife of Prov. G. M. Smith, of the Good Intent Lodge, Northampton District, aged 29 years.—Brother William Stanway, of the Sir Oswald Mosley Lodge, Manchester, aged 35 years.—Dec. 15, P. P. G. M. John Tattersall, of the Cronkshaw Chair Lodge, Whalley District, aged 55.—Jan. 8, Edward Turner, (late host of the Rutland Lodge) aged 53 years.—Jan. 9, P. G. Hawkins, of the Bath City Lodge.

[Marriages, &c., too late for this Number, will be inserted in the next.]

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Thomas Williamson P.P.W. & M.D.C.S.
St. Helens District

THE ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE, NEW SERIES.

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[PUBLISHED QUARTERLY.]

1839.

BIOGRAPHY.

THOMAS WILLIAMSON,

THE subject of this brief sketch, was born in Lancashire, on the 24th of November, in the year 1794, at the Ravenhead Plate Glass Works, near St. Helens; at which place his father was employed as superintendent of the casting of plate glass, having been engaged by the company near forty years, who, dying respected by all who had the pleasure of knowing him, and especially by his employers, left the subject of this memoir at the tender age of twelve years, to fight his way through this world of cares and troubles. Our young friend having no desire to leave the place of his birth, sought protection under the shadow of the wings of the company which his father had so faithfully served; and much to his own credit, and the satisfaction of his friends, is now filling a confidential situation under the said company, having been with them upwards of thirty-five years. This fact renders it useless to pass any remarks on the youthful days of our friend; therefore, we will commence with his career in our honourable Institution; to reflect upon which hereafter, we doubt not, will be a source of pleasure to his friends and relatives, and a gratification to the numerous brothers of the Order who peruse this short history of one amongst them, who, by his conduct as an Odd Fellow, has won golden opinions from all who know him.

On the 26th of October, 1826, at the age of thirty-two, at the request of his wife, he joined the Duke of Lancaster Lodge, St. Helens, it being the election of the second change of officers of that Lodge; on which occasion he was appointed Supporter, then Secretary, and afterwards served the various offices with universal satisfaction. From the date of his initiation, to the present time, a period of thirteen years, he has never been out of office.

The Duke of Lancaster Lodge, at that time, belonging to the Wigan District, he was often deputed to that place to the Quarterly and other District Committees, where by his integrity, candour, and unassuming habits, he soon insured to himself a large circle of friends and supporters. He was deputed by the Wigan District to the A. M. C. which was held at Leeds, where, by his personal application, he obtained a grant of £40. from the General Fund of the Order, for the Duke of Lancaster Lodge, to relieve it from the peril which threatened it, through a long and tedious lawsuit with a sick society, by which the Lodge was reduced to extreme distress, and the sick society to total dissolution; they having expended all their funds to crush the infant Lodge. Instead, however, of injuring the Order in St. Helens by their attempt, its prosperity may be dated from this time, as men of wealth, talent, and influence in the neighbourhood began to enrol themselves under the standard of our honourable Order, which gave a convincing proof of their estimate of its character.

In the January following, the Wigan District, knowing that they could not be better served, solicited Mr. Williamson to offer himself as a candidate for the situation of G. M., which he held until the July following, when St. Helens having been formed

VOL. 5—No. 7—2 Q.

a District by the Liverpool A. M. C., he, by request, resigned his office of G. M. in Wigan, and was appointed to the situation of G. M. of the St. Helens District, to watch over and protect their rising interests; this he did to his own credit, and to the satisfaction of those who had been pleased to call upon him. After serving this office the usual period, he was elected C. S. of the same District; the duties of which he still fulfils with unwearied assiduity.

Since taking the office of C. S., brother Williamson has been called five times to fill the chair of N. G., and has had honours and presents unanimously voted to him for his most valuable services. In January last, the Mechanic Lodge, to which he had transferred himself from the Duke of Lancaster, resolved to give him another proof of the regard and affection they entertained for him, by presenting him with a valuable Lever Watch; on which occasion upwards of one hundred of sincere brothers and his esteemed friends sat down with him to an excellent dinner provided by Mrs. Grimes, widow of the late host of the Mechanic Lodge.

C. S. Williamson has been a most zealous and useful officer in his own District, and has extended his usefulness to the Order in general, as far as his privileges would allow him. The present prosperous state of Independent Odd Fellowship in St. Helens and its neighbourhood, may be placed to his credit; for he has travelled far and wide to serve the interests of the Order, and was always ready with his services and counsel when occasion for them. In his career through Odd Fellowship, the widows and distressed often have had cause to rejoice in his activity in their behalf, for to do *them* good was the chief object of his ambition.

In concluding this brief memoir, we cannot better sum up the character of P. P. G. M. Williamson, than by stating, that he has always proved himself a real benefactor to the Order; and his delight is to verify the adage,—“A friend in need, is a friend in deed.” May P. P. G. M. Williamson live long, that we may enjoy the benefit of his experience, and the glorious privilege of his convivial company; for “we shall never see his like again.”

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND CHARITY.

No doubt for society man was design'd,
And cheering it is to a generous mind,
To meet in the Lodge and unite with each other,
To aid and relieve the distress of a brother.

To soften affliction, to lessen those ills,
Which man more or less unavoidably feels;
Life's bitters thus sweet'ned, we better can brave
The trials we meet in our path to the grave.

Though little or much to each mortal be giv'n,
Due thanks should be paid to the Giver in Heaven;
And 'how can we better our gratitude shew,
Than in loving and helping each other below.

The poor sordid niggard, alas! never knows
What pleasure from real benevolence flows;
For scripture inculcates, and wise men believe,
'Tis better, much better, to give than receive.

Sweet Charity! greatest of virtues in man,
Best supporter of troubles throughout life's short span;
Thy dictates obey'd, to mankind thou wilt prove,
Thou art the true spirit of Friendship and Love.

Celestial gem! this prerogative's thine,
To flourish when all other virtues decline;
Time's cankering hand cannot tarnish thy fame,—
Through all generations thou'rt ever the same.

Uttoreter, January, 1839.

GULIELMUS.

SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

'Twas done!—the veteran's mortal race was o'er,
 I stood to watch the burial of the brave,
 And traced the dark procession as it bore
 A friend, a comrade to his humble grave.

Upon the coffin's sable lid they placed
 His gleaming helmet, and his battle blade;
 And slow behind his raven charger paced,
 Reft of the hand whose rule he once obey'd.

His mien was like an orphan child's, whose mind
 Is yet too young a parent's loss to know,
 Yet conscious of a change, appears to find
 A strange importance in his weeds of woe.

No voice of sorrow swelled upon the air,
 No orphan's shriek to agonize the soul;
 But o'er each warrior's iron visage there,
 Tearless and stern, majestic sadness stole.

I did not weep: But when his comrades spoke,
 And told how soon the stately warrior fell,
 How short his sufferings, and how quick the stroke
 That laid him low, I felt my bosom swell.

For Death is welcome oft, when slow decay
 At length has triumph'd o'er each lenient art;
 But all whom fate less kindly sweeps away,
 Inflict a sterner lesson on the heart.

And fairer forms may sink into the tomb,
 As if they merely sought a happier clime;
 And beauty's fragile grace, and hectic bloom,
 Seem flowers predestin'd for the scythe of time.

But yesterday in manly strength he stood,
 Powerful as those who now support his bier,
 As if some sterner chance of field or flood,
 Death, shot, or steel, were all he had to fear.

And could that ancient charger speak to tell
 The toils and triumphs of the field he shared,
 He might relate that there were myriads fell,
 And death was most unsparing, he was spared:—

Spared from the conflict where his lowering crest
 Had floated o'er the closing squadrons throng,
 Within his native land to sink to rest,
 And be the subject of an idle song.

DAVID WATKINS.
 (Pewi Ddô.)

Merlin Lodge, Carmarthen.

DREAD OF DEATH.—He who dreads death, dreads either an extinction of an sense, or dreads a different sort of sensation. If all sense is extinguished, there can be no sense of evil: if a different sort of sense is acquired, you become another sort of living creature, and do not cease to exist. Look attentively on each particular thing you are doing, and ask yourself if death be a terror because it deprives you of this.

SKETCHES OF POETRY AND POETS.

BY G. P. JENNINGS.

No. VIII.—REV. GEORGE CRABBE.

"THEN came the *Author-Rector*; his delight
 Was all in books, to read them or to write:
 Women and men he strove alike to shun,
 And hurried homeward when his tasks were done.
 Courteous enough, but careless what he said,
 For points of learning he reserved his head;
 And when addressing either poor or rich,
 He knew no better than his cassock which.
 He, like an osier, was of pliant kind,
 Erect by nature, but to bend inclin'd;
 Not like a creeper, falling to the ground,
 Or meanly catching on the neighbours round.
 Careless was he of surplice, hood and band,
 And kindly took them as they came to hand;
 Nor, like the Doctor, wore a world of hat,
 As if he sought for dignity in that."

From his "Parish Register."

WE cannot, in the case of the present sketch, assign to our hero the honours of ancestral distinction, his descent not being traced further back than to his grandfather, who was collector of the customs at Aldborough, in Norfolk; his son held the office of salt-master, or collector of salt-duties, at the same place. He was a man of vigorous talents, and distinguished for an extraordinary faculty of calculation; he had a family of six children, the eldest of whom, "Nature's sternest painter, yet her best," is the subject of the present sketch. Our poet was born at Aldborough, on the 24th of December, 1754; Aldborough was then a poor, miserable-looking place, inhabited almost exclusively by pilots, sailors, and fishermen, and exposed to the fury of sweeping gales from the German ocean. The scenery of the neighbouring country was of the same bleak and sterile appearance, and is well described in the opening picture of "The Village," no doubt suggested by the scenes of the poet's early childhood:—

"Lo! where the heath, with withering brake grown o'er,
 Lends the light turf that warms the neighbouring poor;
 From thence a length of burning sand appears,
 Where the thin harvest waves its withered ears;
 Rank weeds that every art and care defy,
 Reign o'er the land, and rot the blighted rye:
 There thistles spread their prickly arms afar,
 And to the ragged infants threaten war."

Though born and brought up on the very brink of the sea, the future poet showed small tokens of his ever being an adventurer upon it. His father frequently took his boys a fishing with him, and was sorely tried with the awkwardness of the eldest;—"That boy," he would say, "must be a fool,—John, Bob, and Will are all of some use about a boat,—but what will that *thing* ever be good for?" Notwithstanding this, Mr. Crabbe soon perceived the great natural talents of the *thing*, and, consequently, gave him a more liberal education than his circumstances would well allow.

In due time he was put apprentice to a surgeon, but in a few years was removed to another practitioner, at Woodbridge, where he served the remainder of his term. While here he was introduced to a lady, Miss Elmy, the result of which was a connection which decided his matrimonial lot in life. As the tender flame is well known so frequently to elicit some faint glimmer of a jingling propensity in gentlemen possessing as much of the bump of poetry, as Bob Acres did of combativeness, no wonder that this lady proved a great stimulant to his already excited muse; and a profusion of lyrics were speedily poured forth to the praise and glory of "Mira," the name under which he chose to celebrate her charms.

Having about the end of 1775 completed his apprenticeship, Mr. Crabbe returned to Aldborough, hoping to find the means of completing his professional education in the metropolis, but he was not enabled to carry this project into effect for a length of

time; and at last, when he did so far succeed as to get to London, his purse was too slenderly provided to enable him to go through the customary forms, and he was forced to pick up a little surgical knowledge as cheap as he could; and after a stay of a few months, he returned to Aldborough, where, after many changes, he commenced practice for himself. In this, however, he was anything but successful, one cause of which was, no doubt, the imperfect manner in which he had been prepared for the profession; and he found himself in the mortifying situation of being an object of distrust, from his incompetency in his duties, at the time he possessed the consciousness of general superiority, and endowments infinitely above his circumstances. This induced him to settle his affairs at Aldborough, and having done so, and being possessed of a box of clothes, a case of surgical instruments, and three pounds in money, he embarked on board a sloop to seek his fortune in London, where his career as a poet may be said to commence.

The period in the life of a literary adventurer, most interesting to the admirers of his future productions, is unquestionably that when he is emerging from the obscurity of youth, and commencing the hard uncertain struggle, on the result of which depends the possession of fame, of honour, of riches, perhaps of bread. Of the mass of this class, few attain the first of these prizes,—still fewer the next,—and many, finding themselves unequal to the task, relinquish the contest in despair, and content themselves with hard fighting to gain a precarious share of the simplest elements of life; while some sink under the weight of disappointment and poverty, and are known no more for ever. The fate of an aspirant for literary fame and literary bread is, of all others, the hardest and most precarious; not only have they the greatest deprivations to contend with, but are, from the very fact of the profession in which they are embarking, more susceptible than the generality of other men of the cold reception and often heartless repulse of those to whom they are looking up as judges of merit, and patrons of genius. Such are the opening scenes in the career of almost every acknowledged poet, unless, as is rarely the case, he is possessed of other means independent of his pen and his head; and, perhaps, none ever experienced them more than Crabbe, and though eventually he obtained the most brilliant success, it is most probable, had he foreseen all the sorrows and disappointments of his early career, that he would have engaged in the meanest drudgery of his own profession, rather than have entered in the perilous contest for literary distinction. I shall refer for a description of this distressing period, to some fragments of a journal, kept by him at the time, and apparently intended for the perusal of his affianced wife:—

“April 21st, 1780. I dedicate this to you, my dear Mira, and hope it will be some amusement; God only knows what is to be my lot, but I am determined to reap as much consolation from my prospects as possible; so that whatever befalls me, I will endeavour to suppose it has its benefits, though I cannot immediately see them.

“April 24th. Took lodgings at Mr. Vickory’s, near the exchange; rather too expensive, but very convenient. Here I set about a poem, which I called,—“The Hero; an Epistle to Prince William Henry.”

“April 27th. Sent my poem to Mr. Dodsley, a bookseller.

“April 28th. Mr. Dodsley’s reply just received,—“He presents his compliments to the gentleman who favoured him with the enclosed poem, which he has returned, as he apprehends the sale of it would not enable him to give any consideration; he does not mean to insinuate a want of merit in the poem, but rather a want of attention in the public.” [This piece was afterwards presented to other booksellers, and met with the same success.]

“April 30th. I find myself under the disagreeable necessity of vending or pawning some of my more useless articles; accordingly have taken such as cost about two or three guineas, and being silver, have not greatly lessened in their value. The conscientious pawnbroker allowed me half a guinea for them; I took it readily, being determined to call for them very soon, and then, if I afterwards wanted, carry them to some less voracious animal of the kind.

“May 1st. Let me hope the last day of this month may be a more smiling one than the first; God only knows, and to him I readily leave it.

"May 3rd. The purse a little recruited by twenty-five shillings received for books. Now then, when the spirits are tolerable, we'll pursue our work, and make hay when the sun shines, for it's plaguy apt to be clouded.

"May 16th. O my dear Mira, how you distress me; to what purpose should I tell you the particulars of my gloomy situation. I have parted with my money, sold my *wardrobe*, pawned my watch; am in debt to my landlord, and finally, at some loss how to eat a week longer. Appearance is what distresses me; I *must* have dress, and therefore am horribly fearful I shall accompany fashion with fasting,—but a fortnight will tell me of a certainty.

"May 18th. A day of bustle,—20s. to pay a tailor, when the stock amounted to 13s. 3d. Well, there were instruments to part with that fetched 8s. more; but 21s. 3d. would be so poor a superfluity, that the Muse would never visit till the purse was recruited,—for, say men what they will, she does not love empty pockets, nor poor living. Now my watch was mortgaged for less than it ought, so I redeemed, and re-pledged it, which has made me—the tailor paid, and the day's expenses,—at this instant worth ten shillings,—a rare case, and most bountiful provision of fortune.

"May 20th. The cash, by a sad temptation, greatly reduced. An unlucky book-stall presented to the eye three volumes of Dryden's works,—five shillings. Prudence, however, got the better, when she whispered me to bid 3s. 6d., and I carried home, I believe, a fair bargain, but a very ill-judged one. * * * * * It's the vilest thing in the world to have but one coat. My only one has happened with a mishap, and how to manage it, is some difficulty; in the dilemma, it occurred to me to turn tailor myself; but how to get materials to work with puzzled me. At length I went running down in a hurry, with three or four sheets of paper in my hand, and begged for a needle, &c., to sew them together; this finished the job, and but that it is somewhat thicker, the elbow is a good one yet."

The above will give some idea of the miserable year he spent after his first arrival in London. During the whole of that time he experienced nothing but disappointments and repulses; he made application to several noblemen and others, but without avail, and his circumstances had become fearfully critical. In this dilemma he wrote to the celebrated Edmund Burke, then in the height of his fame; and although his own circumstances were far from affluent, he gave instant attention to the application, and appointed a time for an interview, which, though short, completely changed the nature of our poet's worldly fortunes. He went into Mr. Burke's room a poor adventurer, spurned by the opulent, and rejected by the publishers,—his last shilling gone, and all but his last hope with it; he came out virtually secure of all the good fortune that afterwards fell to his lot,—his genius acknowledged by one whose verdict could not be questioned, and his character and manners appreciated and approved by a noble mind, whose benevolence knew no limits but its power.

Under this patronage, the poems of "The Library" and "The Village" were published, and the author was invited to Beaconsfield, the seat of his patron. It was here that Mr. Crabbe expressed a strong desire to enter the church, and through the interest of Mr. Burke, he was eventually successful; he was also introduced to Mr. Fox, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and several other distinguished men; among others, Dr. Johnson: he also had some substantial marks of favour from Lord Thurlow, then Lord Chancellor; and having passed a very creditable examination, he was ordained by the Bishop of Norwich, in December, 1781, and appointed curate of his native village of Aldborough. He therefore bade adieu to his illustrious patron, and his other eminent benefactors, and went down again to take up his residence in his native place. He retained this situation only a few months, and quitted it on being appointed domestic chaplain to the Duke of Rutland, when he took up his residence at his Grace's hospitable mansion, Belvoir Castle, where he remained till the appointment of his noble patron to the office of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; and shortly after, the Lord Chancellor presented him with two livings, though of but small value.

I do not write "to that dull elf" who cannot imagine, without being told, that in all the bard's vicissitudes, his "Mira" was the polar star to which all his thoughts were directed, and on whom his anticipations of future happiness were founded; and as soon as he found himself in the possession of some portion of his expectancies, he

hastened to consummate the attachment so long before formed ; accordingly, he was married to Miss Elmy, in December, 1783, and about a year after, he took the curacy of Statham, where he resided, until presented to the Rectory of Muston, some years after. In 1785 he again appeared as a poet, and published "The Newspaper," which was considered as in all respects of the class and equal merit as "The Library." He now for twenty years entirely withdrew from public notice, and it was not till after the lapse of that space of time, that he again came forward as an author ; the poem now published was the "Parish Register," with which piece, more than all his other writings, his name is interwoven in the recollection of his admirers. This poem, like "The Village," is devoted to the delineation of rural life and manners, and in it the Rev. Author presents his readers with an account of all the remarkable baptisms, marriages and burials that appear on his register for the preceding year. The piece consists, therefore, of a series of portraits, taken from the lower and middling ranks of rustic life, and delineated on occasions at once the most common, and yet the most interesting. They are selected with great judgment, and drawn with that inimitable accuracy and strength of colouring, of which he was the unrivalled master. During this time he was buried in the obscurity of village life, scarcely catching a glimpse of the brilliant society in which he had previously moved, and engaged entirely in attending to his parochial duties, and pursuing the study of Natural History, of all the branches of which science, especially Botany, he was passionately fond. But though he made no fresh appeal to the public notice, he was, during all this time, at intervals, busily engaged in composition. The manuscripts he completed on various subjects, were numberless, and immense piles used to be frequently burnt, when their bulk had increased to an inconvenient size ; but for this method of destruction, he would most probably have left behind him more manuscripts than any author of his time ; as it was, his unpublished manuscripts at the time of his death, exclusive of the copies of his published works, amounted to twenty-one volumes.

Having gone rather largely into the details of his earlier years, we must glance rapidly at the concluding scene of his career. The domestic habits to which he had so long been accustomed, were interrupted, if not terminated, by the death of Mrs. Crabbe, which happened in October, 1813 ; this blow came upon him with all the poignancy which the loss of one so long and greatly beloved could inflict on a man of his fine feelings and domestic disposition.* He was soon after presented to the living of Trowbridge, in Wiltshire, a change which he was the more inclined to accept on account of his recent bereavement. The following entry is found in his diary,—“June 5th: First sermon at Trowbridge,—solitary walk,—night,—change of opinion,—easier, better, happier.”

In 1817 he again visited London, and was introduced to all the distinguished literary characters of the day, including Sir Walter Scott, with whom he had long been acquainted by correspondence ; and also to many of the *real* nobility. His journal of this visit forms a singular contrast to that of his first arrival in the metropolis, thirty-seven years before, a wandering adventurer, friendless and unknown. On his return from town, he applied to his ministerial duties with the same unassuming attention which he had before evinced ; he rarely spoke, even to his sons, of the brilliant circles in which he had been figuring, and when some casual circumstance led to the subject, there was such unaffected simplicity in his notice of it, as to show that he did not value his splendid connection above its real worth, and did not dwell on it so as to interfere with the duties of his own station, and the pursuits to which he had become habituated.

Mr. Crabbe had been for several years greatly afflicted with the *tic douloureux*, which increased so much, that latterly he was often attacked with pain during the church service, when he was obliged to pause till the violence of the pain had abated ; but he continued to officiate till within a fortnight of his death. He evinced more firmness under his last illness, and in the prospect of speedy dissolution, than he was

* After Mr. Crabbe's death, his wife's wedding ring was found wraped in a piece of paper, with the following lines written upon it :—

“This ring so worn as you behold,
So thin, so pale, is yet of gold ;
The passion such it was to prove,
Worn with life's cares,—love yet was love.”

ever known to show under ordinary circumstances, and he continued calm and placid till his death, which took place on February 3rd, 1832, when in the 78th year of his age: he was followed to the grave by as many testimonies of unfeigned regret, as ever accompanied the obsequies of statesman or warrior. And who deserved them better?

There are two points of character in which to consider Mr. Crabbe,—as a man, and as a poet. In the first, the lover of pure, unaffected piety,—charity and kindness, could find naught to blame, and little to amend. He always attached the utmost importance to his ministerial duties, and was scrupulously exact in their discharge; he would put off any engagement of his own, rather than leave a poor parishioner who required his services. He was peculiarly fitted, by his knowledge of human nature, to sympathize with the poor, and enter into their circumstances; and the medical knowledge he had acquired in early life, made his attention of still greater utility. One of his parishioners, in describing his character, says,—“To him it was recommendation enough to be poor and wretched. He has been known to dive into those obscure scenes of wretchedness and want, where wandering mendicants lodge, in order to relieve them; he was, of course, often imposed on, which discovering, he merely said,—“God forgive them,—I do!” He was very anxious for the education of the humbler classes, and the Sunday school was a favourite place of resort. Not long before his death, he met a poor old woman in the street, whom he had for some time missed at church, and asked her if she had been ill,—“Lord bless you, Sir,—no,” was the answer; “but it is of no use my going to your church, for I can’t hear; you do speak so low.” “Well, my old friend,” said he, slipping half-a-crown into her hand, “you do quite right in going where you can hear.” In every department of life, from his earliest setting foot into the active scenes of society, to the latest hours of his existence, he well merited the designation of one of the best and

“Meekest of mankind,
With heart all fervour, and all strength of mind.”

In his poetical character, he ranks no less distinguished; he has taken a line of writing which, from the very subjects of its delineation, requires a peculiarly keen perception, and strong poetic powers, without which it would become the merest common-place of metrical dullness. He is, above all others, the poet of rural life, and he does not, like many of the same school, amuse the fancy with pictures of loving shepherds and sentimental shepherdesses, which never existed out of the brain of the writer, or cheat the imagination by descriptions of pleasures that never can be enjoyed; but he exhibits common life as it really is, and as any one will find it to be, if they take the trouble to examine into it. He is most minutely exact in all his portraits, and is the most literal of all poets; he notices the smallest circumstances of the smallest things, and may be said to be the only one who attempted and succeeded in the still life of tragedy. He gives the stagnation of hope and fear,—the deformity of vice, without the temptation,—the pain of sympathy, without the interest.* Accustomed to look on men as they exist and act, he not only does not fear, but loves to view their vices and miseries; and hence his poetry has been often accused of giving too dark a picture of life, but which arises, in fact, from the exquisite truth with which he has depicted those gloomy haunts of ignorance and sin, into which his spirit wandered. The power is almost miraculous with which he has stirred up human nature from its very dregs, and shown working in them the common spirit of humanity. He has opened, as it were, a theatre, on which the homely actors that pass before us assume no disguise, on which every catastrophe borrows its terror from truth, and every scene seems shifted by the very hands of nature.†

GENEROSITY ITS OWN REWARD.—When you blame any one as faithless or ungrateful, turn to yourself, for the fault was manifestly on your own side, if either you trusted that one of such a disposition would keep his faith,—or if, when you bestowed a favour, you did not grant it ultimately and without further view, so as to reap all the fruit of it by your very doing it.

* Hazlitt.

† Wilson.

WILLIAM AND ANNA.

Young William was as brave a tar
As ever squar'd the yard;
Fair Anna was a lovely girl,
And William's chief regard.

These two together often past
A swiftly flying hour,
And talk'd of most delightful things,
In Love's enchanting bow'r.

Then o'er the sea young William went,
To some far foreign part;
While many swains for Anna vied,
But none could gain her heart.

When distant far from him she lov'd,
With many hopes and fears;
She still to William waited true,
For three revolving years.

At last the welcome tidings came,
The ship was homeward bound;
It was resolv'd their meeting too,
With nuptials should be crown'd.

New joy now fill'd the virgin's heart,
For news so good as this;
A joy at thoughts of his return,
And joy for wedded bliss.

She waited long with anxious mind,
To see the youth return;
At every night a vigil kept,
And early wak'd at morn.

One night the sky was black as coal,
And all was very dark;
And Anna wander'd on the beach,
To watch for William's bark.

The stormy winds had risen high,
The sea began to roar;
And awful scenes of terror spread
Along the frightened shore.

The ocean roll'd a mighty tide,
In waves of lofty height,
Which burst with a tremendous dash,
In sheets of snowy white.

The waters laved the maiden's feet,
The sea-fowl scream'd aloud;
And thunder burst, and lightning stream'd,
Upon the distant cloud.

Yet Anna's courage did not fail,
For self she scarce could care,
Her William all her mind engaged—
His safety was her prayer.

Vol. 5—No. 7—2 R.

She wander'd to and saunter'd fro,
And paced the cold, cold sands;
Anon she wept, and wildly talk'd,
And wrung for grief her hands.

Then close beside the water's edge,
The fair young lover stood:
And stretch'd her ever watchful eyes,
Across the stormy flood.

The elements in fury raged,
And groan'd in heavy war,
An angry billow then advanced
O'er all the beach afar.

And now receding near as fierce,
Its backward course to urge,—
It meets, and fights,—and dies away,
Against the coming surge.

Their strength is spent,—now all is still,
Except the noisy gull,
And winds that on the haggard cliff
Moan dismal, deep and dull.

But ah! a flash,—a gun's report,—
Not far across the wave;
A signal sure of keen distress,—
A threat'ning watery grave.

She frantic fell, stiff on the ground,
Like one depriv'd of life;
For fear 'twas William's ship that roll'd
Amid the fluid strife.

At length, with water drench'd, she rose,
And incoherent talked;
Then shrieking ran along the strand,
Then silent pensive walk'd.

The moon then lent a feeble light,—
She saw a vessel nigh;
And when the waters hush'd awhile,
For help she heard them cry.

But helpers none could there be found,
The wretched tars to save;
While to the dreadful shore they drove,
Before the bursting wave.

Now Anna's fears were realiz'd,
For help her William cried;
Stung with the sound she fearless ran
Against the angry tide.

But fierce and strong the billows came,
And threw her on the ground,—
With fury drove her up and down,
Then left her almost drown'd.

She laid awhile, then rose again,
But only to despair ;
She rav'd, and like a maniac,
Tore out her curly hair.

Meanwhile the ship was drifting fast,
Amid the surf so white ;
Dismasted and in great distress,—
Now coming fair to sight.

The tempest drove her on the rocks,
And wash'd along her deck ;
Her stern-post rose—her flanks gave way,
And soon she went to wreck.

And soon the few remaining hands,
All overboard were wash'd ;
And most against the sturdy rock,
To instant death were dash'd.

But William with some other two,
Escap'd on floating wood,
Out from the very jaws of death,—
Out from the raging flood.

And Anna now re-nerved to see
Her youth so near at hand,
Plunged straight again among the waves,
To help him safe to land.

They met—embraced,—and wept for joy,
And hast'ning to the shore,
Suppos'd, and hop'd, that surely now,
Their dangers must be o'er.

Exhausted much with struggling long,
They sat them down awhile ;
Each fondled and each other hugg'd,
Their sorrows to beguile.

Then soon they rose to go away,
For both were cold and wet ;
But oh ! the sea had run so high,
They could not forward get !

On every side they strove to flee,
But could not make escape ;
They could not climb the frightful cliff,
Nor double round the cape.

New horror seiz'd their panting breasts,
New pain, new care, new fear,—
Because the tide was flowing fast,
And was already near.

They call'd for help with all their might,
But none could them befriend ;
So then they waited patiently,
To meet their tragic end.

They mounted on the stranded wreck,
The billows drove them thence ;
Then in a cleft far in the rock,
They sought their last defence.

But all was vain ! The tide still rose,
And found them even there ;
And death appear'd before the morn,
To William and his fair.

Next day the life-boat came to take
A boy from off the cliff,
Then those two lovers both were found
Lifeless, and cold, and stiff !

As they but for each other liv'd,
In death they parted not ;
But lock'd within each other's arms,
They shar'd an equal lot.

Then both in one deep grave were laid,
Beneath one hillock green ;
Where maids & youths oft tell their tale—
And some in tears are seen !

And thus all earthly comforts fail,
While sorrow takes their place ;
Then happy he whose soul is fed
On sweet supernal grace !

A. G. TYSON, Sec.

Rutland Lodge, Scarbro., Jan. 23rd, 1839.

ADVICE TO THE FAIR SEX.—Women should be acquainted that no beauty has any charms but the inward one of the mind, and that a gracefulness in their manner is much more engaging than that of their persons ; that meekness and modesty are the true and lasting ornaments : for she that has these, is qualified, as she ought to be, for the management of a family, for educating her children, for an affection for her husband, and submitting to a prudent way of living. These only are the charms that render wives amiable, and give them the best title to our esteem.—*Epicletus.*

As the snowdrop comes amid snow and sleet, appearing as the herald of the rose, so religion comes amid the blight of affliction, to remind us of a perpetual summer, where the sun never retires behind a wintry cloud.

TO THE EDITOR AND COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT FOR THE MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

THE gratification I experienced on the perusal of your last Magazine was truly unbounded. The Essay on Phrenology is well written, and is, unquestionably, the production of an eminent phrenologist, whose abilities are of no ordinary character, and whose liberality is such as to induce him not to withhold any good thing he himself possesses from his fellow-creatures,—an example worthy of imitation, and one that ought to be followed by all. There is an old adage,—“Do good and get good,” and if every brother were actuated by this principle, Odd Fellowship would be in reality what it is in profession.

Mr. Weddell says he is truly sorry to see an Essay on Phrenology appear in the Magazine, thinking the author of it has commenced the task without calculating on the consequences likely to ensue, viz:—**MATERIALISM and INFIDELITY**. I think the reverse; and shall, by and by, give reasons for doing so. In the making of this assertion, Mr. Weddell raises, beyond measure, the standard of infidelity; he makes it appear as though Christianity has no basis to rest upon,—as unsupported by facts drawn from logical demonstrations; thereby making it appear that Christianity will not bear scrutiny. Hence we may infer, that it is nothing but a system of *trick and chicane*, kept up through sinister motives; in fine, that it is the avocation of villany.

I am a christian, attend religious worship, and believe it to be my duty to do so; but *not because my mother told me so*. I believe I am composed of two parts: First, **SUBSTANCE, OR MATTER**; second, **MENTAL FACULTY, OR INTELLIGENCE**, which is *no substance*, directing the movements of my body, and the composition of this letter. And will any man tell me, that that which is *no substance* can die! or that which is *no substance* can suffer from violence or disease! True, it may suffer from remorse; but it can never die. Jesus Christ calleth it “the worm that dieth not,” and “the fire that is never quenched;” which proves that Christianity is something more than mere moonshine, and has nothing to fear from Phrenology.

But some will say, what part or space of the body does the soul occupy? To this absurd and ridiculous question I would answer, *it occupies no part or space whatever*; if it did, it must be substance, and if substance, it must be matter, and consequently subject to disease and death. Therefore, Mr. Weddell need be under no apprehension or fear of Phrenology undermining the foundation of Religion.

Again,—Mr. Weddell says, “Like all other productions of the German school, there is something extremely visionary, although fascinating, in the study of Phrenology.” He then says, “There is no part of the human frame, of which we are so ignorant as that of the brain and nervous system.” This very confession ought to raise a blush upon our cheeks, and fill our hearts with remorse; strange it is, that a subject like this, of vital importance, should have been so much neglected on account of its intricate and mysterious phenomena.

The utility likely to accrue to medicine and philosophy from a rational and convincing explanation of circumstances relating to Phrenology, must be a source of unbounded joy to every practitioner. For if any one discovery can enhance more than another the usefulness of the medical profession, it will be one relating to the brain and nervous system. Whatever may be the result of phrenological research, one thing is certain, namely, that a more familiar acquaintance with the brain and nervous system will be obtained, which will be of infinite service to the medical profession, and enable its members more successfully to treat the many appalling cases upon which they are consulted; such as apoplexy, concussion, paralysis, rupture of vessels, &c., with a train nervous diseases which it is heart-rending to witness, especially when the medical attendant considers himself unable to render his patient that assistance which the wretched sufferer so much requires.

Again. Mr. Weddell says, “There are many cases on record, where several ounces in weight of the brain have been lost after wounds, and the individuals have recovered, and never found the want of such lost brain.” Mr. Weddell has a right to

believe what he thinks proper, but I must confess, that I never can for one moment entertain the opinion that any individual after a severe fracture of the cranium, together with a rupture of the *dura mater* and *pica mater*, so as to allow the medullary substance to escape, can recover.

But, Gentlemen, I fear I have already trespassed too far, and will return to this subject in my next.

Yours, truly,

In the bonds of F. L. & T.

P. T.

Prince Regent Lodge, Glossop, January 17th, 1839.

TO THE EDITOR AND COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT FOR THE MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

I HAVE for some time had thoughts of writing to congratulate you on the interesting correspondence from our transatlantic brethren,—at last I snatch up my pen to call particular attention to one passage in the communication from the American friends, which refers to the “abolition of all social and convivial practices at Lodge meetings.” By this I understand a discontinuance of the degrading, the useless and injurious practices of drinking, smoking, and miscellaneous chatting, which I am afraid is getting too strong hold in the Lodge meetings of, at least, some Districts. Don’t be hasty to judge me a teetotaler, nor yet a defamer of Odd Fellowship. I am neither abstemious enough for the former, nor sufficiently malignant for the latter; but I consider those practices injurious to the Order, and therefore thus candidly write.

First. These convivial practices are injurious to Odd Fellowship, because they divert the attention from more worthy subjects; this needs neither argument nor example for proof. I take the evil to be self-evident. Can a man rightly judge of any important proposition, when his mind is filled with trifling and opposite things? Or is he in a suitable state for deliberate consideration, when he is confused by the din of many tongues around, and by his glasses of grog within? Or even when a partial silence and attention are called, can he summon up in a moment of time all his powers of reason, arrange his arguments, and draw correct conclusions, to enable him to give his vote in a judicious manner? I think I shall be answered in the negative by all sensible men. That convivial practices are confusive, and that confusion is detrimental to business and comfort, cannot be disputed.

Secondly. These convivial practices are improper, because they cause the world to judge evil of us; they set us down among the “*drinking clubs*!” And what is this more than the inference that might be justly drawn from our conduct, exhibited in our regular meetings at taverns. We ought always to remember that non-members can judge our merits by what they see in our outward actions only; and though we may feel a strong conviction that our main design is noble and honourable, we *should* pay a little regard to the opinions of those who cannot be admitted into the Lodges to see our real works. We think that those who understand the principles of our fraternity, must yield their assent to its *leading features*. But we know that the chief ingredients may be exquisitely good, and yet be so fearfully commixed with extraneous matter, as to render the whole superlatively disgusting. And suffer me to ask this question, seriously,—What is the reason Odd Fellowship is so frequently and so shamefully defamed? May it not be traced hitherto? The effect of all this is that many moral, religious, and most respectable men are deterred from joining with us, whilst the immoral and dissolute are ready to offer themselves for *Odd Fellows*, in place of the more worthy. Brethren, can this in any way tend to the interest of *genuine* Odd Fellowship? I believe its effect is quite the reverse.

Let us then no longer encourage such an unhappy state of things. Join heart and hand to shake off from us the shackles of vice, for then, and not till then, may we rationally expect from our fellow-men that respect which we think we deserve, and that

blessing from heaven which we need ; we cannot look for either one or the other, so long as we continue willing slaves to those pernicious practices. For argument's sake, though it might be tenaciously held, we pass by the effects of drinking and the like, as operating upon individual character, and ask the question,—that if drinking and smoking, and idle talk, are necessary to our existence, *peace*, or *prosperity*, can we not dispense with them for an hour or two, in our Lodge meetings ? If we cannot thus far deny ourselves, it is time to rest our argument on other ground, and think if we are already so ensnared with the charms of glass, pipe, and gossip, is it not a matter of fear lest we should be drawn into the vortex of drunkenness, and its companion vices ? But I would not willingly wrong a brother's feelings or intentions ; I give Odd Fellows credit for many an honest heart. I know some are anxious as myself to be free from these destroyers of virtue, and those injurers of the Order. Stir then, and suffer not *American Odd Fellows* to *outshine Old Britain's glory*. Let us now have a word or two of inquiry after the remedy.

When a diseased and dangerous state of things exists, there are two necessary steps to be taken. The first is a discovery, and, of course, a discontinuance of those causes which have produced the unhappy effect. The second is an application of such remedies as are most likely to remove the injury sustained.

As to the discontinuance of the convivial practices in question, I need not say much ; I have already mentioned their evil, which is virtually a proposal for their abolition. But some will probably say, that, if we abstain from drinking, we shall subject ourselves to the displeasure of the inn-keepers, and so might be deprived of our places of meeting. To this I would say, if neither they nor any one else will allow you a *room for hire*, be yet more independent, and erect a new Lodge of your own ; then you need be subject to no man whose interest will prompt him to connive at vice. A new and convenient place of resort would not be a very heavy burden for a good hearty set of Odd Fellows to rear ! They would dash away with it as though it were but a feather on their shoulders ! And then think of the comfort, convenience, and respectability arising therefrom ; these would be worth twice the expense. Let the cost be according to circumstances. Take a *little* money from the *box*, and make a *spirited subscription* among yourselves and friends when you first resolve to build ; make a *second*, when the *foundation is laid* ; a *third*, to *naïl the roof on* ; and a *fourth*, to *finish off*. The satisfaction that would follow I need not describe.

The remaining section in my Lodge "reform bill," is the application of remedies to a removal of the injuries we have received, in our moral character. This is an important part of the subject, but I shall treat it briefly. After the glass, the pipe, and their companions are removed, and a new hall erected, and all comfortably seated, if there be not a sufficiency of Lodge business to engage attention, let us have lectures on literary subjects, the same as in our mechanic institutes, and other societies of men. This would improve our minds, establish our morals, and reclaim our character in the eyes of the world ; then should we have an increase of the good and wise of our race, and prosperity would mark our path. Hoping these remarks, though brief and imperfect, may be instrumental in stirring the brethren in some of the more neglected Districts,

I remain, in the good old bonds of F. L. & T.

Rutland Lodge, Scarbro., Jan. 31st, 1839.

A. G. TYSON, Sec.

CHEERFULNESS.—A woman may be of great assistance to her husband in business by wearing a cheerful smile continually upon her countenance ; a man's perplexities and gloominess are increased a hundred fold when his better-half moves about with a continual scowl upon her brow. A pleasant, cheerful wife is as the rainbow set in the sky, when her husband's mind is toss'd with storms and tempests ; but a dissatisfied and fretful wife in the hour of trouble, is like one of those fiends who delight to torture lost spirits.—*Box*.

INDEPENDENCE.—To be truly and really independent is to support ourselves by our own exertions.—*Porter*.

KNOWLEDGE AMONG THE MANY.

WRITTEN BY G. FLETCHER,

Of the Chillington Lodge, Wolverhampton, and delivered by him at the Lichfield Mechanics' Institute, on Tuesday Evening, May 30th, 1837.

As the writer of the first paper or essay read to the members of the Lichfield Mechanics' Institute, since the opening address of the President, it might perhaps seem me to make a few remarks on such an occasion. I would, however, premise that it was the intention of the benevolent founders of Mechanics' Institutes to bring mankind to a higher state of being than then existed; and in furtherance of this object man was freely to give his little store of knowledge to his fellow-man. This could be done in various ways:—by tuition, on an improved style, for the junior branches; by classes, for the adults; by books; by lectures—and also by essays or papers, on subjects of useful information: for by such means we only follow out the design of the philanthropic projectors.

In the few remarks which I shall immediately submit to your notice, I have endeavoured to prove that knowledge among the many can only be productive of good. The false meteor which is sometimes mistaken for the true light of knowledge, exists, like the *ignis fatuus*, in the uncultivated mind, betraying its victim into the maze of scepticism and infidelity. Education will drain up the marshes of ignorance, point to a brighter path on earth, and be a beacon-star to light us up to heaven.

There is, I lament to say, an opinion prevailing in the breasts of some individuals that knowledge imparted to the operative grades of society only tends to make them discontented, arrogant, and irreligious. To this I would reply, that I think it is a failing of human nature to plume itself on any newly-acquired power, whether physical or mental; that the working classes of England have as yet but tasted of the gifted spring of knowledge, and the effects are visible in their half-awakened spirit—they have broke from the sleep of ignorance, and found themselves men; hence they are vain, for a treasure has been given them which their forefathers did not enjoy. But let them drink deeply of the sacred stream, and they will no longer be irreligious or arrogant. How, I ask, can that power which unlocks the mysteries of the habitable earth, the great deep, the beautiful and unchanging stars, to the eye of man, make him an infidel? No, he must rise from the sublime contemplation with awe and reverence to his Maker. Sound, healthy education must make man a better father, a kinder husband, a gentler brother, and, more than all, a real man—a Christian.

I would revert first to a branch of study proposed as a portion of the education of the members of Mechanics' Institutes—that of geology. What food for the mind is here! We penetrate the bowels of the earth, and there behold the fossil remains of mighty animals that existed thousands of years ago. In the strata of earth—I might say her sinews—hundreds of miles from even the roar of ocean, sea-shells have been found; and even in our own neighbourhood, in the precincts of Dudley Castle, marine relics, petrified bones, trees, &c., are a matter of almost daily discovery—thus affording incontestible proof of the great Deluge, and of the divine authority of the Scriptures. Can the view of these, of the various ores and minerals which the Creator has there disposed with such a gracious beneficence for our use—alas! that we should ever employ them for our destruction—tend to make man an unbeliever? I answer, no; and I feel that “No!” will also be your response.

Does the poetry of earth claim our attention—the trees and flowers? If we walk but in the high-road, from the majestic oak, with its “hundred arms,” to the tiny flower that springs at its foot, all is beauty, for they are God’s. The mightiest oak was once but an acorn, and now it is the tallest giant of the forest. And thus it is—to use a simile that here presents itself—with the growth of knowledge; the seed is sown; the germ is laid; anon it springs up, cultured by the fostering hand of prudence, a goodly tree, with blessings under its branches. If we but examine a leaf, accidentally blown off by the wind, how we must admire its formation—its fibres, like veins, filled with the life-juice of the parent plant—its delicate texture—its beautiful colour—how the works of man sink in the comparison! Even the smallest and most insignificant of the works of Nature is perfection itself when compared with the most glorious handiwork of mortals. Let us therefore seek, and deeply too, into the history of the trees

and flowers. Does their existence convince us that they were created by chance? No, we must feel that they are but a portion of the work of the Great Architect, and with that assurance the mists of scepticism will fast flee away. Can, therefore, the study of natural history be a source of harm to the working man? I hear you answer, "No; he must become both wiser and better."

In the science of astronomy, what a flood of light and beauty bursts on our view! How delightful to mark the studded Belt of Orion, and the clouds of stars that form the Pleiades!—to trace the lamps of heaven as they move onward in their unerring and predestined course, guided by the mighty hand of the Ruler of the Planets! And why should their existence, their progress, and effects, be a sealed book to the working man? Can a study of those objects—the most glorious of all that meet human sight—have aught but the best tendency on his mind? No! absorbed in the sublime contemplation of the firmament, he must the more intensely own the majesty of his Maker; and the pursuit, if properly directed, refine his feelings, and chasten his spirit.

The history of the earth, its rivers, lakes, and mountains—the animals that cradle on its bosom—the feathered creation—the wonders that lie in the world of ocean—should be unfolded to the comprehension of the working man. The phenomena of earthquakes, of thunder and lightning—the ebb and flow of the tide—the globe revolving on its axis—the law of motion—and hundreds of things only yet known to the few, be well understood by the many. Again, I ask, can the possession of these mysteries be a blessing or a curse?—can they have the least baneful effect on man's mind, or unfix his belief in the Supreme Being? In reply to this you have but one answer; and that is "No."

The benefits of Mechanics' Institutes are already visible in the spirit of inquiry they have awakened among the operatives in places where they have been established. The libraries and reading-rooms are well attended, and the haunts of vice and intemperance are deserted. The pleasures of science are displayed by the interest with which they listen to lectures which treat of the subject of geology, the wonders of chemistry, or the gigantic capabilities of machinery. Of the latter, a practical proof is evident from the recent inventions of Mr. Witty, a member, I believe, of the Newcastle Mechanics' Institute, in that leviathan of power—the steam-engine. Improvements like these, if not resulting from, are yet fostered by such societies—they are in fact stepping-stones, on which Science may plant his vigorous and manly foot in his progress onward to perfection.

And here I cannot forbear quoting a passage from Milton's "Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing." That poet of all ages, aware of the thralldom in which the minds of his countrymen were then held, tore aside the veil of shrouded years, and in his mind's eye beheld a time, like the present, when the book of knowledge should be unclapped, and education one of the first objects of the people. On the aspect of such a period he thus expresses himself:—

"Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation, rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks: methinks I see her as an eagle, muing her mighty young, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam; purging and unscaling her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance: while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms."

How admirably has the poet, by the "timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight," described those persons who at the present day would fain prevent the spread of intelligence among the many, and veil the light of education in darkness for ever.

The design of Mechanics' Institutes will, if properly followed out, work such a change in the morals and habits of the people as will be as beneficial as their intention is philanthropic. In large manufacturing places what a necessity exists for such reformation. For example, I have seen in my native town—a place of great trade—females, who ought to be the intellectual companions, the sunshine of the working man's hearth, engaged in occupations that make humanity blush—labouring at a lathe, using a file, and passing the morning of their lives in the unwholesome and demoralizing

atmosphere of a factory—they become at last, too, unfitted for the duties and habits of domestic life. And what a waste—a desert, does the mind of such females generally exhibit! Lacking that education which it is the duty of every father to bestow on his daughter—but which too often is totally neglected—they become loose in virtuous principles, and callous to religious feeling; and if not in early life snatched from the unfeminine employment to which they are doomed, numbers, alas! meet the fate of the children of shame in the public streets.

Should such things be? Assuredly not. I look forward to the time—a millenium of knowledge—when man, most certainly endowed by nature with a greater portion of physical strength than his companion, woman, will leave the feminine pursuits in which many of them are engaged for the manual labour performed by too great a portion of the softer sex, that such anomalies may exist no longer—when social institutions for the moral and intellectual improvement of woman will rear their heads in every town in the kingdom. Till the cause of female education has made great progress, our advance in social excellence will be but slow. From whom did we receive our first lessons of human life—our notions of right and wrong? from the parent that bore us—our tender mother. And how many amongst us are there who do not look back with regret to the time when, seated on the knee of an affectionate mother, he received the words of good counsel from her lips? Then who can deny the vast, the incalculable benefits that would result to society from a higher state of mental improvement in the female portion? Then indeed would they become, as designed by the Creator, the friends of your hearts, the wives of your bosoms, and the teachers of your children.

Brother operatives!—I call upon you with my whole heart—pursue knowledge for its own sake—for the bounteous and ever-flowing treasures that are offered for your acceptance. Be industrious; be temperate; cultivate the minds of your children; and a better state of being will be the result. You will then be enabled to support your wives, and give your daughters employment suited to their sex. May God prosper all ends for the mental and physical benefit of mankind; and kindly feelings for the whole of the human race be nourished, like ever-green verdure, in your hearts.

THE LEEK OF CAMBRIA.

I do not scorn to wear the Leek,
Because I wear the Rose;
He, who his country's name would speak,
Nor hate nor envy knows.
Let the Rose blossom by the Leek,
Be each our pride and boast;
And who would not the UNION break,
Come join with us the toast:—
'The Leek of Wales—the Leek of Wales,
The glory of her hills and dales;
The foe that Cambria's right assails,
Strikes England's Rose in striking Wales.'

Ever unconquer'd in the field,—
Still foremost in the fight;—
Oh! may thy children never yield
Thy country's sacred right!
Preferring danger still to shame,—
Death, rather than disgrace;

Wales will not stain her ancient fame,
In this her modern race.
'The Leek of Wales—the Leek of Wales,
The glory of her hills and dales;
The foe that Cambria's right assails,
Strikes England's Rose in striking Wales.'

May Cambria's emblem flourish long,
In story and in lay;
Still may she love the harp and song,
Still keep "*la science gaie*,"
I do not scorn the Leek, although
I wear the English Rose;
He who at Wales would strike a blow,
Adds me unto his foes.
'The Leek of Wales—the Leek of Wales,
The glory of her hills and dales;
The foe that Cambria's right assails,
Strikes England's Rose in striking Wales.'

H. W. D.

FRIENDSHIP as often freezes in the atmosphere of apathy, as it consumes in the blaze of anger.

MARY OLIVER.

BY FREDERIC MONTAGU, ESQ.

CHAPTER III.

Descriptive of Mr. DODDLETON's and DEATH's Doings.

VERY unenviable were the feelings which pervaded the mind, and very unsatisfactory were the ideal conjectures of Mrs. Pobbs as to the object of the required interview, nor was the good housekeeper at all relieved by hearing the steadily descending footfall of Mr. Doddleton upon the stairs. Mrs. Pobbs thought over in one moment (as a drowning man is said to do) all the material circumstances of her past life; and there hurried before her disordered imagination, and in rapid succession, the several important eras connected with her sublunary existence. She thought of having, when a young woman, refused a young Oxonian, who afterwards obtained a £40,000 prize in the last lottery,—of having hanged a neighbour's cat—and worked a sampler—of having had the small-pox—the measles—and an offer of marriage from Mr. Pobbs,—of the Brown Bread Sawdust Society, and subsequent death of Mr. Pobbs,—of her being a widow, and hating Davis,—of her real respect for Mr. Doddleton,—of her having neglected the water-cresses,—and lastly, of her temporary anger with Dido, but true zoological attachment towards that faithful attendant. All this thought occupied but little time, and the entrance into the room of Mr. Doddleton, who wore an assumed facial frigidity, made Mrs. Pobbs forget everything, except the fact that her heart was bobbing about with all the activity of an imprisoned tadpole, in a two-ounce phial of water.

Mr. Doddleton, who had his watch in his hand, saw that he only had four minutes to bestow upon the inadvertance of his housekeeper. His carriage was at the door,—Davis waited with the hall door open in one hand, and his master's hat and gloves in the other,—the coachman was watching the door with a sidelong glimpse,—the spotted Danish dog looked anxiously in the coachman's face; whilst the "Bays" pawed with their ready hoofs, and impatiently champed their bits. In the four minutes Mr. Doddleton possessed, he managed not only to impress Mrs. Pobbs with her want of philanthropy and humanity, but even convinced her that she was selfish in her strict attention to Dido, her favourite, whilst towards Tibby she withheld both the milk of sustenance, and the milk of human kindness; indeed, no Old Bailey Recorder of a delinquent's errors could so satisfactorily have summed up the evidence, circumstantial and adduced, or could have produced a stronger effect, for Mrs. Pobbs, who only answered every charge with a choking but acquiescing "yes," heard the last words—"yet I believe, Mrs. Pobbs, it was pure accident, and never will occur again," when the housekeeper burst into an hysterical fit of sobbing, which, since the dissolution of the Brown Bread Sawdust Society, and Mr. Pobbs, had never been equalled.

Perhaps Mr. Doddleton was sorry he had produced such an effect, yet at this moment he seemed to be thinking of something of rather more importance than Mrs. Pobbs' grief, for he was busily employed turning up every plate, every saucer, every cushion, removing every chair, displacing every chimney ornament,—rooting out his weekly cards of memoranda, and lastly, turning out the contents of all his pockets, coat, waistcoat, and continuations, and all this was done with a nervous rapidity, producing in his good-natured face the alternate colors of red and white, with all the regularity of a draught board; yet could he not find that towards which his anxiety was directed, it being the piece of paper, which Mr. Doddleton had torn out of his memorandum book, and whereon he had written Mary Oliver's address, and which Mrs. Pobbs' inestimable Dido had purloined from the breakfast table. Mr. Doddleton's time was valuable,—he recollected "Mary Oliver, Back-street,"—left the room, took his hat and gloves from Davis, and was just stepping out of the house into his carriage, when Dido, laying upon a sheep's-skin mat, tearing a piece of paper, met his eye. A moment sufficed to guess all. He grasped the dog by the back of the neck; the suddenness of the jerk disengaged the paper from its jaws, but it was too mutilated for aught upon its surface to be discovered. Mr. Doddleton gave one look to Dido's

mistress,—reached his carriage, and as Davis delivered the Court Guide to his master, as was his usual custom, he heard Mr. Doddleton distinctly say, “I wish that dog was out of the way altogether.” Away the carriage rolled towards St. Giles, the coachman turning to look at William, the footman,—and Davis looking at both; they, though distant from each other, all thought, and correctly, that they had never seen their master look so “put out of the way.”

Mrs. Pobbs immediately went to her bed-room,—locked her door; she had partially quelled her tears, yet she felt something yet of grief, and a sort of weight about the eyes and heart, which would be greatly relieved by a “good cry,”—a “systematic wailing,”—so drawing a high-backed soft-cushioned chair, she sat down with a towel, and a determination to have a snug hour of woe. Suddenly after the first burst of a heavy-charged lachrymal cloud, as if her very lachrymal ducts had opened their flood-gates, she assumed a serious cast of countenance,—and with the corner of the towel between her dentist’s teeth, (she had none of her own) evidently meditated some deeply-planned relief from her sorrow. A moment sufficed to carry her project into execution, and seizing a tumbler glass, she went to her medicine chest,—emptied out the whole contents of a blue bottle, and with a settled resolution and a clenched fist drank the potion,—sank into her chair, and sobbed herself into sleep, aided thereunto by the combined excitement of her feelings, and her draught of—brandy.

Whenever our bad passions are in the ascendant, how very skilfully we work out our plans,—how carefully we arrange everything to prevent the possibility of their being frustrated, and with what ardour we pursue our victim in order to gratify our revengeful propensities; and there are many of us who, however naturally indolent, can be roused into immediate activity at the probable success of a revengeful undertaking. So it was with Davis, who with a half quartern loaf, some treacle and butter, sat in his pantry, whilst a half-laugh crossed over the rigid lines of his face, and a sort of malicious light discovered itself in his small twinkling eyes; with a knife he divided the loaf,—cut a huge piece of crumb from the centre,—dipped it into the treacle, having first buttered it,—and with this lump of temptation upon a fork, went to the small garden at the rear of Mr. Doddleton’s house, where in a little black neatly-constructed deal habitation, usually resided Dido, and on this occasion happened to be at “home.” Davis called to give the dog this bread, butter, and treacle,—and then to pat the dog,—and call it “good Dido,”—he even went to the word “pretty.” At last Dido, unaccustomed to aught from Davis but kicks, was, dog-like, overcome by these attentions, and gratefully acknowledged them by wagging its tail in its most enthusiastic way; at last it got so friendly with Davis that it followed him twice up and down the garden,—then Davis went out, shutting the heavy garden door, leaving the dog behind,—the dog scratched and barked, desiring to follow his benefactor,—Davis came back, and just as the dog inadvertently placed its head between the door and the door post, Davis with one heavy crush, bore his whole weight upon the poor dog’s neck;—it yelled piteously,—and dropped instantly on the ground. “There,” said Davis, throwing the body into the kennel, “master wished you out of the way altogether, and now its done,” and the old hard-hearted butler went to his pantry somewhat gratified in the indulgence of what seemed to be to him a capital and colorable revenge upon his ancient enemy “Pobbs.” But Davis had lived too long in the congenial atmosphere of Mr. Doddleton’s heart, not to have partaken somewhat of his nature, and though but a small portion, yet it was strong; he now felt, when the first flush of his wrong doing was over, how cruel he had been—he sat down, and became a victim of deep and contrite remorse.

In the very heart of “The Rookery,” in Saint Giles, there stood before a cellar door a carriage with two wheels, and drawn by two animals. The wheels were low,—one animal about a hand higher than the other,—the harness in which these animals were, was the worse for both wear and tear,—the carriage too had not been painted for some time,—and the panels presented no arms to the observer’s eye, nor could any crest be seen,—yet it was a carriage, the dimensions of which were about three feet and a half long, by two and a half broad, and about two feet in depth. It was divided into two compartments, and had a few loop holes, formed by strips of leather, nailed with precision at equal distances; in three of these loops were skewers,—in two, knives,—and in the carriage, which was drawn by dogs,—horseflesh. But these dogs, though of different breed and habits, had become, (like men) creatures of habit, and contented

with their lot in life; one was an old half-bred bull-terrier,—and the other, a one-eyed half-bred Newfoundland,—the one eye being always put on its own side, which was the off-side,—the half-bred bull-terrier being always the guardian of the near side. They stood as steadily as a physician's horses at the door of a wealthy patient, and were not at all put out of their patience by the feline attentions of three cats, who with their tails erect were amusing themselves by purring and rubbing in the immediate vicinity of their four fore legs and noses, and giving the direct denial to that inimical saying of "leading a cat and dog life,"—indeed, cats who observed "the old familiar faces" of the dogs with unaffected pleasure, and testified their pleasure accordingly. There were other cats in the neighbourhood, alike anticipating the coming of the meat-cart towards the "haunts of their childhood."

A woman with a black beaver bonnet,—a blue printed cotton gown,—a capacious open pocket, fastened over a coarse apron,—a skewer in her mouth, and a knife in one hand and a piece of horseflesh in the other, stood at the rear of the cart, making up little parcels of "cats'-meat," with the tutored eye of an old practitioner; and near to her, waiting to be sent upon an errand to some cat's mistress, was an interesting looking little girl, who seemed to be an especial favourite of the half-bred Newfoundland dog, who now and then turned his eye towards her, and then accompanied the movement with several turns of his bushy tail. The little girl was evidently not the child of the woman with the skewer, knife, and horseflesh,—there was a kindness about her dark eyes, and a gentleness in her manner, as she gave two refuse scraps of meat to the two faithful animals; nor did this kind manner at all subside, notwithstanding the harsh epithet applied to her by the woman with the skewer, knife, and horseflesh, who spoke of her wasteful ways, and hinted a determination to make the day a fast-day with her in consequence. The little girl needed no fast-days to produce humility or lowliness of heart, or to mortify her already emaciated flesh,—she was pale and thin, with glistening eyes, and a hollow but settled cough; and knowing that she was an orphan, alone in all the world, she murmured not,—indeed, if anything, she attempted to be more cheerful, the more she was upbraided.

By a signal from the woman of the skewer, knife, and horseflesh, the little carriage jogged onwards, and the neighbouring cats, accustomed to "the music of her voice," pranced on the steps of the doors—descended from the garrets—left the cellars—purred about the door posts—and all made towards the "two dogs," and severally receiving their allowance, darted back to their destinations, not often without a snarl of defiance or of satisfaction, as the case might be. The woman of the skewer, knife, and horseflesh being opposite to, thought it prudent to enter her usual house of call, where every morning, with very few exceptions, at half-past ten, for eleven years, (Sundays excepted) she had enjoyed one pint of coffee, two slices of toast, and a glass of gin and bitters; whilst the little girl stood outside to watch the property, having had her breakfast two hours previously. It was precisely at this hour that a gentleman was seen standing not many paces from the public house, with his hat off, and vigorously applying a silk handkerchief to his warm bald head, whilst his face was deeply flushed, and he held in his left hand a glove, which he seemed to squeeze, as if it were a hand of friendship,—he was looking first to the right,—then to the left,—he addressed several persons, but each either would not, or could not, give him the desired information, whilst several muttered alternately the words—"beak,"* or "grab,"† which only made all the persons more obtuse. At last Mr. Doddleton, (for it was he) addressed himself to the little girl, who was patting the uplifted head of the half-bred Newfoundland dog.

"My little girl, can you tell me which is Back-street?" asked Mr. Doddleton, searching in his waistcoat pocket for a sixpence.

"You are in it, sir," said the little guardian of the cats'-meat carriage.

"And pray, my little girl, if I give you sixpence, can you tell me where any person of the name of Oliver lives?" asked Mr. Doddleton.

"I can do that without your giving me sixpence, thank you, sir," answered the little guardian of the cats'-meat carriage, pointing to No. 4, which was immediately opposite; "you must go up three pair of stairs,—the door to the right, sir."

* Slang for "Magistrate."

† Slang for "Constable."

"There, my little friend, I will not give you the sixpence I intended for you, I think you deserve double that sum," and putting the coin in her hand, Mr. Doddleton entered the house on his mission.

"What's that you've got in your fives?" said the woman of the skewer, knife, and horseflesh, emerging from the public-house, and wiping her mouth with the corner of her coarse apron, taking care, by bending her body, that the pence in her ample pocket should not be disturbed.

"A gentleman gave it to me," answered the little guardian of the cats'-meat carriage, exposing the shilling to view in the palm of her hand.

"A bob, by my lucky! Come, that will pay for your shoes which I bought you,—hand over,—tip up, sharply," said the woman of the skewer, knife, and horseflesh, with a harsh voice, holding out her hand, and receiving the money,—though the shoes she alleged to have purchased, she had begged of a lady whose little girl had died.

There are circumstances which happen in life, which from their extraordinary appearance, and connected as they are by us with some preconceived thought, almost incline us to attach a superstition to what really is the natural sequence of events; when this happens, that is, when a real event follows an ideal thought, we, connecting the two intimately together, term it a coincidence. Now as Mr. Doddleton ascended the stairs of the miserable dwelling where lay the mother of Mary Oliver, he thought of a connection of his who had made an unfortunate marriage,—had been, as he was informed, reduced to poverty, and had, of course, dwindled out of the recollection of her opulent connections, and was never mentioned or alluded to by any of them. This is the usual worldly course of events,—to be poor, is almost an offence against society,—but to be poor, and once to have seen better and happier days, is one of those unpitied offences the wealthy are very slow to forgive, and indeed when they do forgive it, it is on the express and humiliating understanding that all allusion to relationship shall be suppressed.

Often, when at a party, have we shocked the vain scion of a purse-proud man by asking who that melancholy-looking being was, eyeing the crest upon the forks and spoons—the only connection he possessed with the owners' family,—“Oh! he is one of those bores to be found in every family, ‘a poor relation,’” has been the *feeling* reply. All these anti-christian feelings and speeches were abominated by Mr. Doddleton, and he would have been the first to pay attention to any poor relation or connection, with an assiduity only commensurate with his naturally enthusiastic temperament and acknowledged kind-heartedness. Why the thought of this long unheard of and unfortunate connection passed over the mind of Mr. Doddleton on ascending these stairs, he could not divine, unless the abode of misery always carried along with it its corresponding painful associations. On obtaining the third flight of stairs, Mr. Doddleton encountered a poor woman, sitting on the upper stair, with her apron folded over her arms, and from the redness of her eyes it was not difficult to conjecture to what purposes she had applied it; she arose upon seeing Mr. Doddleton, when the following colloquy ensued, and which, on her part, was maintained in a strong Irish brogue.

"An' may be it's the docthur, that you are, but little's the good your skill can do for the poor 'oman. Death has warned her of his coming,—the death-watch sounded in the ear of me as I sat with her last night."

"You mistake me, my poor woman," said Mr. Doddleton, "I am a friend, come to see her."

"A frind, is it,—an' bless ye, but ye like all of them,—your visits are late in the day,—but it will be a satisfacshun."

"It will, my good woman," interrupted Mr. Doddleton.

"Ah! 'tis always so to the ritch to see their poor frinds corpses."

"No, no, no," hastily replied Mr. Doddleton, "you misunderstand me, I wish to be of service to the poor woman."

"At her berring then it will be,—may-be you'll see her berried decently, and a right hilegint wake."

Mr. Doddleton made no reply, but pressed forward towards the door in order to obtain admission, but was stopped in his progress by the Irish woman.

"Gintly—gintly,—it's not the time—whaite now till I give notice of your comin',—such as you rarely come here, except for rint, an' it's unpleasint when folks is not prepared either to pay, or see a stranger."

Mr. Doddleton assented to this request, much cut up by the wrong thoughts entertained by the Irishwoman individually, and applied generally to the world, yet which he knew were merely the emanations of painful truths.

The sleep Mary Oliver's mother had partially benefited by, had merely given her strength to combat for awhile with the thrilling pains of death, which came on in severe paroxysms at regular intervals, each leaving her more reduced and nearer the termination of her miseries—still she recollected that she was a mother, and a mother of a child who, during thirteen years, had been a solace and a comfort when all other worldly ones had faded,—indeed when Hope itself was almost a stranger, and Charity had long been so, little Mary Oliver, by her cheerfulness, had ever upheld the waning spirits of her mother, and had made up for the often brutality of a wretch of a man—but Death was, she felt, about to sever this union, and leave a poor child of thirteen a stranger in the world, and exposed to all the miseries of an unguarded situation, and the iron-hearted cruelty of one of the most unnatural of fathers. These thoughts generated an unusual strength with the dying woman, and she combated with the throes of Death, as if desirous only to prolong her life for her poor child's sake.

"Come here, my Mary,—my kind and affectionate Mary, and listen attentively to me, for I am not very strong. Raise me up, my love,—there—there—that is more comfortable," said the poor woman, as Mary Oliver, with much gentleness, placed some clean straw under her mother's shoulders. "Listen to me: I have always endeavoured to guard you against my husband—should anything happen to me, remember my words—'Avoid him!'"

"Why, my mother; I may, by kindness, reclaim him."

"As easily as the adder from stinging—the worm from eating flesh—or the child that hates its mother from a sad eternity. You hear me—a few hours, and you will hear me no more."

"No more, my mother?"

"Yes, my child, my words will ever be in your ears—you *will* hear me"—and the poor woman placed her right hand on her child's head and emphatically said,—"*Avoid him!* he is not your own father—his real name is Grofts—he is known at the Serpent, at Bradford, in Yorkshire—and was a"—but here her voice failed her, and she sank down almost exhausted.

Mary Oliver mentally repeated her mother's words, and was in hopes that the exhaustion she suffered would cause sleep and give her strength, but another and another throe of Death's frustrated this hope.

Again her mother arose gently up—"Come to me, my child,"—and she grasped her with her coldly-sweating hands, cold from the chill of death—"Be virtuous, my child, and trust in Heaven, all else will come to you; and now say the Lord's prayer to me—hold up my hands, I cannot—keep them up, dearest."

Mary Oliver obeyed, and audibly repeated the desired prayer.

"Say that part twice, dearest," said the dying woman.

"Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us," repeated Mary Oliver very audibly.

It was at this moment that Mr. Doddleton entered the room very softly. The prayer was finished—the poor woman caught the stranger's eye.

"Anna—poor lost Anna!" said the good man, terrifically excited.

She looked up—steadfastly observed her visitor—clasped her poor child to her bosom—shrieked aloud—and fell into the arms of Death!

(Chapter IV in our next.)

ON FRIENDSHIP.

Our kind Creator formed man to be happy, and therefore intended that he should partake of the sweets of Friendship; with this view he placed him in Paradise, and gave him an helpmate, to partake of his joys and to share his sorrows.

Friendship is of heavenly extraction; God himself, therefore, is the author of it. It is one of the best gifts he ever bestowed on earth,—without it, this world would be a dreary wilderness. It consists in a mutual attachment, formed on the basis of solid worth, matured by time, and increased by acquaintance with its beneficial consequences.

Sensibility is essential to its existence—for feeling for the misery of others is one of its prominent features. Sympathy is connected with the finest feelings of human nature, so that we share in the miseries of a beloved friend, and, like our Saviour himself, drop a tear of compassion.

Kindred souls are in a more particular manner capacitated to partake of this heavenly virtue,—whose views and pursuits are congenial,—who appear, as it were, to have been formed in the same mould. Party prejudices and selfish motives must be done away, that this disposition may thrive; no jarring passion must be indulged, but all the fine feelings of the soul are to expand themselves.

Friendship cannot continue long without sincerity; in fine, confidence is essential to its nature, but that cannot be placed where we expect to be deceived. This will be discovered in many circumstances in life,—our actions will speak louder than our words; we shall anticipate the want of others,—our visits will be free from the flattery of sycophants; the look will be the index of the mind,—if it be sincere, we may expect its continuance. The slanderer will be unable to abate its vigour,—the calamities of life will endear our friend,—for then we can do him good. Even death itself will not destroy true Friendship,—it will expand itself in a better world, and bloom to all eternity!

Even in this present world it is productive of many advantages. It brings comfort to the mind,—we lose our sorrows in the bosom of a dear friend; the storms of life pass over us unperceived, and we forget our present miseries; our doubts are speedily removed, and we derive a friendly aid when we are sinking in despondency. It is therefore of real advantage in adversity, and makes a cottage comfortable. But what renders it so very serviceable, is the prospects it gives us of immortality,—that when our friends on earth can be of no more service to us, we shall share in the friendship of good spirits in heaven for evermore.

VERITAS.

Noah's Ark Lodge, Newark District.

 WHAT IS WEALTH?

WHAT is wealth, or joy, or sorrow?
Here to-day and gone to-morrow;
As a bird of summer ranging,—
Never still,—for ever changing;
Ever, as we grasp them, fleeing,—
Dying ere they have a being.

What is wealth? 'Tis but a name,
Known to pleasure, dead to fame;
'Tis a shadow quickly passing,
Scarcely worth the while amassing:
Gend'ring sorrow, care and strife,
While it seems to sweeten life.

Manchester, 1839.

What is pleasure? 'Tis a fleeting
Joy, with sorrow always meeting;
Never to one breast confiding,—
Ever sought for, ever hiding;
Sorrow enters without seeking,
Where no ray of joy is breaking.

Earthly happiness is naught,
Sweets are all with bitters fraught;
Loveliness shall fade away,
Beauty is but painted clay;
Riches ever make them wings,
So the Hebrew minstrel sings.

A. H.

THE MILKY WAY.

PERHAPS the most magnificent of all the starry phenomena is the Milky Way. This, as is generally known, is a broad belt, of whitish lustre, which stretches round the whole sky, being parted into two streaks for a large part of the circuit. The ancients formed the mean idea of this light, that it was the milk spilt by the nurse of Mercury, one of the deities; and hence its name. When examined by a telescope, it is found to consist entirely of stars, "scattered by millions," as Sir John Herschel beautifully describes them, "like glittering dust, on the black ground of the general heavens." The average magnitude of these stars is about the tenth or the eleventh, and hence their invisibility to the naked eye. It is a very remarkable circumstance, that, though the stars of the larger magnitudes are scattered with considerable equality over the whole heavens, there is a notable clustering of the smaller ones towards the body of this ring, as if the whole system which we see were part of a boundless wall or *stratum* of stars, in which we occupy the place of an atom, perhaps about the centre. Some such view as this was taken by Sir William Herschel, who, counting the stars in a single field of his telescope, was led to conclude that 50,000 had passed under his review in a zone two degrees in breadth, during a single hour's observation.

We have already alluded to a class of starry objects which appear like "little clouds of light." These are called *nebulae*, the Latin word for little clouds. Some *nebulae* are simply little stars with a thin luminous atmosphere around them; others are clusters of small stars, similar to the Milky Way; some, again, have no appearance of distinct stars, but look like a light seen dimly through horn. The Pleiades, alluded to in the book of Job, is a well-known example of the class which consist of a group of small stars: this group in reality contains many more stars than what are visible to the naked eye. Sir John Herschel conjectures that, in some instances, there are "ten or twenty thousand stars, compacted and wedged together in a round space, whose angular diameter does not exceed eight or ten minutes; that is, an area not more than a tenth part of that covered by the moon." What is worthy of especial remark, these nebulae are chiefly found in a broad line which crosses the Milky Way at right angles.

It thus appears, from the truths, and approximations to truth, presented to us by astronomical science, that there are innumerable planetary systems like ours, each characterised by some peculiarities of its own, but all moving, at more or less rapid rates, in obedience to certain rules, and in certain relations to each other. If we were to permit ourselves to launch into all the conjectures suggested by such a subject, we should hardly, it is to be feared, carry the approving reason of our readers along with us. It is impossible, however, to avoid remarking, how greatly these researches into the heavens increase our admiration of that uncreate power which created and now sustains them. From the minutest animalcule, which escapes the eye within two inches, to the innumerable spheres which, notwithstanding all their brightness and their magnitude, escape in the wastes of space—all—all was the work of one divine being, whose goodness and greatness is shown in the least manifestations of his existence, as well as in the most magnificent. For, since every new addition to the power of the telescope brings new worlds to our view, and since space must necessarily be infinite, is it too much to suppose that what we see, vast as it is, is but a piece of the universe? All, and more than all that we see, perhaps is only a planetary member of some vaster system still, of which the other portions are as countless as are the *portions of this portion*, and which in its turn may be only a portion of something else—thus system accumulating upon system, out and out, in endless and majestic succession—an idea which the Eternal Mind is alone capable of fully comprehending. It has been surmised by the greatest of modern British astronomers—Sir William Herschel—that the innumerable orbs composing the Milky Way form, inclusive of our sun and all its planets, but one nebula, like those dim clusters last described, and which, as seen from them, must appear, (as they do to us) but a little flocky cloud or wisp suspended in the firmament. How humiliating to human greatness is it to conceive that "the great globe itself" is only a minute unit in such a system! And at the same time how elevating to reflect that we have the honour, humble as we are, to be a part of any thing so splendid and so sublime! One thing it seems reasonable to suppose, from analogy, that these systems revolving round systems have somewhere a centre—that centre, what may it be! Are we to venture to think that in that centre may be "the

uncreated and only abode of absolute and eternal repose—the throne of the Omnipotent! It is not given to the imagination to picture, until it shall actually witness, the grandeur of such a procession, composed of innumerable orbs clothed in light, encircled by their planets teeming with every order of intelligence, and moving round the great Mind which has fashioned the whole, veiling, but not eclipsing, the radiance of His glory.”

(From an article in the Quarterly Review.)

SWIMMING.

MAN is better adapted to swimming than any animal, not absolutely aquatic or amphibious. Savages, and the inhabitants of very warm countries, will even excel the greater part of amphibious animals in the water, fighting with the shark, diving with the crocodile, and continuing under water an almost incredible time in search of pearls, corals, and other articles of value. Captain Cook was alarmed at the savages stealing the copper from the ship's bottom, which they were enabled to do by the great length of time they could continue under water. When Mungo Park was swimming across the Niger with his African servant, a huge crocodile suddenly arose, and caught hold of the negro's thigh, which he would have crushed and torn off with his immense jaws; but the negro was as good a swimmer as the crocodile; and, turning rapidly round, he dashed his thumbs into the animal's eyes, and in an instant gouged them out; the crocodile let go his hold, and retreated with a terrific roar. Mungo Park being acquainted with surgery, dressed his servant's wounds, and saved the limb. In 1801, when the Canada was commanded by Sir Joseph Yorke, there was a negro on board who used to perform extraordinary feats in the water, excelling by far the whole crew. But this black man was as much excelled by a quarter-master named Hall, as the black excelled the rest of the crew. Hall's great feat was to drop from the main yard-arm, a height about double that of Westminster bridge, and descending on one side, dive under the ship's bottom, a depth of thirty feet, and ascend to the surface on the other. When Hall was in his prime, he had been induced by a large wager to fall from the top-sail yard-arm and dive under the bottom. He fell from this tremendous height, dived down on the larboard side, and the crew were in breathless anxiety for his fate. Every eye was strained to see him rise on the opposite side: the length of time appeared to destroy all hope, when at last he rose above the water, seemed much distressed, struggled a few seconds, and sunk. Those who had laid the wager now reproached themselves with having stimulated him to attempt an impossibility, by which he had lost his life. Nothing was heard among the sailors but praises of "poor Tom Hall," and sorrow that he should "have come to his death in such a way." In about a quarter of an hour after a violent burst of laughter was heard; every head was thrust over the side, and through the ports, to ascertain "what the devil it could be;" when, to the astonishment of everybody, Tom Hall was seen frolicking and sporting in the water, laughing and jeering at the crew. When he first rose he had kept his head above the surface long enough to regain his breath, he then dived back again to the other side where nobody was looking for him, and supported himself by the rudder chains, under the counter, till by his absence he was thought to be dead; he then swam to the side, and hailed the ship, enjoying the surprise his reappearance had occasioned.

CONVERSATION.—There must in the first place be knowledge—there must be materials; in the second place, there must be a command of words; in the third place, there must be imagination to place things in such views as they are not commonly seen in; and, in the fourth place, there must be a presence of mind, and a resolution that is not to be overcome by failures—this last is an essential requisite; for want of it, many people do not excel in conversation.—*Dr. Johnson.*

AN EPISTLE TO THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS.

IN the primitive ages of the world it appears that the blessings of society were nearly unknown; it may be properly said, that at that period, the mind of man was locked up in a state of intellectual night, but no sooner did the rays of knowledge begin to dawn on the obscurity of those ages, than they discovered the necessity of establishing order and government,—for without these they considered that human existence would be one continued scene of anarchy and confusion.

What was the state of the world before the first distribution of matter into parts, —was it not a chaos of ancient night? But the voice of Omnipotence called order out of that confusion, and gave laws to the whole, and every particle thereof; from which proceed the different operations of nature, such as the varied seasons, which revolve in pleasing succession, and with their revolutions bring not only animation to all the vegetable world, but every bountiful provision for the wants and pleasures of the whole human race.

When we take a survey of the state of dependence in which man is placed, as an individual, we shall discover the necessity of acting in conjunction with each other. In his individual station, man is dependant on his fellow-creatures, and from his own power alone, is incompetent to meet the accumulated evils which are attendant on our temporary existence; he is composed of instability,—a being exposed to the changing vicissitudes of life,—but if he move in a sphere of union, his breast is armed with fortitude to bear the frowns of fate, and he is prepared to enjoy prosperity without vanity, and to encounter adversity without complaint,—he stands on a rock unmoved, and bids defiance to the stormy changes of life, which, if he had been left unaided and unsupported, he would have found insupportable. However aspiring or persevering a man's intentions may be, if he does not act in the bonds of mutual conjunction, his pursuit after happiness may be deemed a fruitless search.

Society is the great basis on which the pleasure and happiness of many are founded; it awakens a spirit of emulation, which incites man to endeavour to excel in every laudable pursuit,—it is the great bond which binds men together in confidence and mutual attachment,—it is a covenant entered into for the protection of each other.

Union is like the building of an arch, which would fall to the ground were one piece not to support another. It teaches men to regard the duties of their domestic station, and to become distinguished by being useful to the community at large,—society is essentially necessary both for the body and mind. It is essential for the body, because, from the design on which it is founded, it is calculated to reclaim the licentious from their dissipated habits; and by the power of example, many have been turned into the paths of temperance, whose blessings have lengthened their days to a respectable old age. It is essential to the mind, because it acts as a stimulus to persevere for the attainment of every commendable virtue. Society ennobles the mind, raises it from the degrading haunts of intemperance and folly, and centres it on the great basis of emulation; it checks the progress of inordinate passion, and teaches men to regard each other as brothers; it is sufficiently proved, by the various occurrences in life, that the great design of society is to improve the morals and manners of men. However societies may differ in forms, names, or opinions, their object is still the same, viz:—to promote the interest, well-being, and happiness of mankind. Love of society is implanted in our nature, and the nearer we approach maturity, the more it flows in the human breast. Conversation is a great blessing in life, as it is through that medium we become acquainted with the passions of others; but the choice of our companions is a matter of the greatest prudence; on that point depend, in a great degree, our future reputation and happiness. It is well to associate with those whose example will stir us up to noble actions and generous thoughts, for when we relieve distress, we are doing good to ourselves, and recommending our own case to the commiseration of others; for we are all members of one great body, composed of the same materials, and designed for the same end.

The Order to which I now wish to draw your attention, is that denominated, "INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS," which was originally founded for the cultivation of moral and social principles. To be an Odd Fellow is to be a good fellow,

VOL. 5—No. 7—2 T.

and to be good is to be happy ; hence it must follow, that societies founded on mutual attachment and good will, cannot fail to produce the desired effect of making men happy, honoured and beloved.

Friendship, Love and Truth, is the great motto of this Order, and the man whose breast possesses these three essential virtues, may be said to be at the summit of human felicity. Friendship is the social tie which binds mankind in a state of brotherhood ; Love produces mutual affection ; and Truth, like a faithful pilot, steers us over the tempestuous waves of life into the pleasing haven of contentment.

The assemblies of this Order, where they perform their respective ceremonies and formalities, are designated under the title of Lodges, which are constituted on a regular system of subordination, and a willing obedience to superiors. Harmony and good order are the regular attendants on these Lodges, whilst at their altars the distresses of those bowed down by misfortune are made known, their suffering conditions are ameliorated with the healing balm of benevolence ; and the situations of those labouring under affliction, are there heard with commiseration : brotherly affection pours consolation into their bitter cup of trial, and by collective exertions, they are enabled to alleviate their sufferings by the application of charity.

The next subject I wish to bring under your consideration, is a few emblematic figures, which are upon the Dispensation, as they, no doubt, contain the designs of the professed principles of the Fraternity. The figures to which I claim your attention are the following, namely,—the Eye of Providence, the Union of the Heart and Hand, the Hour Glass, the Emblems of Mortality, the Bees and Beehive, the Sun, Moon and Stars, and the Dove, with the Olive Branch in her mouth. The overruling Eye of Providence : This important figure calls for serious reverence to that great ruling power, the Parent of the human race,—“ His watchful eye no motion can escape, though veiled in darkness most profound ;” His eye is on all His works, and from hidden dangers protects ungrateful man. This wise Disposer, the Supreme Potentate of Heaven, has placed man in a state of enjoyment and happiness ; he has furnished him with powers of body, suitable for the attainment of every pleasure, and with a mind possessed with intellectual dominion over the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, and the fishes of the sea. The great design of this wise Dispenser of universal good was, that man might imitate His divine perfections ; then, as His Omnipresent Eye is privy to every transaction of our lives, may we live in fear and reverence to His divine authority ; that, when our appointed hour is come,—when the last pulse shall beat,—the end of our being may be as virtuous as the Eternal Creator had designed. The cultivation of the great principles of Odd Fellowship will produce for man happiness in this life, and enable him to meet his dissolution with composure,—as the poet beautifully describes,—

“ Let gratitude in acts of goodness shew
Our love to God, in love to man below ;
Be this our joy to calm the troubled breast,
Support the weak, and succour the distress’d.”

With regard to the Heart and Hand, it is a striking emblem of the confidence that all Odd Fellows should repose in each other, after taking so solemn an obligation. Union of hands very often occurs through familiarity ; but the professed principle of Odd Fellowship is, that the heart should join in unison with the hand, as a salute of genuine friendship, and a solemn obligation of fidelity never to betray each other. Genuine friendship is one of the greatest blessings upon earth ; it affords us counsel in our extremities, and our sorrows are dispelled by its genial ray,—then what man would be without its cheering influence ! it is a shelter against the storms of calamity, and one of the greatest consolations in the awful hour of death. As the rain descends on the mountains, replenishes the streams, fertilizes the meadows, and then rolls back to the abyss of the ocean, from whence it proceeded, so it is with genuine friendship,—it diffuses a spirit of philanthropy, cultivates every principle conducive to domestic happiness, and inspires the human breast with forbearance and gratitude ; it casteth not the dark veil of censure over the errors of men, but endeavours to reinstate the fallen in the path of rectitude, by the power of friendly precept and admonition. Gentle friendship, like the daughter of charity, binds up the broken heart, weeps over and pities the errors of mankind, and administers to the fallen, the cheering antidote of hope and resolution. But there is another description of friendship, known under

the name of interested friendship. The man who possesses such a flame in his breast, may justly be considered the bane of society; many will join their hands in seeming friendship, and ingratiate themselves into the favour of others, for no other purpose than to betray. Then, oh, beware of the deadly sting of counterfeited friendship! The value of wealth is as light as air in the scale of human happiness, when compared with the value of a genuine friend. Friendship is a congenial mixture of souls, who view each other's interest as inseparable treasure; and when you have tried and proved one, wear him in your bosom, for in him you will find a partner of your cares through life, and a comforter in the hour of affliction.

The next figure which comes under consideration, is the Hour Glass,—the emblem of time. This silent memento may serve to inform us that various are our calls to the importance of time. The great design of the Hour Glass is, that the eye may see the rapid progress of the descending grains of sand, which is an expressive picture of our fleeting moments; thus, the Hour Glass is descriptive of the momentary state of our existence, and points out the necessity of using every diligence to improve the present moments, and not let them pass unregarded. A certain portion of time is allotted to every man for improvement, for which he must be accountable. In what does the improvement of time consist,—in the accumulation of wealth, or extent of possessions? in dissipated pleasures or dignities? No; it consists in the cultivation of every moral principle which incites man to do unto others that which he would they should do unto him. Man may be said to be stationed on an important watch, and every moment, which like a fugitive, passes unnoticed, posteth to heaven, and there adds another figure to the great sum of folly; time, like an informer, watches over our actions, that it may give evidence against us when misapplied. The trace of time past can only be found in the wise man's breast, who improved each moment before he let it pass; but he who has spent his days in folly, whilst the winter of age imperceptibly steals upon him, may then cast his eyes on the emblematic glass, nearly run, and discover the abuse and neglect of every opportunity he has been favoured with for improvement, and the few descending grains will only add to his reflections, by convincing him that it is too late to cancel the great debt of folly that time has registered against him.

There is another reason why the importance of time so loudly calls for consideration, which is, the uncertainty of life. The present moment we enjoy,—the next is in the womb of futurity; to-day we promise ourselves a length of future happiness,—to-morrow our vain-concerted plans vanish like the dreams of the evening: to-day we bear the blushing bloom of life,—to-morrow we wither by the blast of death. As it is clearly proved we are only pensioners on the bounty of time, it is our duty to improve the same. But to draw a comparison on this point. Suppose a man to be blest with a competency to provide for the necessities of life, and, by economy, have sufficient to extend its support to a lengthened old age; but should he spend his competency in the profligacy of youth, and leave no provision for unregarded age, from such conduct will result this conclusion,—that he was improvident for wasting in his youth that which would have afforded him support in the evening of his life. This figure may justly be applied to time, for he who lavishes it away in trifling pursuits, robs himself of the means of purchasing the blessings of this life; for he throws the moments away, which perhaps, one day he would give worlds to reach. Misspent time is the greatest breach of trust against heaven; we are intrusted with it for the improvement of our talents; it is conditionally lent unto man, and should be returned with the high interest of a good life: but if we disregard every obligation by which we are bound to our wise Benefactor, who shall support us when summoned before his awful tribunal?

To draw my last concluding figure of the Hour Glass, I wish to apply it to that important moment, when soul and body, which have so long been united together, are about to experience a final parting. The man whose life has been one continued course of disobedience, looks round him and sees his glass is nearly run; he takes a retrospective view of his past life, and finds it to be a volume filled with the records of neglected duties; the numerous opportunities with which he has been favoured, now stand before him, by the silent evidence of a self-convicted mind; in the agony of too late repentance, he watches the last grain descend from his glass, which dashes him from the great volume of existence. But the man who has applied himself to wisdom,

who has set a proper estimate on time, and performed the several duties incumbent on him, at the awful moment of death, views his glass, which is nearly run, with composure and fortitude, knowing that every descending grain wafts him nearer to that great source which will reward his virtuous actions; he casts a view on the page of his past life, which reflects back to his breast the pleasing sensation of having done his duty. Thus after leading a life of happiness, his mind is supported in the hour of death, and when the last grain descends from the glass, he leaves a character to posterity worthy of imitation.

The next important figure which comes under our serious attention, is the Emblem of Mortality; let us, for a moment, recall our thoughts, and direct them to this source of reflection,—it is the final close of life's eventful history. It is evident that the introduction of this emblem was designed to inculcate a moral principle, to solemnize our meetings, and stamp a deep impression on our minds, to prepare for another state of being, whenever the wise Disposer of all events might think proper to call us. Where is the tongue from which flowed all the graces of flowery eloquence, whose elegance of expression has been the admiration of surrounding multitudes? Alas, that once living pleader now is silent, and can make no reply,—the lips, the faithful doors of life, are now for ever closed,—the cheek which bore the bloom of promising years, is now withered by the chilling blast of death,—the expressive and penetrating eye, which shone so bright, alas, has lost its lustre, it is fallen from its orb,—the aspiring thought, the lively imagination, the whole of the intellectual powers, whose influence could govern society, are now laid waste by death, the great leveller of the human race! And must this lot be mine? convicted Nature cries,—when undissembling Truth does loudly answer—yes. The sceptred monarch, clothed with pomp and power—the ruling tyrant—and the fettered slave,—to this complexion all must come at last,—“The veil now drops from vain distinction's eye, and pomp and grandeur own the awful fact.” Though wealth may gild our flattering hopes, or health give promise for a length of years, 'tis but the fancied dream of security; for, in that deluded moment, when we suppose all is well, the King of Terrors may wound our vital parts,—then vanish all our vain-concerted schemes of future happiness, and our earthly structure, whose walls we heedless think impregnable,—“by the touch of death to dissolution falls.” Then what avails the strong arm of power, the honours of the imperial brow, or the pomp of flattering ceremony,—alas! their boast arises from the fiery fever of ambition! Let the man whose sole object has been accumulation of wealth visit here, and contemplate this future picture of himself, then will his fantastic visions be as baseless as those of the evening,—let the man, whose pursuits through life have been for the attainment of empty titles, honours, and dignities, come and consult this emblem of dissolution, which will inform him of Heaven's irrevocable decree,—“That it is appointed unto all men once to die.” Let us, then, endeavour to check our headlong passions, and nobly bear with our adversities,—let us wait the fulfilment of Heaven's great decree, when the appointed hour shall welcome us into a state of immortality, where the wicked shall cease from troubling, and the weary be at rest.

The next figure which comes under our notice, is the Bees and Beehive, the emblem of industry. It is one of the advantages of spring, that it furnishes us with an opportunity of observing the industry and labours of the Bee, and certainly a Beehive is one of the most interesting sights which an admirer of nature can behold; we cannot tire of contemplating that laboratory, where thousands of artificers are employed in different works,—we are in a continual state of surprise on seeing their order and regularity, and particularly in those magazines, so plentifully furnished with all that is necessary for the subsistence of the society in winter. But what most deserves attention is, the indefatigable application and uninterrupted labours of this little colony. Bees present us with an example of diligence and activity, which is not only very uncommon, but which has, probably, never had its equal. They begin to appear as soon as the winter is past, even when it might be feared that the cold would benumb their delicate limbs; when the juices of the flowers, which begin to blow, have not yet been sufficiently ripened by the sun, so as to furnish honey in plenty, the Bees still gather some little for their food; but their cares and activity are evidently redoubled during spring and summer. In these seasons they do all they can, and do not despise the smallest profits, provided they can only increase their stores. In

building their cells they are so indefatigable, that we are assured a honeycomb of double cells, such as three thousand Bees can lodge in, is completed in a short time. This work is divided amongst the members of the colony: while some of the Bees are gathering the wax, preparing it, and filling the magazines, others are employed in different works; some take the wax and make use of it to build their cells, others extract the honey from the flowers, and lay it in the Hive for daily subsistence, and for future support; and others close, with a covering of wax, the cells in which they keep their winter's provision of honey; some carry food to their young,—in short, they all have their different employments. But it is not enough to *admire* the activity of these little creatures, we should learn to *emulate* them, and propose them to ourselves as models of industry; we have many more motives for diligence than those insects; the Bee collects nectareous sweets not for herself, but for her owners,—but in attaching ourselves to the precepts of true wisdom, we labour for ourselves, and gather fruit for eternal life. We have an immortal soul of inestimable value,—with what application ought we to labour for its happiness, and avoid what might lead to its ruin! What is more calculated to excite us to activity and indefatigable diligence, than considering that the fruit of our labours does not merely extend to a few days and years, but to eternity itself; let us, therefore, never be slothful in doing good, but let us acquit ourselves of our duties with all possible zeal and fidelity,—let us accomplish without delay the task allotted us, before the winter of sickness and old age approaches, and before death has finally decided our destiny.

O, Man, go to the Bees for instruction; consider their labours, contemplate their works, and admire their active and unceasing industry. Ever busy, ever indefatigable, they toil from morning till evening, and cheerfully support the troubles of their short existence; and wilt *thou* repose on the lap of indolence, or consume thy time in frivolous and hurtful pleasures. Rather strive to exceed the industry of these insects, which have not received, like thee, the inestimable gift of reason,—thy life is of short duration, may it be unremittently devoted to labour for the glory of thy Creator, and the welfare of thy soul. The time which God hath given thee should not be consumed in indolence and effeminacy,—thou art endowed with life, strength, and reason; sanctify them by the love of virtuous labour, and let the seasons of youth, manhood, and old age, be devoted to the service of the Almighty.

The next figure which comes into question, is the Sun, Moon, and Stars, which perform their various revolutions; they are emblems of the different stations in the Order of Odd Fellowship. The Sun is an expressive emblem of the duties incumbent on man; whatever may be the revolutions of the heavenly bodies, or convulsions of nature, still that bright luminary pursues his undeviating course; he rises in the morning, and at his genial influence, creation throws off its slumbers, and exultingly branches into new life; he performs the duties of his appointed course through the day, and at the approach of evening, when nature invites the world to rest, descends the western hemisphere. But no sooner does the Sun withdraw his light, and night begin to spread her dark veil over the world, than the Moon assumes her ebony throne, and stretching forth her beams, illuminates the dark creation; the Stars, though not of equal brilliance, add beauty to the heavenly scene, and by their collective influence, counteract the power of darkness.

The introduction of the Sun, Moon, and Stars, are the emblematic figures of the stations in a Lodge. He who presides in the office of N. G. for the time being, may be considered like the Sun, in the emblem, as diffusing light through the whole sphere in which he revolves; for he who aspires to that illustrious station, ought to be possessed of justice and charity, because in his power is vested the protection of our privileges, and the execution of our law branches from his authority. With justice, that he may always give an unprejudiced and impartial decision on all transactions which may come under his notice; with charity, that he may bear with the weakness of his inferiors, and bring them into the path of rectitude by friendly persuasion,—let him be possessed of prudence, that he may square the actions of his life consistent with the great principles of his profession, and by striving to excel in every commendable virtue, convince the world that he is worthy of the confidence reposed in him. The V. G., like the Moon in the emblem, performs his useful course in the absence of the N. G.; and the inferior officers, acting like the Stars, through their useful and appointed courses, from one great plan of unison, of which the Sun, Moon, and Stars, of the Celestial

Order, ~~and~~ an expressive emblem. Whatever may be the degree in which man is placed, if he cultivates the great principles of Odd Fellowship, his conduct becomes worthy of imitation; for like the revolving planets, he performs his several duties,—by attention aspires to the most dignified stations, and by merit becomes a bright constellation of the Order.

The next figure I shall treat upon, is the emblem of the Dove, with the Olive Branch in her mouth, which is considered an emblem of innocence,—“Be wise as the serpent, and harmless as the Dove.” It was the Dove that Noah turned out of the ark, in the general deluge of the world, which returned with an Olive Branch in her mouth, and which announced to the preserved family, that the waters were abated. The Olive Branch was venerated by the ancients as a token of peace. This emblematic figure being placed in the sphere of Odd Fellowship, gives to the contemplative mind, a lesson of instruction, that in our connexions with each other during this probationary state of existence, we may resemble the Dove,—that is to say, never intentionally deceive or listen to betray, but always breathe a spirit of innocence in our intercourse with those with whom our lot is cast to associate, and like the Dove, endeavour to extend the Olive Branch of peace to all mankind.

JOSEPH GREGORY, P. P. C. S.

Barl of Ripon Lodge, Ripon.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE DOG.

AND art thou gone, my old and faithful friend,—
 Shall I no more thy honest visage see?
 Am I without thee now my days to spend,—
 Depriv'd of many a joy, now I'm bereft of thee?

For years thou'st been a constant friend to me,
 And all my wishes striven to obey;
 When fortune frown'd, that brought no change in thee,
 When friends forsook me, thou wert not as they.

No: come what might, thou ever wert the same,—
 No flattering tongue a treacherous heart did hide;
 Yes—well dost thou deserve an honest name,—
 In thee no smiling face an enemy belied.

But now thy head in death's cold arms is laid,
 And every sound is hush'd upon thine ear;
 Those active feet are now in stillness staid,
 No more thine eye shall sparkle bright and clear.

Ah! when shall I this weary life lay down,
 And quit like thee this vale of hopes and fears?
 This chequer'd life is most with troubles strewn,
 That oft increase as we advance in years.

Then fare thee well, a last and long farewell,
 Thy name by me shall never be forgot;
 No storied urn doth mark the place, nor tell
 Where rest thy bones, old honest, faithful—“Spot!”

SCRUTATOR.

A SIMILE.—Shew me the land that has mountains without valleys, and I will shew you a man who has joys without sorrows.

INSECT STRENGTH.

In great muscular power, insects, as Baron Haller remarks, appear to excel in proportion to their diminutiveness. Of this we have a remarkable example in the common flea, which can draw seventy or eighty times its own weight. The muscular strength of this agile creature enables it not only to resist the ordinary pressure of the fingers in our endeavours to crush it, but to take leaps two hundred times its own length; which will appear more surprising when we consider that a man, to equal the agility of a flea, would have to leap between three and four hundred yards. The flea, however, is excelled in leaping by the cuckoo-spit, frog hopper, (*Tetigonia spumaria*, Oliver), which will sometimes leap two or three yards—that is, more than two hundred and fifty times its own length; as if (to continue the comparison) a man of ordinary height should vault through the air to the distance of a quarter of a mile. Mouffet, in his "Theatre of Insects," mentions that an English mechanic, named Mark, to show his skill, constructed a chain of gold as long as his finger, which, together with a lock and key, were dragged along by a flea; and he had heard of another flea, which could draw a golden chariot, to which it was harnessed. Bingley tells us, that Mr. Boverich, a watchmaker in the Strand, exhibited some years ago, a little ivory chaise with four wheels, and all its proper apparatus, and the figure of a man sitting on the box, all of which were drawn by a single flea. The same mechanic afterwards constructed a landau, which opened and shut by springs, with the figures of six horses harnessed to it, and of a coachman on the box, a dog between his legs, four persons inside, two footmen behind it, and a postilion riding one of the fore horses, which were all easily dragged along by a single flea. Goldsmith remarks upon these displays of pulician strength, that the feats of Sampson would not, to a community of fleas, appear to be at all miraculous. Latreille tells us a no less marvellous story of another flea, which dragged a silver cannon, twenty-four times its own weight, mounted on wheels, and did not manifest any alarm when this was charged with gunpowder and fired off. Professor Bradley, of Cambridge, also mentions a remarkable instance of insect strength in a stag-beetle (*Lucanus Cervus*), which he saw carrying a wand a foot and a half long, and half an inch thick, and even flying with it to the distance of several yards. We may understand the proximate cause of the strength of insects, when we look at the prodigious number of their muscles—the fleshy belts or ribands by whose means all animal motions are performed. The number of these instruments of motion in the human body is reckoned about five hundred and twenty-nine; but in the caterpillar of the goat-moth, Lyonnet counted more than seven times as many; in the head, two hundred and twenty-eight; in the body, one thousand six hundred and forty-seven; and around the intestines, two thousand one hundred and eighty-six; which, after deducting twenty, common to the head and gullet, gives a total of four thousand and sixty-one. We put the caterpillar of the goat-moth, to which we have before alluded, under a bell-glass, which weighed nearly half a pound, and of course more than ten times the weight of the insect, yet it raised it up with the utmost ease. We then placed over the glass the largest book which we had at hand—"Loudon's Encyclopædia of Gardening," consisting of about one thousand five hundred pages of strong paper, and weighing four pounds; but this did not succeed in preventing the escape of the animal, which raised the glass, though loaded with the book, nearly a hundred times its own weight, and made good its exit. The multiplicity of its muscles above enumerated, two hundred and thirty-six of which are situated in the legs alone, will enable us to understand how this extraordinary feat was performed. Even this power of muscle, however, would doubtless have been unavailing in raising the loaded glass, except in connexion with two favourable circumstances under which the experiment was performed, and which are necessary to be borne in mind to render the operation credible: first, that the wedge-like form of the caterpillar's head, in connexion with the peculiar shape of the glass, enabled it to lift it: and second, that one side of the glass resting on the table, the insect only bore half the weight of the glass and book. A peculiar touchness of external covering sometimes supplies the place of this muscular power in caterpillars. A singular instance occurs in the history of a common downy two-winged fly, with gray shoulders and a brown abdomen, (*Eristalis lenax*, Fabr.) The grub which is rat tailed, lives in muddy pools, with the water of which it has sometimes been taken up by paper-makers, and, though subjected to the

immense pressure of their machinery, it has survived it in a miraculous manner. Since this grub is rather soft, it must be the tough texture of the skin which preserves it, as in the similar instance of the caterpillar of the privet hawk-moth (*Sphinx Ligustri*.) which Bommet squeezed under water till it was as flat and as empty as the finger of a glove, yet within an hour it became plump and lively as if nothing had happened.—*Library of Entertaining Knowledge—Insect Transformations.*

MUSIC.

THE empire of music may with truth be said to be universal, and the pleasure which it is capable of diffusing seems to overspread all created existence. If the song of the lark is its jocund and instinctive welcome to the new-born day, we are also taught that the highest created intelligences circle their Maker's throne with songs of praise; and every intermediate link of that golden chain which descends from heaven to earth vibrates at its touch. Music is the language of nature, and is for that reason an expressive, a varied language. It echoes in the forests and the groves, it whispers in the breeze, it murmurs in the brook, it rushes in the torrent, and roars in the tempest. Its presence is every where—on earth, in sea, in air—in the world that is, and in that which is to come. There is music in every accent of joy, there is music in every response of gratitude, there is music in the plaint of sorrow, and there is music in the voice of pity. We meet and own the power of this language in every walk of daily life,—

In every burst of sympathy,
In every voice of love.

Suppose the world destitute of all these sweet and melting accents, these solemn and majestic voices, this daily and hourly appeal to the heart and imagination: suppose this enchanting and endless variety all withdrawn, even for a short and single day, and in its stead dull monotony or death-like silence. Oh, how would the most insensible heart, or the obtusest ear, long and pray for its return, and own the beneficence of that Power which had made all nature vocal! Music is, therefore, a language bestowed on man in common with other created existences, but in larger measure, in higher perfection, and for a nobler purpose. And it has been so regarded and so employed in all nations and ages of the world.—*Edward Taylor, Gresham Professor of Music.*

ALTHOUGH a man may lose a sense of his own importance, when he is a mere unit among a busy throng, all utterly regardless of him, it by no means follows that he can dispossess himself, with equal facility, of a strong sense of the importance and magnitude of his cares.

Mourning is the coldest wear which mortals can assume; it not only chills the breasts of those it clothes, but extending its influence to summer friends, freezes up their sources of goodwill and kindness, and withering all the buds of promise they once so liberally put forth, leaves nothing but bare and rotten hearts exposed. There are few who have lost a friend or relative constituting in life their sole dependence, who have not keenly felt this chilling influence of their sable garb.

May not the complaint, that common people are above their station, often take its rise in the fact of uncommon people being below theirs?

Spite is a little word, but it represents as strange a jumble of feelings and compound of discords, as any polysyllable in the language.

Dreams are the bright creatures of poem and legend, who sport on earth in the night season, and melt away in the first beams of the sun, which lights grim care and stern reality on their daily pilgrimage through the world.

If we all had hearts like those which beat so lightly in the bosoms of the young and beautiful, what a heaven this earth would be! If, while our bodies grow old and withered, our hearts could but retain their early youth and freshness, of what avail would be our sorrows and sufferings! But the faint image of Eden, which is stamped upon them in childhood, chafes and rubs in our rough struggles with the world, and soon wears away—too often to leave nothing but a rough blank remaining.—*From Nicholas Nickleby.*

ON COMPARATIVE PAYMENTS IN LODGES.

TO THE EDITOR AND COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT FOR THE
MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

In framing the charge for initiation, it is indispensable that the chances of life and the chances of sickness, at different ages, be taken into account. In the strength of manhood there is a longer probability of life, and a less chance of illness, than when age has weakened the vigour of the body, and carried us, with certainty, so much nearer to our end. It has been found by extensive observation in this and other countries, that although no particular man can tell when *he* shall be ill, or when *he* shall die, yet that a certain uniform number of men, of the same age, die every year. Thus out of every 123 persons of the age of 20, living this year, one will die before next year; and out of nearly the same number of persons now living at fifty years of age, three will be dead before next year. To be brief:

At 20 years of age, one dies out of every 123 and 3-10ths. persons.			
At 25	"	"	105 " 7 "
At 30	"	"	88 " 9 "
At 35	"	"	74 " 1 "
At 40	"	"	61 " 6 "
At 50	"	"	42 " "
At 60	"	"	26 " 6 "

The decimal figures following the numbers in these tables may need a short explanation to those who are not familiar with them. At 25 years, one dies out of every 105 and seven-tenths; at 30, out of 88 and nine-tenths,—in other words, very nearly, but not quite, 90 persons. Thus there are four times as many die at 60, as there are at 20; or, to put the statement in another way, a man at 20, has a chance of life four times greater than the man at sixty.

In the same way tables of sickness have been calculated, and it is found that, upon an average, every man in this country, at 25 years of age, has (.806 week,) or eight-tenths of a week, which is about five days and a half illness during his said twenty-sixth year. Thus, in the form of a table,—

At 25 years every person has .806 (or 8-10ths.) of a week's sickness per year.			
At 48, twice as much, or 1.544	"	"	"
At 56, 3 times as much, or 2.4	"	"	"
At 59, 4 times as much, or 3.	"	"	"
At 62, 5 times as much, or 3.99	"	"	"
At 63 to 64, six times, or 4.4	"	"	"
At 65, 7 times as much, or 5.6	"	"	"

Now to apply these facts to our Lodges, and taking the Northampton tables of life, and Mr. Tidd Pratt's tables of sickness, we arrive at the following results. Suppose a person enters a Lodge at 25 years of age, he will have a chance of life 30.85 years, and during his life a chance of illness to the amount of 36 weeks and a half altogether; or, in the tabular form,—

	years.	weeks.
A man 25 years of age, has a chance of life of 30.85, and illness 36.5		
A man 35	"	"
A man 40	"	"
A man 45	"	"
	25.68,	44.29
	23.08,	51.28
	20.5,	55.97

So that a person who might join a Lodge at 45 years of age, on the same terms as a man of 25, would pay one-third less into the Lodge, and take out one-third more; besides paying one-third less towards his funeral gift. To understand how a man with a shorter chance of life, shall have more sickness than the younger man, we must note that the men who join at 40 and 45, are those who have escaped the diseases of youth, and have a chance, not of living a greater number of years from the above time, but

of reaching to a greater age, to an age when the chance of illness so rapidly increases, as shown in the second table. For a man at 25 has a chance of living to be rather more than 55, but a man who has reached 45 has a chance of living to 65; and a chance of having nearly twice as much illness from 55 to 65, as the other from 45 to 55.

These results are much too important not to be spread widely through the Order, as a guide, at least, for their calculations. Strenuously recommending them to general attention, and advising every Lodge to admit no one without a written medical certificate, that he, as well as his wife, (if any) is of sound constitution, mentally and bodily, and free from lameness or disease,

I am, Sirs, in F. L. and T.

Your obedient servant,

AUGUSTUS F. A. GREEVES, N. G.,
Fellow of the Royal Colleges of Surgeons, London and Edinburgh,
and Hon. Surgeon to the Nottingham Dispensary.

Mount Gilead Lodge, Nottingham, Feb. 27, 1839.

TIT FOR TAT.

To a farmer, near Stafford, a poor widow went,
To purchase a bushel of corn;
Herself and her orphans with hunger near spent,
Look'd destitute, pale, and forlorn.

Eighteen shillings was all that the poor widow had,
And she offer'd that sum for the wheat;
Nineteen was the price, and the farmer loud said,
"Not a penny, old dame, will I 'bate."

The widow wept sore, when a soldier came by,
Who, on learning the cause of her grief,
Said—"Be of good cheer, and cease piping your eye,
"For I will afford you relief:"

"Your eighteen good shillings, pray give him," he said,
"And I, (if the farmer is *willing*,)
"Before the poor orphans shall go without bread,
"Will cheerfully give t'other shilling."

The farmer agreed, he accepted the same,
"And now," quoth the soldier, "observe,—
"A shilling I give, but 'tis in the king's name,
"And you must his Majesty serve."

Thus the farmer he trick'd to the joy of his heart,
And render'd the poor widow blest;
For he instantly caus'd him to pay down the smart,
And keeping one shilling, said—"This is my part,
"And mistress, here, take you the rest."

GULIELMUS.

Uttoneter.

FIVE FACTS.—A firm faith is the best divinity; a good life is the best philosophy; and clear conscience the best law; honesty the best policy; and temperance the best physic.

ESSAY ON THE ADVANTAGES AND PLEASURES WHICH WOULD RESULT FROM A WIDER DISSEMINATION OF KNOWLEDGE.

MAN stands prominent above all other animals on this terraqueous globe,—he alone is the “lord of creation;” not that he is larger, stronger, or swifter, but because he is endowed with a mind that can look at the past, present, and the future. Yet it is painful to reflect how many have been the dupes of ignorance, what strange hallucinations, and egregious customs men have adhered to; whereas, if the intellectual faculties of man had been directed to the contemplation of noble and useful purposes, how different would have been the state of affairs at present. “The din of wars, the burning of cities, the convulsion of nations, the ruin of empires, and the slaughter of millions are to be the exulting theme of the day. What consternation was felt at the eclipse of the sun or moon, or beholding a comet, or observing the Aurora Borealis, whole provinces have been thrown into alarm by the fantastic coruscations of those lambent meteors,—what unfounded apprehensions have been excited by the fallacious absurdities of astrology, the occumenical belief in certain omens, the actions of men, animals, seasons of the year, days of the week, and other trivial incidents gave rise to frightful conjectures. Not content with this, imagination created an “ideal world,” filled up with spectres, hobgoblins, fairies, satyrs, genii, witches, wizards, and other monstrous and fantastical creatures, to whose caprice they believed their own misery and happiness depended.”

Such are some of the fruits of ignorance when the human mind is neglected. They might have soared to heaven, instead of grovelling in the dust. It is not an acquaintance with a number of dead languages, Roman or Grecian antiquities, or the subtleties of metaphysics, or Pagan mythology, but as a distinguished writer of the day, H. L. Bulwer, has justly observed,—“If we wish to see happiness, we must not only fill the *mind*, we must form the *character*,—we must not only give ideas, we must give habits,—we must make education *moral*, as well as intellectual,—we must give men great designs and good desires, at the same time invite them to exertion, and make easy to them the paths of ambition.” And why should not the operative classes of society, whom circumstances doom to uncessing manual labour, have the opportunity of asserting the dignity of their nature, by a cultivation of their intellectual and moral faculties? To detain them in darkness, is the worst species of cruelty that can be inflicted on them. It is obligatory on all who love their fellow-men, to afford, as far as possible, the means of self-improvement,—“Endeavour, is the language of genuine, heartfelt philanthropy, no less than of pure, heaven-born religion,—endeavour to make every class of the community intelligent and discerning; strive to produce within the humblest and most obscure a taste for reading and reflection. Point them to the temple of truth,—conduct them to its vestibule,—place them before its hallowed shrine, and spread out, in all their amplitude, the powerful inducements which claim their profoundest homage; and they may fairly be expected to abjure practices which are now impairing their energies, drinking up their spirits, destroying their comforts, inflaming their passions, and a torment and a dread to all around them. But if uninstructed, they will be refractory and ungovernable; the privileges of the few, will be the envy of the many,—the different ranks of society will be commingled and annihilated; power will take the place of right, and all will be anarchy and confusion: those terrible forebodings are more likely to be verified by ignorance than knowledge.” A distinguished poet has very justly observed, that

“Learning is an addition beyond
Nobility of birth, honour of blood,
Without the ornament of knowledge, is
But a glorious ignorance.”

But, alas! how many who might have investigated with diligence and triumphant success the fields, and explored the mines of learning, who might have soared to the highest elevations, or penetrated to the profoundest recesses of philosophy, solved some of its most difficult problems, or made some of its most astonishing discoveries,—who might have touched the lyre with consummate skill and effect, and sung in music's sweetest strains,—who might have been instrumental in producing to the world by some of the brightest and most splendid effusions, or choicest and most original

creations of genius and talent,—in short, who have been the Galileoes, the Bacons, the Miltons, the Newtons, the Watts, or Arkwrights, of their country and generation,—were only the most clever mechanics, or tradesmen of the lowest order, the most ingenuous quack, or fortune-teller, the most noisy and arrogant pothouse politicians, or perhaps, the foremost in vice, the greatest pests or nuisance of the village or street in which they lived and died ; and we may exclaim with the poet,—

“ Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness in the desert air.”

The sciences are far from having arrived at perfection, and in order to bring light to undiscovered truths, we must increase the number of inquirers. If a universal diffusion of knowledge and Christianity prevailed, we might behold something like what that luminous and celebrated philosopher, Dick, has so delectably described,—“ We should soon behold ignorance, foolish prejudices, superstition, enthusiasm, bigotry, and intolerance, with all their accompanying evils, gradually vanishing from the world, as the shades of night before the rising sun. We should behold the human mind aroused from the slumber of ages, exerting its energies on objects of its high dignity and destination, and conducive to the improvement and happiness of the social state. We should behold science enlarging its boundaries, and the useful and ornamental arts carried to perfection, and the universe more fully explored throughout all its departments ; for we should then have a thousand experiments, and a thousand intelligent observers of the phenomena of nature, for one that exists in the present state of intellectual debasement. New interesting experiments would be instituted, new facts explored, new regions of the universe laid open to view, and a nobleness of vigour, and a lofty spirit of independence on every subject of thought, displayed by the human mind. We should behold avarice, pride, ambition, revenge, and other malignant passions extirpated ; and a spirit of love, affection, liberality and harmony, pervading every department of the moral world. We should then behold the Christian world approaching to a harmonious union,—the spirit of jealousy and dissension laid to rest,—the demon of persecution chased out of the world,—the truths of religion, and its holy principles, recognized in every department and arrangement in society.” There is another passage I cannot help quoting, from *Pigg's Observations on Natural Education*, equally as glowing and sublime as the last,—“ Of all the benefits which it has pleased Providence to allow us to cultivate, there is not one which breathes a purer fragrance, or wears a more heavenly aspect than education. This is a companion which no misfortune can depress, no climate destroy, no enemy alienate, no depotism enslave ; at home a friend, abroad an introduction ; in solitude a solace, in society an ornament. It chastens vice, guides virtue, gives at once a grace and an ornament to genius.—Without it, what is man ? A splendid slave, a reasoning savage ; vacillating between the intelligence derived from God, and the degradation of passions participated with brutes ; and in the accident of their alternate ascendancy, shuddering at the terrors of an hereafter, or hugging the horrid hope of annihilation. What is this wondrous world of his residence ? A mighty maze, and all without a plan ; a dark and dreary desolate cavern, without wealth, or ornament, or order. But light up within the torch of knowledge, irradiate his mind with education, and how wonderful the transition. The seasons change, the atmosphere breathes, the landscape lives ; earth exhibits its fruits, ocean rolls in its magnificence, the heavens display their constellated canopy, and the grand and animated spectacle of nature rises revealed before him, its varieties regulated, and its mysteries resolved. The phenomena which bewilder, the prejudices which debase, the superstitions which enslave, vanish before education.”

I had intended to have made some remarks of my own, on the pleasures derivable from knowledge ; but on seeing the following suitable, graphic, and elaborate description, I instantaneously gave up the design. It is from the pen of the greatest and most useful writer living, Thomas Dick,* LL. D. :—

“ Pleasures of Science ! He can trace the stream of time to the commencement, can survey the most memorable event which has happened, in its progress from the primeval ages to the present day,—the rise of empires, the fall of kings,—the revolu-

* On the Improvement of Society, by the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, 1833.

tions of nations,—the battles of warriors,—the progress of cultivation, and of arts and sciences,—the judgments which have been inflicted on wicked nations,—the dawnings of Divine mercy towards our fallen race,—the manifestation of the Son of God in our nature,—the physical changes and revolutions which have taken place on our globe. With his mental eye he can survey this terraqueous globe in all its varieties of aspect,—contemplate the continents, islands, and oceans which compose its exterior, the numerous rivers by which it is indented,—the lofty ranges of mountains which diversify its surface,—its winding caverns, its forests, lakes, sandy deserts, ice islands, whirlpools, boiling springs, glaciers, sulphuric mountains, bituminous lakes, and the states and empires into which it is distributed,—the tides and currents of the ocean,—the ice-bergs of the polar regions, and the verdant scenes of the torrid zone. He can climb in imagination to the summit of the flaming volcano, listen to its subterranean bellowings, behold its lava, bursting from its mouth, and rolling down its sides like a flaming river,—descend into the subterranean grotto,—survey from the top of the Andes, the lightnings flashing, and the thunders rolling far beneath him,—stand on the brink of the dashing cataract, and listen to its roarings,—contemplate the ocean rearing its billows in a storm,—and the hurricane and tornado tearing up forests by their roots, and tossing them about as stubble. Sitting at his fireside, during the blasts of winter, he can survey the numerous tribes of mankind, scattered over the various climes of the earth, and entertain himself with views of their manners, customs, religion, laws; trade, manufactures, marriage ceremonies, civil and ecclesiastical governments, arts, sciences, cities, towns, and villages, and the animals peculiar to every region.

“In his rural walks, he can not only appreciate the beneficence of nature, and the beauties and harmonies of the vegetable kingdom, in their exterior aspect; but can also penetrate into the hidden processes which are going on in the roots, trunks, and leaves of plants and flowers, and contemplate the numerous vessels through which the sap is flowing from their roots, trunk, and branches; the millions of pores through which their odoriferous effluvia exhale,—their fine and delicate texture, their microscopical beauties, their orders, genera, species, and their uses in the economy of nature.

“The man of knowledge, even when shrouded in darkness and in solitude, where other minds could find no enjoyment, can entertain himself with the most sublime contemplations. He can trace the huge globe on which he stands, flying through the depths of space, carrying along with it its vast population, at the rate of 60,000 miles every hour; and by the inclination of the axis, bringing about the alternate successions of summer and winter, spring and harvest. By the aid of his telescope, he can transport himself towards the moon, and survey the circular plains, the deep caverns, the conical hills, the lofty peaks, and the shadows which diversify this orb of night; he can range through the planetary system, wing his way through the regions of space along with the swiftest orbs, and trace many of the physical aspects and revolutions which have a relation to distant worlds. He can transport himself to the planet Saturn, and behold a stupendous ring, 600,000 miles in circumference, revolving in majestic grandeur every ten hours, around a globe 900 times larger than the earth; while seven moons, larger than ours, along with an innumerable host of stars, display their radiance to adorn the firmament of that magnificent world. He can wing his flight to still more distant regions of the universe, leaving the sun and all his planets behind him, till they appear like a scarcely discernible speck in creation, and contemplate the thousands and millions of stars, and starry systems, beyond the range of the unassisted eye; and wander among suns and worlds dispersed through the boundless dimensions of space. He can fill up, in his imagination, those blanks which astronomy has never directly explored, and conceive thousands of systems, and ten thousands of worlds stretching out to infinity on every hand,—new creations starting into existence, peopled with intelligences of various orders, and under the superintendence and government of “the King Eternal, Immortal, Invisible,” whose power is omnipotent, and the limits of his dominions past finding out.”

JOHN CLARK, JUNR.

Faith Lodge, Bradford, March 13th, 1839.

ON SMOKING.

IN ANSWER TO ALPHA.

WHENEVER a man becomes the slave of any particular idea, he necessarily exposes himself to ridicule; for instance, if I proposed that we should wear no other garment than a blanket, fastened with a skewer, and go about gravely assuring persons of the necessity of such a mode of dress, I should be very properly thought to be labouring under a deficiency of intellect. Yet, absurd as my notions might appear, I have no doubt but that I could write an elaborate essay, illustrative of the benefits of the blanket and skewer system, and appeal with much apparent reason to the moralist and the medical man, in favour of my theory; nor should I despair of finding some disciples attired in the blanket, and having it fastened with a neat skewer. These prefatory remarks are made more particularly in allusion to a paper which appeared in the Magazine of last quarter,—“On Smoking,” and signed “Alpha,” who seems to dislike a pipe of tobacco, but who does not know *exactly* why. Now I like my pipe,—nay more, I often fill it two or three times at a sitting; and each pipe only tends to confirm the good opinion I have conceived of the delicious herb. I, who never expectorate whilst smoking, do not increase my salivary action; and therefore the saline particles of my blood are as pure at the termination of pipe number three, as before puff number one.

Tobacco smoke, I contend, does not act deleteriously on the air tubes of the lungs. It does act deleteriously on my waistcoats and coats, and whenever I take the remainder of a “screw” home in my pocket, (which is very rarely) my pocket handkerchief is abundantly scented—this is all the injury it does to me. But to the point. Look at the average size of all tobaccoconists and their wives, and of innkeepers and their wives, and I think that if a statistical return of their number and weight could by any possibility be obtained, they would be found greatly to outweigh any equal number of persons in any trade or trades. If tobacco was deleterious, would this be the fact? and facts, as I always say when I have a shocking bad hat, “are stubborn things,”—therefore I get a new one.

If tobacco smoking were deleterious to the constitution, would not the habit be discouraged both in the navy and army, where health is so rigidly watched, and so necessarily required? And as to its being a pioneer to the habit of intoxication, I will be bound to say, and fearlessly, that drunkards are, generally speaking, not accustomed to smoke. Smoking is, at the least, a reflective habit,—drinking is not.

Again: Tobacco smoking, so far from producing a craving appetite, is well known powerfully to allay any feeling of hunger, and satisfies, by its nourishing properties, the poor man when his poverty will not grant bread. How often have I seen the poor labourer journeying forth to undertake the arduous duties requisite to ensure his “daily bread,” and finding his meal prepared for him but scanty at the most, has been enabled to delay the repast by aid of his pipe, and thus to give to his little ones a heartier provision.

There is a grateful fragrance about tobacco which is particularly healthful, and fevers of the most malignant description may be rendered harmless, as far as contagion is to be dreaded, by its use,—not by its abuse, as in the case of German students, who render themselves miserable by the continuous habit, and shake the nervous system past redemption. This I do not advocate. As I said before, I like my pipe,—a short one, smoked as black as jet; and which is always to be found in one corner of my chimney-piece, when not in one corner of my mouth.

Cracking a nut one fine afternoon, I had the chance to crack an eye-tooth instead; had I been a vain man, the calamity would have been great; whereas, contemplating my loss very philosophically, I reached down my short pipe, and, to my joyful astonishment, found that the absent tooth afforded a delightful depository for my little black companion, where it often is placed,—and where, when two or three whiffs have been emitted from its time-polished reservoir, I begin to think kindly of my fellow-man,—the world becomes to me a world of pleasure, and that contentment, which by the duties of the day has been a stranger to me, comes upon me, and each succeeding whiff finds me a happier man. Now to be happy for a halfpenny, is certainly a very com-

fertable thought, and as I know "by the smoke that so gracefully curls" under the region of my olfactories, that a short period will find me in a state of mental quietude,—that I shall soon forget and forgive all injuries imaginary or real, and be "in charity with all men." If then this feeling is produced by my black pipe, surely such a habit as that of smoking, is not to be condemned; and I have ascertained from many smokers, that when all other things fail to produce quietude, recourse to the pipe has generally been had, and successfully. Whether this smoking cause has produced a reflective effect, and thus aided the mind towards working its own calm, I know not; but this I do know, that I find in a pipe, what I have, as yet, been unable to find in any of Eve's daughters—a constant comforter.

To answer Alpha's statement, that the seriousness of a Lodge-room being interrupted by thirty pipes being on one side of it, and thirty pipes being on the other, and all in full smoke. I really think that this gratuitous statement of my friend's is in direct contradiction with the fact; gravity is, to a pipe, an essential companion, or rather a necessitous one,—for who will laugh with a pipe in his mouth? I look as solemn as Lord Denman when I have mine in the niche of my late eye-tooth, and having naturally a very long face, and a serious cast of countenance, it rather adds to the length of the one, and the gravity of the other.

As to the manufacture of tobacco, be it of lettuce leaf, cabbage leaf, or sea-kale, I question whether it is half so much impregnated with foreign particles, as half the things we take in the course of our daily masticatory and unbibatory existence.

To dislike or abuse a harmless habit, because we ourselves do not follow in its track, is narrow-minded to a degree; and I question very strongly, whether smoking and drinking are not far—far preferable, to the killing habit which I find is gaining ground amongst temperance disciples,—namely, that of opium-eating, a habit which is alarmingly on the increase; and Alpha's wish, that tobacco smoking (presuming as I do that he is no smoker) should be abolished, forcibly reminds me of the sailor's reply to the gentleman who endeavoured to persuade Jack not to go to sea, because his grandfather and father had met with a watery grave,—“Then, sir,” said the honest tar, “as your grandfather and father died in their beds, I advise you never to go to bed again.”

In conclusion, I shall be very happy in the next number to furnish Alpha with a list of all the most celebrated men, who enjoyed their pipe, from Sir Walter Raleigh to Sir Walter Scott, inclusive; and I hope the day is far distant when I shall be induced to give up “my daily companion, my old familiar friend,”—my black pipe.

Loyal Montagu Lodge, Addingham.

QUID.

P. S.: *Note.*—I am a P. S. in the Order, and enjoy the title more on this occasion, from the appropriate association of idea,—*P. S., pipe short—pipe-smoker—pipe suits—pipe soothes*; whereas, Alpha wants to be a P. S. on a different signification, —*P. S.,—pipe stopper.*

MATERNAL AFFECTION APPRECIATED.

WHEN I reflect who gave me birth,
The pain, the turmoil she'd endure;
Not all the riches on the earth,
Can compensate for love so pure.

Who was it watch'd my youthful years,
My limbs so delicate, so fine;
Whose throbbing heart propell'd forth tears,
That heart, dear Mother, it was thine.

When pain my tender frame hath seized,
And sleep forsook my wakeful eye;
Whose gentle hand would fain give ease,
And comfort with her sympathy.

Travellers' Rest Lodge, Tredegar, Mar. 7, 1839.

Dear Mother thou art ever near,
When pain disturbs, when troubles rise;
The healing balm, the tender tear,
Thy sweet affection ne'er denies.

Then can I e'er ungrateful be, [mind,
While thoughts like these possess my
To thee, dear Mother, who to me
Art ever loving, always kind?

No never, never, will I grieve
The heart of one I love so dear:
Nor shall her tender heart receive
One pang from me to draw the tear.

JOHN LESTER.

FROM MY ELBOW CHAIR.

WE have of late been considerably annoyed by sundry wooden-headed gentlemen in our District, who, in the plenitude of their profound wisdom, have dared us to indite our names to what we write in future; or to acknowledge ourselves at once the authors of such articles as we have thought proper to send to the Magazine. Now, as we have somewhere observed before, that as we do not write for money, as we care for nobody, and as we are not yet at the bar, we do not feel bound to hold up our hands, and answer to our names; still we have thought it, in some degree, a necessary exertion of charitable condescension, to furnish them with a slight clue to the truth. Thus much then we will say, there are three of us,—Bardolph, Peto, and I,—all townsmen; good and true Odd Fellows: and as we do not measure our wits by the yard, or the bushel, and as they do not flow periodically, nor constantly, if we should, therefore, at any time edify, or instruct, or amuse the brethren of the Order, so much the better for them; but we frankly acknowledge, that so soon as we get tired of reading our own articles, we shall discontinue them without the least remorse.

We intend particularly, now and then, to notice the conduct and behaviour of some of our worthy and respected friends belonging to the Order; but in doing so, we shall not be governed by that carping spirit with which narrow-minded cynics squint at the little extravagances of the Order, but with that liberal toleration which actuates every man of sense and benevolence; and although we may at times exhibit a cap and bells, we again caution our readers not to clap it upon their own heads, without being assured of its being a fit.

If any one should find himself offended by our remarks, let him attack us again in return,—we shall not wince from the combat; if his passes be successful, we will be the first to cry out—a *hit*,—a *hit*! but let them have a care how they run a ‘tilting with us,—they will have to deal with stubborn foes, who can bear a world of pummelling,—“we will fight till from our bones the flesh be hacked.” We advise our readers to bear in mind, that our characters are not individuals, but species; if, after this warning, any person chooses to represent a Babalist, or a Fuzz, the sin is at his own door,—we wash our hands of it, and assure our readers that it is our firm opinion, void of all prejudice or partiality, that a real Odd Fellow is the most benevolent, the most charitable, the most affable, the most obliging, the most condescending, and the most friendly being that can walk, creep, crawl, swim, fly, float, or vegetate in any or all of the four elements; and that, in general, they only want to be cured of some odd conceits, and disagreeable propensities, by our superintending care, to make them absolutely perfect. Our readers have now more information concerning us, than we at first intended to impart,—we owe them no favours, neither do we ask any; but we would advise every man in the Order that can read, or get either man, woman, or child to read for him,—for the sake of the Order, for the sake of himself, for the sake of his children, (if he has any,) and for the sake of his children’s children to the nineteenth generation, to purchase the Magazine, read it, or get it read to him, and grow wise.

And now, gentle reader, having given our advice, and our reasons,—for be it understood, that we hold any man in the most supreme contempt, who cannot give three distinct reasons for any whim-wham that may enter his head,—we will introduce to your notice a few of the most esteemed friends and brothers in our District, amongst which we particularly condescend to notice, Mr. Ichabod Fungus,—one of those busy, meddling, fidgetting quidnuncs, with which our unhappy District is festured: one of your Q-in-a-Corner-men,—who speak volumes with a wink,—who make a mountain of a mole-hill,—convey most portentous information by laying his finger besides his nose, and is always smelling a rat upon the most trifling occurrence,—every now and then giving a mysterious shrug, a humph, a short ejaculation, such as—“pretty goes on,”—or a screw of the mouth,—or, “do you see anything green, or blue, or yellow, about it!” just as his jaundiced mind may suggest, for—

“All seems infected, that the infected spy,—
As all looks yellow to a jaundiced eye!”

One of those fidgets, who can neither speak himself upon any subject that may chance to be brought forward, nor listen to those who can; one who objects to everything that

may be said or done,—incapable of putting three consecutive words together. If he attempts to speak, or, if asked his opinion upon any subject,—does not know what to think of it,—hopes it may be for the benefit of the Order,—don't know, can't say,—don't understand the laws sufficiently himself to be a competent judge,—hopes those who have been longer in the Order than himself do,—won't vote one way or the other,—leaves the question entirely to the Lodge to decide, and then condemns all that has been done, said, or thought of,—frets and stewes himself for the whole night for not opposing it: gets you in a corner, endeavours to shew you the inconsistency of all that has been said and done,—is confident the officers and a certain party do just what they choose; that majorities are always wrong, that they always were wrong ever since the foundation of the world,—and that they always would be wrong,—while the minority, on the contrary, were always right, and had to suffer alone for all the evils entailed upon the Order.

Thus Fungus fidgets, and wails, and pines, as if he was undergoing the punishment of that unfortunate Saint, who was frittered in two with a hand-saw; at length, finding no one to sympathize with him in the Lodge, he grumbles home, lays awake half the night, concocting schemes of revenge and opposition,—rises by daylight, and sallies forth in search of some one that will listen to his troubles and complaints,—meets with his old friend and companion—Dick Dabble, who is a fellow of infinite verbosity, stands in high favour with himself,—and, like Caleb Quotem, “is up to everything.” Dabble fancies himself a knowing genius, and can see as far into a mill-stone as any one,—will maintain, in the teeth of all argument, that a spade is a spade, and will labour a whole hour to establish a self-evident fact; Dabble has been a member of a trades union and a spouting society, therefore can argue upon any subject,—talk for a whole hour without being out of breath, or at a loss for words, and therefore feels convinced that he is an amazing clever fellow. Fungus congratulates himself in meeting with his friend Dabble, catches him by the button-hole, hurries him into the first tavern they come to, and with a face as long as a lantern, relates to him all that was said the previous night, and a great deal more than ever was said or thought of.—Dabble is delighted and amazed,—was ever such a bare-faced transaction heard of; he'll put them to rights,—insists upon it that it is contrary to all law,—wishes he had but been there, but no matter: he will bring forward a proposition next Lodge-night,—Fungus shall second it, and Ding-Dong shall get all their friends together,—make the first speech, and thus, if possible, undo all that has been done.

Ding-Dong has been the occasion of much wit in his time, and we have seen many youngsters attempt to be dull at his expense, who were, in reality, as much inferior to him, as the gad-fly is to the ox, that he buzzes about: does any one want to distress the brothers with a miserable pun, nobody's name presents sooner than Ding-Dong's, for it has been played upon with equal skill and equal entertainment to the bye-standers as Trinity bells. Notwithstanding, Ding-Dong is profoundly devoted to the Order, and will, upon any occasion, devote his time (which to Ding-Dong is money) with the greatest cheerfulness, in order to get them together upon any particular business; and put them altogether by the ears when they are assembled, with about as much compunction as Grimalkin may be supposed to experience when scranching the bones of some unfortunate mouse, which she has slyly caught at the cupboard. Moreover, Ding-Dong is one of those unfortunate wights who never can get hold of a tale at the right end, yet will listen to everything, and receive all as gospel that he hears; thus he is perpetually getting himself into snarles and scrapes, which a very little discretion, and a still less quantum of common sense, properly exercised, would enable him to escape.

Thus all is tattle, envy, and gossip, until the next Lodge-night, when a general muster of all the dissatisfied again takes place; and the evening, instead of being passed in that harmony and flow of soul which is the characteristic of our Order, all is bustle, distrust and confusion. Fungus brings forward their preconceived scheme,—insists upon being heard,—and when silence is obtained, has nothing to say: Dabble makes a long speech, as usual, and is interrupted, at last, by cries of “Question!” from the whole Lodge,—while Ding-Dong finds out, to his utter amazement, that he has been imposed upon again, for the hundred-and-twenty-sixth time, and does not understand the matter.

Now, as we like to be candid, we would advise Fungus, Dabble, and Ding-Dong, and more especially all those who are led astray by their misrepresentations, to read their general laws; for we begin to suspect that many members of our Order never think of such a thing,—or if they do read them, it is merely out of curiosity, without paying the least regard or attention to the information which they are intended to convey. Now this we consider an unpardonable want of penetration, and the great cause of all those little vexatious and annoying disputes, which so frequently occur to mar the otherwise cheerful and uninterrupted good humour of our meetings; and gives rise to those misrepresentations heaped upon us by the world, which reproaches us from the insidious applications of the uncharitable, and accuses us of emotions which never found an entrance in the bosom of a true Odd Fellow.

Meddlesome spirits! Little do they know our benevolent disposition; we lack gall to wound the feelings of a single individual,—we can forgive them from the bottom of our souls,—may they meet as ready a forgiveness from their own consciences. Like true and Independent Odd Fellows, allowing no sinister motives to interfere with our benevolence, we consider it incumbent to watch over the welfare of our beloved Institution; for as yet we are indebted to the world for little else than left-handed favours,—yet we feel a proud satisfaction in requiting evil with good,* and the sneer of illiberality with the unfeigned smile of good humour. From the world we have expected little, and have not, therefore, been disappointed; but from those who are with us, and belong to us, we do expect unity,—and as all acknowledge its utility, we likewise expect that all will unite cheerfully in promoting the means by which alone our benevolence can be made manifest to the world; and our Order become, what we intended it should, namely,—one wide *Ocean* of benevolence, gushing from a thousand streams, refreshing and invigorating every root and branch in the Order!

VESTA.

Brighton, 1839.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

How sweet is sacred Friendship's voice,
The wretched hear it and rejoice;
 Their cares remov'd
 Their sorrows sooth'd,— [choice
Their thoughts on pure contentment's
Are fix'd unmoved.

'Tis Friendship fills the human mind
With pleasure of the purest kind;
 Hail, heavenly art!
 Thy pow'r impart,—
For that in ev'ry state we find
 To charm the heart!

O Friendship! source of ev'ry joy,
Do thou my constant thoughts employ;
 And may I prove
 Thy pow'r above
An earthly name—an earthly toy,
 Exalted love!

Let thy pure stream for ever flow,
That mortal man may taste and know
 That Friendship is
 The truest bliss,—
And ev'ry bosom feel the glow
 Of happiness.

T. S. BRISTOW, P. G.

Rose in the Valley Lodge, Leeds District.

GRIEF.—The first stunning blow of grief is not the mourner's worst pang; it is afterwards, when the long roll of sorrow is unfurled, replete with the recollections of the past: it is the contrast of misery with joy: it is the recollection of blooming hopes and expectations which are cut off, compared with the present utter dearth of hope, or the expectation of any coming joy, which traces, as it were, a map of misery before our eyes, over which we know our lone footsteps must travel the pilgrimage of life, and leave the heart an utter wreck.

FLOWERS OF EBOR.

BY THOMAS CROSSLEY.*

CONVINCED that in proportion to the hourly increase of our *numerical*, a corresponding acquisition is gained by us in *intellectual* strength, we, of the Magazine Committee, are more than ever anxious to make our work what it has by steady degrees been arriving at, and what it must eventually become, a very important vehicle of communication between the members of the Order. In proportion, then, to the increasing importance, so must our zealous and scrutinizing vigilance be exercised in the admission or rejection of the communications of our correspondents; and we emphatically call upon those whose articles may be rejected, charitably to recollect that we perform our duty (unenviable as it sometimes is) in strict accordance with our desires to make our Magazine as excellent as our literary materials will enable us, and of course, in strict accordance with the third word of our inestimable motto. We are lead to these remarks from a pleasurable perusal of the book of Poems before us, from the pen of a worthy brother, being an additional proof that superior talent *is* to be found amongst the members of our Order; and that by the aid of such Authors as the one under our present comment, our Magazine will flourish beyond even our enthusiastic hopes: and, in concluding these prefatory remarks, we call upon such Authors to aid, by all their ability, the philanthropic object for which this Magazine is published.

Mr. Crossley introduces himself, and his motives for publishing, in a very unaffected and modest preface; but we think that he need not have been afraid that his poems would not attract attention on the score of their not being of a "superior order,"—for superior they are to those dandy poets of the present day, who bring out elegantly bound books, "with pictures in them," (usually their only attraction)—superior to the maudlin soap-sud sentiments of annual poets and poetesses; and, if not superior, certainly not inferior to the bulk of poets of the present day, who are left their turn in the rear of a reduced but glorious band, in which the names of Wordsworth, Barry Cornwall, Moore, Campbell, and Southey, are to be found.

Mr. Crossley is evidently an original thinker, possessing powers of observation of no mean order, and who enjoys deeply that calm but eloquent communing with Nature which ever repays the meditator with thoughts of the purest coin, and enables him to store up in his casket all that is valuable, good, and excellent. To exemplify which, we give the following touching proof:—

"TO A WINTER FLOWER.

"Thou little gem whose fringy crest
Still peers above December's snows;
Expanding still thy guileless breast
To every blast which blows—
Why do I love thee, little flower?"

"Because thou art the only one
My eye has met in this drear scene,
For, O, when every other's gone,
Thou tell'st of what has been—
Why do I pity thee, pale flower?"

"Because the tear is on thine eye,
And thou'rt an orphan, unprotected;
And winter fain would bid thee die,
Unnoticed and neglected—
Why do I crop thee, little flower?"

"Because I would some gentle form,
When wintry skies shall frown on me,
Should give me shelter from the storm,
As thus I give to thee."

Our Author possesses a kind and feeling heart, and often gives little outbreking proofs of this, as the following selection will shew:—

* Longman and Co., London; Leyland and Son, Halifax.—198 pages, price 6s.

"A BENEDICTION.

"TO MY INFANT DAUGHTER.

"Thou'rt welcome, sweet blossom,
Thus lull'd to repose,
And press'd to the bosom
Affection bestows :

"And as I gaze on thee,
In warmth of the hour,
My blessing upon thee,
Thou beautiful flower!—

"My love—as in duty,
A tear, when distrest;
A smile to thy beauty,
And hope for the rest!"

Having said thus much, we must add a little more, which, in our capacity of critics, we hope may prove beneficial in the second edition of this work. We often find a beautiful poem marred by the introduction of a word "unmusical to the Volscians' ears;" for instance, in the very beautiful poem, "On Gathering a Sprig of Laurel at Burns' Monument, Dumfries," in the concluding line but one, is the unmusical word "indeciduous," when, we think, many others might have been more judiciously selected.

A NEW AND PHILOSOPHICAL SYSTEM OF SHORT-HAND.

BY A. G. TYSON.*

A VERY concise and useful little book on this important art, has just been published by P. G. Tyson, of Scarbro.' We think it is arranged in as simple and easy a form as any treatise on the subject we have seen, and certainly think it calculated to be of eminent utility to many of our brethren. The author gives the following trite remarks on the art, and the ease with which it may be acquired:—

"No person who is acquainted with the common and almost universal method of writing, will for a moment dispute its usefulness; some may rate it higher than others, but all allow it a great value. Not so with short-hand; this art has not yet gained the repute it deserves; its merits are known to few, while it remains a dead subject to ten thousand times more. Many look on this valuable mode of writing with a high regard, attaching thereunto a confused idea of sublimity; and suppose it as only comprehensible to the learned, being of no use for the generality of people; but this is an improper thought. By short-hand we are indeed capable of wonderful performances: we can catch the flying words and refined sentiments of eloquent men, and preserve the treasure in its original form; yet this must not be attributed to any uncommon and superior learnedness, necessary for the attainment; no, short-hand is the easiest and simplest of all arts. Stenographical writing requires nothing more than an active hand, a good ear, and reasonable memory, which are the common endowments of most men. In taking down public speeches we need not good spelling; nor is a knowledge of common writing absolutely requisite; and though both are useful and necessary in transcribing the short-hand notes, yet a very illiterate person may turn this last mentioned art to many and great advantages.

"All the difference between short and the current-hand writing, is, that the letters of the former are made less, that they may be written quicker: and of a simpler shape, that they may be easier to make and remember. So that no man can pretend that the art generally, or this system in particular, is difficult and abstruse either to learn or write. What then can hinder the universal use of short-hand writing? Its nature and utility only want to be known, and it will be more extensively practised. Men will certainly not neglect so valuable an art, to indulge in the useless and changing fancies of fashion and custom."

* J. Ainsworth and Sons, Scarbro.'—Price 2s.

SION HEIDDYN.

*A Welch Translation of Burns' Celebrated Ballad, JOHN BARLEYCORN, by
J. R. Thomas, St. Cennydd Lodge, Caerphilly.*

THERE were three Kings into the East,
Three Kings both great and high,
And they have sworn a solemn oath,
John Barleycorn should die.

They took a plough & plough'd him down,
Put clods upon his head,
And they have sworn a solemn oath;
John Barleycorn was dead.

The cheerful spring came kindly on,
And showers began to fall,
John Barleycorn got up again,
And sore surprised them all.

The sultry suns of summer came,
And he grew thick and strong,
His head well arm'd with pointed spears,
That no one should him wrong.

The sober autumn entered mild,
And he grew wan and pale,
His bending joints and drooping head
Show'd he began to fail.

His colour sicken'd more and more,
He faded into age;
And now his enemies began
To show their deadly rage;

They took a weapon long and sharp,
And cut him by the knee,
Then tied him fast upon a cart,
Like a rogue for forgery.

They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgell'd him full sore,
They hung him up before the storm,
And turn'd him o'er and o'er.

They filled up a darksome pit
With water to the brim,
They heaved in John Barleycorn,
There let him sink or swim.

They laid him out upon the floor,
To work him further wo,
And still as signs of life appear'd,
They toss'd him to and fro.

They wasted o'er a scorching flame,
The marrow of his bones,
But a miller used him worst of all,
He crush'd him between two stones.

TRI Brenin aeth i'r dwyrain draw,
Tri brenin mawr a ban;
Tyngasant lw fod Sion Heiddyn
I farw yn y fan.

Ag aradr rhoddwyd yn y pridd,
A thywarch ar ei ben;
Tyngasant lw fod Sion Heiddyn
Yn farw dan y nen.

Y Gwanwyn llon a ddaeth yn mlaen,
A chafodydd mwyn digoll;
Sion Heiddyn ddaeth a'i ben i'r lan,
Er syndod iddynt oll.

Pelydrau'r haul yn fwrn a ddaeth,
Cynnyddodd etto'n gref;
A'i ben yn arfog a phigau llym,
Fel na wnaed cam ag ef.

Yr Hydref sobr ddaeth yn fwyn,
Fe dro'dd yn welw-las;
Ei ben crymedig'n arddangos fod
Yn dechreu tyfu'n llaes.

Ei liw glafychodd fwy a mwyr,
Fe wywodd aeth yn hên;
Y gelynion ddangosant eu
Ffyrnigrwydd marwol wen.

Cymmer'sant arfau hir a llym,
I'w dori wrth ben ei lin;
Fe ga'dd ei g'lymu ar y fen
Yn rhwym fel anfad ddyn.

Gosodwyd ar ei gefn lawr,
Ffonodiwyd ef yn flin,
Crogasant ef o flaen y gwynt,
Tost ca'dd ei droi a'i drin.

Llanwasant bwl oedd dywyll iawn
I'r ymyl, mae yn siwr;
Fe'i taffwyd mewn i nofio, neu
I soddi dan y dwr.

Gosodwyd ef ar lawr y ty
I'w weithio'n rhwydd & rhaw;
Ae etto arwydd bywyd oedd,
Er ei dafu yma a thraw.

Ei fêr wastraffwyd uwch ben fflam
Grasboethol fawr o dân;
Ond malwr a wnaeth waethaf oll,
Fe'i lethodd rhwng dau faen.

And they did take his very heart's blood,
To drink it round and round,
And still the more and more they drank,
Their joy did more abound.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
Of noble enterprize,
For if you do but taste his blood,
'Twill make your courage rise.

'Twill make a man forget his woe,
'Twill heighten all his joy,
'Twill make a widow's heart to sing,
Tho' the tear were in her eye.

Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
Each man a glass in hand,
And may his great posterity
Ne'er fail in old Scotland.

Cymmer'sant waed ei galon ef
I'w yfed meddant hwy;
Pa fwya' yf'sant ffynnu'r oedd
Llawenydd fwy a mwy.

Sion Heiddyn oedd fon'ddigaidd iawn,
Ac arwr eithaf hy',
A dim ond profi blas ei waed
Wna godi eich dewlder chwi.

Gwna i ddyn anghofio ei oll wae,
Gwna i loni ef yn siwr;
Gwna i galon gweddw ganu'n iach,
Er yn ei llygad ddwr.

Ni yfwn-gibli i Sion Heiddyn
A gwydriad yn mhob llaw;
Na fydded iddei adian mawr,
Byth ffaelu'n Alban draw.

THE "GENTEEL" PIGEONS. A HOUSEHOLD STORY.

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

(Abridged from the New Monthly Magazine.)

"Not at home!" exclaimed Captain Albatross.

"Not in town!" cried the Captain's lady.

"No, Ma'am," replied the maid, as with some trepidation she followed the visitors, who with no ceremony forced themselves into the parlour.

Captain Albatross, looking very sagaciously at the maid, observed, "I see you don't know us; say Albatross—Captain Albatross."

"They'll be glad to see us," was the assurance of the Captain's lady.

"I dare say, Ma'am; delighted, no doubt," said the girl, "very much pleased, I'm sure; that is, when they come home, Ma'am; but, you know, Ma'am, the very day they married they left home for a month, Ma'am; and as that's only a fortnight ago, Ma'am, why, it is plain, Ma'am, that their time isn't up, Ma'am."

Captain Albatross, though only an officer of disbanded militia, had the sternness of a Frederick; hence, lowering his bushy black eyebrows, and advancing one step towards the maid, he cried, "Young woman, can you look in my face?"

"I'll try, Sir," said the girl, with a simplicity lost upon the guest, who only roared the louder.

"I mean, wench, can you look in my face, and, without blushing, tell me that Mr. and Mrs. Pigeon are not in town?"

The maid, twitted by the dictatorial tones of the Captain, and resolved at any cost to maintain the ground she had taken, replied, looking boldly at Albatross, "Mr. and Mrs. Pigeon are not at home."

"Young woman, I don't know what wages they give you, but to some families you'd be worth any money."

"My dearest Albatross," said his lady, "may you not have been mistaken?"

"Mistaken!" cried the Captain; "I—Captain Albatross, mistaken! Did I not see him—see him last night with a lady in the opposite box? How can any man in such a case mistake or be mistaken?"

"Oh, yes, Sir," cried the anxious maid, "very possible."

"How do you know?" asked the stern Albatross.

"I'm sure of it," answered the self-satisfied girl.

"Sure!" echoed the Captain's lady, with a look of contempt at the domestic, "sure!"

"Sure, Ma'am," replied the servant; "for I've lived in many families, and I never yet knew the master of a house that there wasn't somebody about the town the very image of him."

"There is something in that, Leonora," remarked the Captain: "still it *was* Pigeon."

"Never mind; perhaps they don't wish to be at home to us," said the Captain's lady, who with a sudden dignity prepared to depart.

"They're not at home," was the unnecessary avowal of the maid, as she readily followed the visitors to the door.

"Susan! Susan!" exclaimed a voice, and presently a pretty female head peeped over the staircase; "Who was that, Susan?"

"Captain Albatross and his wife," said Susan.

"Dear me!" cried the lady.

"They wanted to stand me out that you were at home, Ma'am; but I was too much for them. The Captain would have it that he saw my master last night with a lady at —"

"What! Samuel!" and the owner of the pretty face almost screamed.

"Charlotte!" cried a masculine voice, and the lady was led back to her apartment by a gentleman. We know not whether to laud the firmness of Susan, or to blush for her depravity, when we assure the reader that that lady and gentleman were the newly-paired Pigeons. The Pigeons were in town! Yes, they had passed only half the honey-moon at the sea-side, and had returned to London a fortnight before their time.

* * * * *

It was noontime on the day following their arrival, that Captain and Mrs. Albatross called to welcome the happy pair; and they had not long been departed, when another knock struck through the house. "We can't be at home," exclaimed Mrs. Pigeon. "Certainly not," said the husband—" 'twould affront the Albatrosses for ever."

" 'Tis only a lady come to see the apartments," said Susan; for the Pigeons, as yet a small family, had determined upon hospitably giving up a part of their house to any respectable person in search of shelter.

"Are you sure she's a stranger?" asked Mrs. Pigeon. "You've not seen her in the neighbourhood?"

"She looks from the country, Ma'am," said Susan.

"I'll see her," said Mrs. Pigeon; and she forthwith descended to the parlour, where a lady of some fifty years old, possessing a benign aspect considerably heightened by green spectacles, awaited her coming.

"Have I the pleasure of addressing Mrs. Pigeon?" asked the lady, to the consternation of the wife; who, ere she could reply, was informed by the visitor that she "was very well known to her aunt, Figgins." "Have I the pleasure of addressing Mrs. Pigeon?" This was a home-thrust; and yet, how gracefully did Mrs. Pigeon parry it.

"Mrs. Pigeon, on her marriage, went to Brighton; that is little more than a fortnight since."

"I beg your pardon," remarked the lady in spectacles; "of course, she is out of town. I am told, Madam, she is a very charming woman;" and here the lady heaved, what seemed to Mrs. Pigeon, a commiserating sigh, and shook her green spectacles.

"Bless me, Madam!" cried the alarmed wife, "you surely know nothing of—that is, I—I understood you wished to look at the apartments?"

"I will be frank with you, Madam," said the lady; "that was my excuse."

"Excuse, Madam? Then may I inquire what the real object of—"

"By all means," replied the visitor. "But first tell me, my dear—you are perhaps an early friend of Mrs. Pigeon?"

"Very early," replied Mrs. Pigeon herself; "I went to school with her."

"And she is charming and handsome and amiable? Ha! I'm very sorry for it."

"Sorry, Madam? why sorry?"

"To be sure," said the charitable stranger, "the man may have altered."

"Bless me!" exclaimed the terrified wife, "you don't mean Pigeon?"

"Ha! my love," and here the lady inserted her little finger under her green glass, perhaps to wipe away a tear—"ha! my love, I know what it is to have been thrown away. Though I say it, I was once beautiful."

"I had a heart that, in its confiding innocence, believed anything." "I, too, like the hapless Charlotte——"

"Why,—why hapless, Madam?" inquired the wife.

"The interest you take in that young creature," observed the lady with new composure, "does honour to your friendship. Why—why didn't she consult me before she married?"

"I think, Madam, you inferred that Mrs. Pigeon had not the advantage of your acquaintance."

"That is very true," said the benevolent stranger; "in my zeal for her welfare, I had entirely forgotten that accident—for I must call it one."

"As I told you, Madam," said the young wife, almost agitated into tears, "I am the most intimate friend Mrs. Pigeon has; if you know anything that concerns her peace of mind, I entreat of you, my dear, dear Madam, to divulge it,—if you know anything against her husband——"

"Ha!" and here a sigh was almost deepened to a groan, "ha! that man. But I wouldn't let the dear woman know it—for now she is married, my love, there's nothing to be gained by making her unhappy before her time; and that I fear will come soon enough."

Mrs. Pigeon suddenly drew her chair away—and, looking with a stern, inquiring eye at her visitor, and holding forth her right hand, she exclaimed in a voice of profound conviction—"Pigeon's a wretch!"

The lady stranger took a little gold snuff-box from her pocket, and, calmly feeding either nostril from its pungent content, made answer—"He is."

"And he—he who seemed so gentle, so kind, so good!" exclaimed the wife.

"It was always his way," answered the visitor, who then abruptly rose, and, performing a curtsy, said, "Madam, I wish you a very good morning."

"But, Madam," and the anxious wife followed the lady from the room, "may I beg to know any particular case of iniquity?"

"My dear," answered the kind woman, lowering her voice, "I could tell you fifty—but the worst of all was an affair at Tonbridge, where——"

"Yes, Madam—yes, pray stay," for the lady's hand was at the door.

"At Tonbridge, where——"

At this moment, a loud rattling knock at the door went to the heart of Mrs. Pigeon. They had already been denied to the Albatrosses—to the friend of the Figginses—and they could not be at home to any other visitor. It was a great trial; but Mrs. Pigeon was compelled to sacrifice her feelings as a wife to her feelings for the genteel, and to hurry back into the parlour, leaving the kind communicative lady in green spectacles to open the street-door. Susan at the same moment ascended to answer the knocker; and Mr. Pigeon, having been brought from the drawing-room by the earnest tones of his wife in the passage, unconsciously called forth——

"Susan—who's that?"

"Oh! there is somebody at home," cried a voice; and to the horror of Mrs. Pigeon, who double-locked the parlour door, George Tomata, a young gentleman with very great hopes in the India-house, entered the abode of Hymen.

"Mr. and Mrs. Pigeon are at Brighton," said Susan.

"However, Sir," said Mr. Pigeon descending the stairs—for his heart, from some strange cause, had bounced at the name of Tomata—"if you have anything to communicate that materially concerns Mr. or Mrs. Pigeon,—I——"

"Not in the least—no, not at all," answered Tomata, leisurely ascending the stairs, and, with Mr. Pigeon, entering the drawing-room. "So," said Tomata, flinging himself into a chair, "the Pigeons are not come home yet, eh?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Pigeon, the day of their marriage, went to Brighton."

"Ha! well, that's not three weeks yet. It's devilish odd why people run away directly they're married—as if they were ashamed of what they've done. However, it's a banishment called for by genteel life, and—of course, Sir, you are intimate with Mr. Pigeon?"

"I have that pleasure, Sir," said Samuel.

"You lodge here, no doubt? Excuse me, although I have not with you the pleasure of knowing Pigeon, still I am very intimate with his little wife."

"Indeed, Sir—I never heard her name——"

"I dare say not, Sir. Oh, very intimate; we wore petticoats together. Baby companions, Sir. Used to bite the same pear."

"Really, Sir, and Pigeon shifted in his seat—"I was not aware of so early and so delicate a connexion between yourself and Mrs. Pigeon."

"We were to have been married: yes, I may say, the wedding-ring was over the first joint of her finger."

"And pray, Sir, what accident may have drawn the ring off again?"

"You see, Sir," said George Tomata, arranging his hair by an opposite mirror, "my prospects lay in India—in India, Sir. Now, Lotty—"

"Who, Sir?" exclaimed Pigeon, wrathfully.

"Charlotte," answered Tomata. "I used to call her Lotty, and she—he! he! she used to call me Loveapple—you may judge how far we were both gone. For when a woman plays tricks with a man's name, you may be sure she begins to look upon it as her future property. As a friend of her husband, do you know what she was accustomed to call Pigeon?"

"Pigeon, Sir—of course, Pigeon," replied the husband.

"Never cared for him, then, depend upon it: otherwise she'd have turned Pigeon into Turtledove, Pouter, Tumbler, and twenty other pretty things. True tenderness, Sir, deals in synonyms."

"You are always right, Sir, no doubt," observed Pigeon. "But you were about to state the particular hindrance to your marriage with——"

"To be sure. Lotty, as I was going to observe, was a nice little sugar-plum—a very nice little sugar-plum—as you will doubtless allow?"

It was with some difficulty that Pigeon possessed himself of sufficient coolness to admit the familiar truth of the simile; he however allowed the wife of his bosom to be "a nice little sugar-plum."

"Very nice, indeed; but I saw it—I felt convinced of it, and the truth went like twenty daggers to my soul; but I discovered that her complexion, beautiful as it was, would not stand Trincomalee."

"And was that your sole objection to the match?" inquired Pigeon solemnly.

"I give you my honour as a gentleman, that I had no other motive for breaking off the marriage. Sir, I should have despised myself if I had; for, as I have observed, Sir, we were both gone—very far gone, indeed."

"No doubt, Sir, answered Pigeon. "But, allow me to assure you that the lady was not found too far gone to admit of perfect recovery."

"I'm glad of it—very glad of it, hope it is so. By-the-way, what kind of an animal is this Pigeon?"

"Kind of an animal, Sir?" stammered Pigeon. "Why, Sir, he—"

"Ha! that will do," said the abrupt Tomata; "as you're his friend, I'll not press you on the point. Poor Lotty! sacrificed, I see."

"What do you mean by sacrificed, Sir?" foamed Pigeon: "sacrificed!"

"I shall call when the Pigeons come home—I heard they were at home—be kind enough to let Mr. Pigeon have my card. If Pigeon make my Lotty a good husband, I'll take him by the hand; if, however, I find him no gentleman,—find that he shall use the girl of my heart with harshness or with even the least unkindness—I shall again think the happiness of the lady placed in my hands, and thrash——"

"Her husband!" shouted Pigeon.

"Her husband," answered George Tomata; "thrash her husband—thrash him severely—very severely." And, so saying, the conditional champion ran down stairs, and quitted the house. It was a warm day, and Pigeon fell upon a chair, and with his coat-tails fanned himself.

* * * * *

"So, Mr. Pigeon!" said the injured wife; who then, incapable of pursuing the theme she had set herself, merely added, with a gush of tears, "I'll go home to my mother."

"Mrs. Pigeon," replied her husband, "you have done very wrong that you ever quitted that worthy and most respectable woman."

"What do you mean, Mr. Pigeon?"

"Mean! Where there has been a first love, Mrs. Pigeon——"

"Oh! you barbarous creature! What—you own it? You have not even the delicacy that genteel life——"

Vol. 3—No. 7—2 X.

"Delicacy, Madam! But I will endeavour to master my feelings. There has been a want of candour between us, Mrs. Pigeon."

"Yes, yes!" cried Mrs. Pigeon. "I deserve it all; all my acquaintance told me it would come to this. A want of candour, indeed! But I am rightly served. This is the fruit of——"

"Fruit, Ma'am! Yes, Ma'am, fruit—you may say fruit,—Loveapple!"

"Loveapple!" echoed the bewildered Mrs. Pigeon—"Loveapple!"

"Very well, indeed, Madam; very well," cried the sarcastic husband. "Of course you never heard the name?"

"Never!" said Mrs. Pigeon, with great emphasis. "Never—that is, I——"

"Charlotte!—for the last time I may call you Charlotte—do you deny that you have ever known one George Tomata?"

"He gave me an ivory card-case brought from Canton," said the innocent wife.

"And nothing else, Ma'am—nothing else? Was there no interchange of sentiment? No—no first love?"

Mrs. Pigeon subdued her emotion into scornful dignity, and simply answered—"Mr. Pigeon, you are beneath my notice."

"To be sure—the way with culprits, Ma'am—the way with culprits."

"Mr. Pigeon, I see how it is—you wish to break my heart."

"No, Madam, no—I trust," and Pigeon drew himself up, "I trust, I always respect the property of—of strangers."

"Mr. Pigeon," said the wife, "I blush for you, that you should resort to such unworthy means of masking your own wickedness."

"My wickedness, Mrs. Pigeon!" and the husband returned to the charge; "and as for blushing, Ma'am, the complexion of some people seems proof to that, whatever it might have been to another climate."

"Another climate, Sir?" said Mrs. Pigeon.

"Answer me this, Madam—why did you stay in England to make me miserable? Why—I ask you—why did you not go to Trincomalee?"

"Trincomalee, Mr. Pigeon! You mean Tonbridge, Sir—Tonbridge. I have heard it all, Mr. Pigeon."

"All, Ma'am? Tonbridge? You are mad, Ma'am—mad with unfounded jealousy, Ma'am. But this shall be ended," said the husband.

"I hope it will, Sir," said the wife.

"We'll separate, Madam," said Mr. Pigeon.

"With more pleasure than we ever met," rejoined Mrs. Pigeon.

* * * * *

"They went to Brighton a fortnight ago," said Susan to a new inquirer, whose knock had not, in their contention, been heard by the denied couple.

"Hush!" cried Mrs. Pigeon; and they both listened for the voice of the visitor.

"A fortnight ago," repeated the unflinching domestic, "and, of course, they won't be in town till the month's up. It wouldn't be genteel."

"I heard that Mr. Pigeon was seen last night," said a lady at the door.

"My aunt!" cried Mrs. Pigeon. "I know she's made her will—I must see her."

"Impossible!" said Pigeon. "I cannot be compromised with Albatross."

"But are you sure they're not in town?" asked a gentleman.

"Your uncle!" exclaimed Mr. Pigeon.

"We have walked some way," said the male visitor, stepping hastily into the hall, and at the same time laying his hand upon the parlour-door, "so we'll stay and rest a little;" and with these words the respectable uncle and aunt walked into the apartment, followed by Susan, who, with amazed looks, stared round the room, and then threw her eyes suspiciously towards the fire-place. Had Mr. and Mrs. Pigeon flown up the chimney? Another glance, and Susan was satisfied of their whereabouts; they were both squeezed in a corner cupboard—in a nook particularly incommensurable for people about to separate for ever. However, as the door was opened by her uncle, Mrs. Pigeon had flown to the narrow sanctuary, and Mr. Pigeon, generously laying aside all difference of opinion in his pursuit of safety, immediately followed her. Fear must have a very contractile power, or that cupboard had never contained both the Pigeons.

"Furnished with very tolerable taste," said the uncle, as he surveyed the appointments of the room.

"All the taste belongs to my niece, no doubt," said the aunt.

"Poor Charlotte! I hope she'll be happy—I hope her heart's in the match;—but, for my own part, I think it a great sacrifice. No, no—young Tomata was the man."

"So I should have thought; but if the wench preferred Pigeon she was right to have him. And, after all, Tomata's fortune lies in expectation, and Pigeon, though the last person as I conceive for a woman to love, has a certainty." Thus spoke Charlotte's uncle.

"Well, I hope 'twill all end well," said the aunt. "Fortunately, Charlotte has been piously bred up, and has, I believe, been taught the virtue of resignation. When they come home, we must of course ask the creature of a husband to dinner." A loud, oft-repeated knock startled the aunt and uncle, and struck new terror to the two hearts in the cupboard.

"At Brighton, eh? Ha! we shall see;" and the martial tread of Captain Albatross sounded in the hall, followed by other footsteps, and in a moment he flung open the parlour-door, and entered, accompanied by Mrs. Albatross and Mr. George Tomata. "Ha! my dear Mr. Figgins—Mrs. Figgins, I am yours. So, they have come home, I presume?"

"No—no, indeed, Captain," said Uncle Figgins, "we have only taken shelter here. We certainly heard that they were at home."

"I am sure I saw him last night—I am almost certain of it," said the Captain.

Another loud knock at the street-door; Susan answered the call, and was about to assure a lady—the self-same visitor who had so interesting an interview with Mrs. Pigeon—that "her master and mistress were at Brighton," when the new-comer inquired "if Mr. and Mrs. Figgins were not in the house?" Another minute, and the lady walked into the parlour.

"Mrs. Blight!" cried Mrs. Figgins; "who'd have thought to see you?"

"I have been to your house, and they told me you were come here," said Mrs. Blight.

"How good of you to follow us!" remarked Mrs. Figgins.

"Oh! this is not my first visit to-day," observed the self-complacent Mrs. Blight. "I heard of the marriage, and came straight from the coach."

"And did you see Pigeon?" asked Albatross.

"Oh, no! he's at Brighton; but I saw a female here," answered Mrs. Blight.

"What, the servant? No? A female—what kind of person?"

"Why, I should say rather a plain young woman," replied Mrs. Blight. "A person assuming genteel airs, with no real pretensions to them."

("Be quiet my dear," whispered Pigeon to his wife in the cupboard.)

"She was a friend, she told me, of Mrs. Pigeon's.—If such are her friends, I—well, well, perhaps Henry deserves it."

"Henry!" exclaimed Captain Albatross; "what Henry?"

"Henry Pigeon," answered Mrs. Blight; "ha! that was a sad affair at Tonbridge!"

"Why, Henry Pigeon's gone to New Zealand," cried Mrs. Figgins; "it's Samuel."

"Is it, indeed?" asked the serene Mrs. Blight; "however, it's all the same. I thought I'd call to have a peep at the furniture."

"And you saw a lady here?" asked Albatross. "This deepens the mystery—for Tomata, whom I luckily ran against, has been here this morning, and found a gentleman."

"No, no—I didn't say gentleman," cried Tomata. "I hope I know the breed better: he seemed a mixture of haberdasher and sheriff's officer."

("Never mind the coxcomb, love," whispered Mrs. Pigeon to her agitated spouse.)

"A man in the house!" cried all the ladies.

"And a strange woman!" added Mrs. Blight. "The place will be stripped, and the dear couple ruined."

"I had some fun with the fellow, to sound him, for he told me he was Pigeon's friend—if true, poor Charlotte!" said Tomata.

"Somebody got into the house to rob it!" cried Mrs. Albatross.

"Where's the maid?" exclaimed Mrs. Figgins; and the maid was loudly summoned to the parlour.

Now, girl," said the stern Albatross, "'tis useless to deny it—you have somewhere hidden a man in the house."

"And a woman," shrieked the ladies, wishing to make the iniquity complete.

"Where are they?" said Albatross. "You wicked, unworthy domestic, where is the man?—where the woman?"

Susan, with unabashed face, raised her forefinger, and pointed it steadily towards the corner cupboard.

"Ha! ha! then we've caught ye!" exclaimed Albatross, and he tore open the door.

"Charlotte!"

"Samuel!"

"Mr. Pigeon!"

Such were the exclamations of the Albatrosses and the Figginses, echoed by Mrs. Blight and George Tomata.

"My dear Charlotte, why did you deny yourself?—why hide in such a place?" asked Mrs. Figgins.

"Samuel, what is all this?" inquired Albatross; "why keep your arrival secret from your friends?"

"The fact is, Captain Albatross," answered Pigeon, "we were tired of Brighton, but we felt it was'n't genteel to return before the month; and as we were denied to one, we were compelled to be denied to another; and so we went on until at last, we—"

Samuel Pigeon was ashamed to confess the truth—a truth too frequently and too gravely illustrated in the present day; for how often do we see simple Pigeons in search of what they ignorantly consider the genteel, compelled at length to take shelter in a—*corner cupboard?*

I DON'T LIKE TO SEE,—

A DIRTY shirt covered with a clean dickey; a working man who has two hats wearing the best every day; the windows patched with paper, rags, or turf; a sweep pressing through a crowd; a woman's boot-lace dangling loose; orange-peels thrown on the footpath; an orphan girl tempted to walk the streets for the purpose of prostitution; good meat thrown to the dogs; a workhouse funeral almost without attendants; a woman beating her child because it had nearly been run over; a country overseer putting out a poor woman by the shoulders; two men fighting a pitched battle on Sunday afternoon; a man, after breaking a square of glass in a window, running away to escape detection; a child crying for hours together in a cradle; a poor lad, or girl, at five o'clock in a winter's morning, going to the factory very much out of health; a man stuffed with rich food until his legs are obliged to be tied up; a bed-room comb left full of hair; a servant waiting at the table with dirty hands; a woman slipping in at the back door of a public house, with a little jug, at tea-time; a justice fining persons for getting drunk, who frequently gets fresh himself; a beggar exhibiting his wounds and deformations on the road side; an old man of 60 and a girl of 17 going to the church to be married; a drunken coachman driving his horses at full gallop down the street; clothes lying to be moth-eaten, while there are so many backs without covering; a coach-horse with bleeding shoulders; a dog in a poor man's house, who gets relief from the parish; children's shoes unbuttoned, and stockings out at the heels; an umbrella on a windy day with two broken bones; a shop with dirty windows; the bailiffs carrying the bed and chair of a poor widow to the Obeliak, to sell for rent; a poor ragged wife seeking her husband at twelve on Saturday night.—*Educational Magazine.*

AMBITION.—Existence appears to me scarcely existence, without its struggles and its successes. I should like to have some great end before me; the striving to attain, amid a crowd of competitors, would make me feel all the energies of life.

ODD FELLOWSHIP.

SUNG BY P. G. PEARCE, AT THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE LEICESTER'S PRIDE LODGE.*

Of all the enjoyments this life can afford,
The red sparkling wine, or the feast, or the board,
There's nought so enchanting, so noble to me,
As the meeting of brethren in sweet unity.

CHORUS.

Here's a health unto thee, here's a health unto thee,
Here's a health to Odd Fellows, wherever they be!

So noble our motto, so just is our cause,
It ever will merit unbounded applause;
And may it still flourish and spread like a tree,
Until all become brothers, kind-hearted and free.
Here's a health, &c.

And long may our Lodges be crowned with success,
The stranger to aid, and the orphan to bless;
May we to our precepts with pleasure agree,
And the pride of the nation Odd Fellows will be!
Here's a health, &c.

May its beauties still shine like the sun at noon-day,
Until all feel the warmth of its genial ray;
Inspired by its virtues, so noble and free,
May we flourish in friendship and sweet harmony.
Here's a health, &c.

May Odd Fellowship burn with ceaseless desire,
And its flame ne'er be quench'd till the world is on fire;
And when on this earth all our labours shall cease,
May we all meet above in the Grand Lodge of Peace!
Here's a health, &c.

TO OUR READERS.

AGAIN it becomes a pleasing duty to present to our numerous readers the most gratifying intelligence of the increasing prosperity of Odd Fellowship, and if the feelings of hope which we entertained during the last quarter were of an enthusiastic nature, we are happy to know, and authoritatively to state, that they have been duly realized; and that we have more reason than ever, as Odd Fellows, to be elated at the very honourable and important position we at this present moment maintain in society,—a position which we are daily strengthening by the rapid increase of our numbers; and we doubt not but that the time will arrive, and that at no very distant period, when our present numerical strength will be doubled. Believing this, and urged towards this belief, in the certain knowledge that the more widely our principles are diffused, and acted up to by our brethren, the more desirous strangers will be to enroll themselves under our loyal and peaceful banner, we do most fraternally call upon the whole Order collectively, and every brother individually, to receive this report of our success, not as a sedative to past, but as an active stimulus to further exertion; recollecting the greatness of our cause, so beautifully defined by the greatest of all philosophers, Francis Bacon, in the following energetic sentence,—“Certainly it is heaven and earth to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in Providence, and turn upon the poles of truth.”

As perspicuity should always be the marked characteristic of a report, we shall in this digested analysis, place our subjects under two heads,—the past and future. And first retrospectively. At the A. M. C., which all our readers are aware was held this year at Birmingham, during the Whitsunweek, 177 Delegates, including the

* Our friends at Leicester must excuse the insertion of their Anniversary, as it is contrary to our regulations, and would give rise to many others being sent.—*Mag. Com.*

Officers of the Order, attended from all parts of the country, for the transaction of business connected with our Institution.

The Minutes of the proceedings, together with the very satisfactory state in which the Balance Sheet will be found, will obtain an attentive perusal, and give, we have no doubt, a pleasurable result to the whole Order.

Space will only allow of our presenting to our readers, certain remarks upon the most interesting features connected with the decisions of the A. M. C. In the first place, the Auditors' Report, that after all debts are satisfied, they find a clear profit upon the whole year of £1331. 13s. 10d., and though this may be in a great measure accounted for by the number of Dispensations granted, and Emblems sold, yet be the result from what source it may, it will prove equally gratifying to all; as will the fact, that the Magazine has realized a profit amounting to the sum of £393. 15s. 0d. To conclude with monetary matters, the liberality of the A. M. C. has been evinced in the sum of £126. 6s. having been voted in gifts and loans, (the former amounting to the sum of £80. 6s.) to the several Lodges and individuals, needful and worthy of their liberality.

It now becomes our duty to notice another subject in the report of the proceedings of the A. M. C., and which has engrossed much of our most anxious thoughts, because we foresee beneficial results calculated to arise from their well-guided, well-governed resolution, of which at this present moment hardly any conception can be formed; we allude to their strong recommendation of an indissoluble co-operation with our brethren in America, who have lately communicated much with us, thereby establishing a new and important branch in the fruitful and multiplying vine of Odd Fellowship. We hail their communications with fraternal affection—we accept their kindness with open arms—we will greet our American brethren whenever they will visit us, and glory in the fulfilment, to the very letter, of that one line, indicative of our strength of purpose, our power, and our pride,—*AMOR, AMICITIA ET VERITAS*.

Though we naturally love our own country and her institutions far better than that of any other on the face of the earth, yet do we not allow our love to be narrowed by those little prejudices only inherent in minds where nought but very minute strips will ever (if ever) take root, or give their puny excrescences aid, and weak existence to light; we, on the other hand, admire America amongst other countries deserving our admiration,—we admire her institutions, her power, her greatness, and commercial activity: we then revere their hospitality, and not looking upon them with the cold eye or heart, as if we had nothing in common with them, recollect that they are our brethren, and as such most welcome to all the comforts of our house, hearth and home.

It will be heard with great satisfaction that a Dispensation to open a Lodge has been granted to Gibraltar, thus extending our influence into the Mediterranean; and we may venture safely to anticipate that this is only one step in the great path of Odd Fellowship abroad. A worthy brother at Ulverston, during an anniversary dinner in the month of May, thus appropriately concludes our sentence for us:—"And soon, too, I hope to hear of its establishment in the islands of the still more remote Pacific. The inhabitants of Van Diemens Land, and the shores of New Holland having a community of interest with us, speaking our language, will not be long in embracing the opportunity of joining our noble and esteemed order; they will never regret it, but will acknowledge it as one of the greatest boons the mother country could bestow on them; and how cheering would it be to those emigrant fellow-countrymen belonging to our Order, on leaving their native soil,—the land of their fathers, and all the endearing associations connected with the place of their birth, and the scenes of their infancy, to know that they will grasp, on landing on those far distant shores, the hands of brethren, not alone in word, but in deed. What a glorious prospect this opens to our contemplation, my friends, and the realization of it, I firmly believe, depends on ourselves. Let us continue to shew that our "faith is sublime and our hope glorious;" turn not to the right nor the left; steadily uphold our laws in their integrity and purity; allow no debasing self-interest to corrupt or sway us in our government; shew to the world "how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity;" and such will be the gratifying, the important result,—nay, not alone in the countries I have mentioned, but to wherever English language and feelings extend; and wherever

they wing their flight to, there will our mighty and mystical Order, in the beautiful language of a great modern poet, inspire

"A feeling from the Godhead caught,
To wean from self each sordid thought;
A ray of Him who formed the whole,
A glory circling round the soul."

Other countries may boast of their almost super-human works that promise to endure to the end of all things—that have seen dynasties of their most renowned kings, heroes, and sages, expire and become forgotten; but ours is a moral structure that will maintain its stand throughout all ages; for though its "base be on the earth its topstone is in the skies," where it will remain a beacon and a guide

"To the last syllable of recorded time."

And now we have a few words to say for ourselves. We are exceedingly anxious to make the Magazine as good and acceptable as we possibly can to our readers, to do which, we must be permitted the full exercise of our editorial and critical functions; and whilst we invite contributors, and renew our often repeated invitations to them to add their share of literary talent, to the talent they so ably exert in the general cause, we invite them, at the same time, to put up with our decisions in that spirit of friendliness they have hitherto always evinced.

We do not like in the exercise of our duties to speak with harshness, but we are forced at times to express ourselves very determinedly, in consequence of the dilemma some of our correspondents (unintentionally we trust) place us in, by the irregularity of their communications; for instance, J. L., of Birmingham, who has sent us three very excellent and lucid articles upon the study of Phrenology, a study quite in its infancy, yet interesting to many of us, has not sent us the fourth part. Now we shall be obliged, in the event of repeated recurrence of this evil, to give notice that we cannot receive any communications to appear in parts, unless we have the whole matter to commence with; because we cannot permit ourselves to be a party to what almost amounts to a breach of faith; we say thus much "more in sorrow than in anger," and hope our hints will be taken.

It is usual to give a valedictory word on the close of our quarterly labours, and we having exhausted our gratulatory theme as to the success of our Institution in general, have only to recommend that each brother should be in temperament habitually cheerful and sanguine,—not feel misfortune (which in the course of events will visit us) too acutely; but by the elasticity bequeathed to the mind by hope, let us faithfully perform our duties as men and Odd Fellows; and let us ever be fascinated by the least of all worldly illusions—"Charity to all men." Until we again publish in October, we bid you—farewell.

We remain,

THE MAGAZINE COMMITTEE.

Marriages.

Aug. 20, 1838, P. Sec. George Chipchase, of the Princess Charlotte Lodge, Barnsley District, to Miss Harrison, of the above place.—Aug. 19, brother Joseph Axon, of the Princess Charlotte Lodge, to Miss Elizabeth, eldest daughter of P. G. Columbine, of the Britannia Lodge, Cawthorn.—Feb. 22, P. P. G. M. Alexander Gliddon, of the Gisburne District, to Miss Louisa Puttenham.—Aug. 9, at Elland, brother Samuel Lumb, of the Peace Lodge, Brighouse, to Miss E. Gooder, of Rastick.—Oct. 14, at Dewsbury, brother

Eli Collins, of the Offspring of Peace Lodge, Clifton, to Miss Harriet Schofield. Oct. 21, P. S. Jeremiah Wharton, of the Friendly Drop Lodge, Heckmondwike, to Miss Ellen Stenthorp.—Sep. 13, at the Cathedral Church, Ripon, brother Turkington, of the St. Wilfred, (eldest son of G. M. J. Turkington, Ripon District, to Miss Mary Harrison—April 28, P. G. Wm. Myers, of the St. Wilfred, to Miss A. Myers, of Ripon.—Oct. 25, P. P. G. M. William Starey, of the Mount Ararat, Troubridge, to Mrs. E. L. Lock, widow

of the late brother Lock, of the Bath City Lodge.—May 29, Richard Dunn, of the Richmond Castle Lodge, to Miss Ann Wilkinson.—July 8, Wm. Swainston, of the above Lodge, to Miss Jane Robinson.—June 3, brother Henry Munro Roscorld, of the Clarence Lodge, Lewes, to Miss Sarah Ann Hindmarsh.—Oct. 29, P. S. John Brown, of the above Lodge, to Miss Mary Ann Marsh.—Nov. 4, P. G. James Smith, of the Good Intent Lodge, Derby, to Miss Fearn.—Nov. 11, at the Parish Church, Kidderminster, John Burlingham, of the King William the Fourth Lodge, to Miss Ann Palmer.—Nov. 17, P. V. Wm. Cooke, of the King Oswald, Oswestry, to Miss Sarah Davies, of the same place.—In August last, host Benbow, of the Admiral Benbow, Ruyton, to Miss M. Smith, Uppington.—Nov. 25, N. G. Bradley Taylor, of the Briton's Glory, Oldham, to Miss Mary Hilton, of the same place.—Sep. 13, brother William Haggis, of the Good Samaritan Lodge, Halifax District, to Miss Emma Sutcliffe, of Beggrington, near Halifax.—Sep. 13, P. W. Isaac Oldfield, of the same Lodge, to Miss Sarah Shaw.—Dec 23, P. G. Wm. Moreland, of the Duke of Rutland Lodge, to Mrs. Sarah Shaw, second daughter of P. Prov. G. M. host Wade, of the Earl Grey Lodge, Ilkiston.—Brother Isaac Perrins, of the Duke of Rutland Lodge, Ilkiston, to Miss Abigail Haye.—Dec. 5, brother John Willey, of the Farmers' Glory Lodge, Staxton, to Harriet, daughter of Mr. Thomas Chapman, of Filey.—Dec. 24, by the Rev. H. Whitelock, Edward Bradbury, N. G. of the Prince of Wales Lodge, Mossley, to Miss Harriet Taylor, daughter of P. G. John Taylor.—Feb. 7, 1839, brother Samuel Milnes, of the Honest View Lodge, Rochdale, to Miss Catherine French.—P. G. Wm. Grocock, of the Archangel Lodge, to Miss Jane Hunter.—March 31, brother James Taylor, of the Queen

Adelaide Lodge, to Miss E. B. Crowther, Manchester.—May 20, brother William Hope, of the Youth's Glory Lodge, to Miss Douglas, of Leeds.—March 10, 1839, brother John Walsh, of the Faith Lodge, to Isabella Sager; both of Bradford.—Feb. 10, 1839, brother Wm. Cully, of the United Brothers Lodge, to Miss Maria Snaith: March 14, John Swallow, of the same Lodge, to Miss Elizabeth Whaite, of Romalldkirk.—May 7, at Bowes, Yorkshire, host Nicholas Oliver, of the Stanhope Agricultural Lodge, to Miss Margaret Walton, of Gilmorby.—May 16, at Newcastle, Northumberland, V. G. John Wagget, of the same Lodge, to Miss Ann Grant: May 18, brother John Milner, of the same Lodge, to Miss Sarah Gleeson.—Feb. 24, bro. Wm. Hardy, Lord Camden Lodge, to Miss Mary Sophia Bulmer, at Christ's Church, Newgate-street.—Feb. 24, at Shadwell Church, N. G. Aram, of the Lord Camden Lodge, to Miss Maria Matilda Hudswell.—December 25, 1838, brother James Lodge, to Miss Walker, both of Elland.—Jan. 1, 1839, brother William Entwistle, to Miss Clorri Hopwood, both of Elland.—Feb. 10, 1839, brother Joseph Milner, to Miss Elizabeth Hartley, of Fixby.—P. G. John Townsend Lee, to Miss Nancy Thornton, youngest daughter of Richard and Sarah Thornton, of Rastrick.—Nov. 28, 1838, brother William Platt, of the Bridgewater Lodge, to Miss Hannah Coal, of London.—Jan. 2, 1838, P. G. William Colemers, of the Bridgewater Lodge, to Miss Emma Antley, of Ellesmere.—At Castle Green Chapel, Bristol, by the Rev. J. Jack, brother George Pearce, of the Great Western Lodge, to Miss Louisa James, of Birmingham.—Feb. 24, brother Thomas Clarkson, of the Nelson Lodge, to Margaret Bowes.—April 27, John Fisher, P. G. M. of the Masham District, to Charlotte Marian, eldest daughter of D. Jackson, Esq., York.

Deaths.

April 19, 1839, V. G. George Shutt, of the Montagu Lodge, Addingham District.—Jan. 17, aged 22, the wife of N. G. William Booth, of the Loyal Milton Lodge, Bradford: Nov. 3, 1838, aged 41, the wife of Sec. Wm. King, of the above Lodge.—March 14, aged 38, the wife of P. G. J. Snawden, of the Industry Lodge,

Bradford.—March 8, brother Thomas Richardson, of the United Brothers Lodge.—June 1, Emma, the wife of P. V. Joseph Bradley, of the Lily of the Valley Lodge, Armitage Bridge, aged 24 years.—May 12, brother Thos. Pearce, butcher, aged 37, of the Bridgewater Lodge, Ellesmere District.

[Marriages, &c. too late for this Number, will be inserted in the next.]

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W. Ratcliffe Esq.

THE
ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE,
NEW SERIES.

Entered at Stationers' Hall.

OCTOBER.

[PUBLISHED QUARTERLY.]

1839.

BIOGRAPHY.

WILLIAM RATCLIFFE,

C. S. OF THE ORDER,

Was born at Tyldesley, on the 4th of June, 1813. At the age of 20, he joined the Defiance Improvement Lodge, Tyldesley, which is in the Chowbent District, as well as in the Bolton Funeral Fund. He soon exerted himself in a very strenuous manner to forward the objects of the Order, and was chiefly instrumental in forming the Travellers' Home Lodge, at Tyldesley, which was opened on the 7th of December, 1833; to which Lodge he was appointed Secretary. That his exertions in the cause of Odd Fellowship were both valuable and appreciated, may be known from the fact, that the Bolton District, at a meeting called for the purpose, selected him as a fit person to be recommended to the G. M. and Board of Directors, to act as C. S. at the resignation of his predecessor, in the beginning of 1838. When first engaged to this important office, he was individually an entire stranger to the Directors, and was engaged from the recommendation of the Bolton District, who along with other Districts were solicited to recommend a qualified person to rectify the many and considerable errors which then existed in the books and accounts of the Order. Whatever ambition there may exist in the breast of any individual to aspire to such an important office in an Institution like ours, at that time, at least, the situation was not an enviable one. It is not an easy task to act independently towards those we are dependant upon,—to please our employers, as well as those with whom they differed in opinion; but such was expected, and it must be admitted, that no inconsiderable point was gained by the subject of the present Memoir, in surmounting these difficulties, and satisfying all parties, even so far as to induce them to leave many doubtful cases to his judgment and decision. Independently of his share in rectifying the errors which at that time existed, he has rendered an essential service to the Order, by getting the books into a proper and tangible shape, which previous to his coming were in a very irregular and imperfect condition; the records of the various minutes will shew to what extent errors had to be rectified; and if we add, that the throng of the business of the Order had to be done at the time when he came, it will not be surprising that when the Auditors found his books in the perfect state they did, they should recommend, and that the Rochdale A. M. C. should unanimously appoint him C. S. of the Order.

In short, the present C. S. is possessed not only of ability to serve the office which he fills, but is also possessed of other qualities still more important, namely, strict integrity and uprightness of conduct, and has always shewn a full determination to discharge the duties of his office without favor or preference to any one. These qualifications having gained him the respect and esteem of his private friends, will, no doubt, be also a means of securing to him the same degree of confidence from the members of the Order in general.

VOL. 5—No. 8—2 Y.

ODD FELLOWS.

(Abridged from the Hull Rockingham.)

THIS society has made far greater progress in the north of England than is generally known, and fortunately its energies appear to be well directed. There is a quarterly Magazine published in connection with the Order, which does it great credit; it is an amusing and instructive miscellany, and it is published at so reasonable a price that it is within the compass of the most moderate means. On Sunday last the members of the various Lodges forming the Hull District of the Manchester Unity, gave an admirable proof of the spirit by which they are actuated. It is well known to our readers that an effort is making to provide the funds necessary for the erection of a new wing to the Infirmary. This subject was considered in the various Lodges, and it was determined that the customary annual procession should be rendered available, not for dissipation and mere idling, but for charity. Accordingly it was resolved, the Rev. Vicar's approval being obtained, that all the members should assemble in Mason-street, on Sunday morning, and proceed in procession from there to High Church. The scene was an interesting one. The Lodges in number are twenty-one, and the members assembled were one thousand and forty. They proceeded to church, when an impressive sermon was preached by the Rev. J. H. Bromby, from 2nd Timothy, 1c. 7v.—“God hath not given us the spirit of fear, but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind.” A collection was afterwards made, which amounted to £38. 1s. 1d. But the benevolence of the Order did not end here. The question was considered by each of the several Lodges, and contributions were made to the amount of £38. 11s. 7d., making a grand total of £76. 12s. 8d. We record these facts with sincere pleasure. The Society is chiefly composed of operatives, and it is really delightful to see them thus spontaneously, and nobly, and wisely, contributing to a design which is worthy of all support. We add with equal pleasure that the Committee of Management of the Infirmary have well acknowledged the meritorious conduct of the Odd Fellows, by empowering their Grand Master always to have on the books of the institution three in and six out-patients.

THE ODD FELLOWS' PROCESSION.

(Abridged from the Liverpool Mail.)

THE Order of Odd Fellows in Liverpool yesterday walked in procession through the principal streets of the town, and, taken altogether, they made a display which, both for respectability and numbers, has perhaps, never been equalled, certainly never surpassed, by any similar institution in Liverpool. It is not the practice of this Order to have annual processions, but, deeming their association well entitled to public favour, and fancying that this would be the most efficacious mode of exciting a feeling of curiosity in the minds of many as to its nature, and thus, perhaps, induce a large accession of new members, they came to a resolution to parade the town on the first Monday in August. Early in the morning, accordingly, notice of preparation for the festival was given by bands of music conducting the members of the different Lodges to the appointed rendezvous in Queen-square. They thence proceeded, walking three abreast, with splendid banners bearing appropriate designs and mottoes, and with all the paraphernalia of the Order. The members, though not appalled in one uniform colour, were exceedingly well-dressed, and wore a profusion of decorations, in the shape of blue sashes and ribbons, rainbow-coloured rosettes, and white leather aprons, trimmed with blue ribbon. The P. G.s and other officers who walked at the head of each Lodge bore white, and in some few instances scarlet, wands. Each Lodge had its axe, sword, mace, crown, and other paraphernalia; together with its Dispensation, which was in many instances beautifully and curiously framed. Towards the close of the procession there were about two hundred children, (including some few girls,) and the rear was brought up by the members of the committee, P. G.s., past district officers, present district officers, &c. with regalia. There were, we should fancy, nearly three thousand persons in the procession, which, with some two or three short stoppages, occupied half-an-hour in winding round the corner of Upper Duke-street into Rodney-street. Their progress through the town was marked by the greatest decorum, nor did

we hear of the slightest irregularity having taken place amongst them during the whole day.

A letter was addressed by Mr. J. L. Shadwell, the Provincial Corresponding Secretary, to his worship the Mayor, previous to the day of procession, explaining the nature and objects of the Association of Odd Fellows; in answer to which the Mayor stated that he admired the objects of the Institution, and that he would, if it were required, afford them the protection of the police during the procession. The deputation assured his worship that they needed no protection, as the Order was composed of individuals of all shades of religion and politics, united in one bond of peace and goodwill.

We are informed that, in addition to the 1850 Lodges of the Order in Great Britain, it has branches in France, Germany, Austria, Russia, Prussia, Poland, and that there are more than 1200 Lodges in the United States, with an annual revenue of £18,000. As an instance of the munificence of the Order in England, we may mention that it has lately presented nearly five hundred pounds to the Deaf and Dumb Institution of Manchester. The symbols of Odd Fellowship are unintelligible to strangers, but to fully initiated brethren they point out their moral duties and obligations, and no obligation is demanded from any one that would in the slightest degree interfere with his duties to God, to his country, or to his family; for Odd Fellows are bound to conform cheerfully to the government under which they live, to pay due deference to superiors, from inferiors to receive honour with reluctance, rather than extort it, and they must be men of benevolence and charity.

At the termination of the general procession, the members returned to their respective Lodges to dine, and it affords us pleasure to state that every thing was conducted with the decorum becoming so well-conducted, respectable, and useful an association.

[In giving insertion to the foregoing extracts, (which we have abridged from the *Hull Rockingham* and the *Liverpool Mail*), our readers will perceive that we have departed from our usual custom of not publishing accounts of Anniversaries, &c.; but the importance of these under notice, and the beneficial results arising from the publicity thus given to our Institution in those important Sea Ports and elsewhere, must be our apology; the Liverpool District Committee, held since the procession, having applied for not less than sixteen Dispensations for new Lodges at one meeting! which have been granted by the Board of Directors. Hull is likewise fast increasing in numbers. Comment is useless; the facts speak for themselves.—Mag. Com.]

ON SMOKING.

We were going to say, some men, but we will go farther, and say, all men carry their wallet; their own faults are kept in the end, snug enough behind their back, and suffered to accumulate without interruption, while those of other people are sedulously kept in the end in front, into which we are apt to look rather too often.

Now we have often admired our general laws, and more especially those pure and moral maxims contained in our lectures, and are convinced that they contain precepts and examples amply sufficient to regulate the conduct of every brother in the Order, if strictly adhered to;—they forbid the use of all immoral language,—our ears are not profaned by brothers swearing in open Lodge,—our laws forbid the practice of any indecent song, toast, or sentiment, and very proper too,—but God forbid, that they should ever curtail that social intercourse which exists, should exist, and we trust ever will exist amongst us. It is true we have noticed many able correspondents to the Magazine, and it is with regret that we have done so, advocating and advising alterations and changes in our Order, which, if carried into execution, would degrade us to the level of a set of mad enthusiasts, or gloomy misanthropes. One brother would have us leave of meeting in public-houses altogether, and, perhaps, this might be advisable,—another would allow us to meet in public, but not to drink during Lodge-hours,—others would have us become tee-totalers at once,—while some would have us all philosophers and astronomers; and again, others would do away with all social intercourse, and teach us the use of the globes in its stead,—and we have often heard our old friend, Babalist Grimes, assure us with a most melancholy aspect, that there never

should be another song heard in the Lodge, if he could have his way. But what has alarmed us more than all these things, a worthy Correspondent in the Magazine, has hit us upon a tremendous sore place, and we can bear it no longer. Can it be possible?—will it be credited?—Hear it, ye lovers of the social pipe,—tremble, ye worshippers of the Indian weed!—it is actually advised and proposed to do away with smoking during Lodge-hours! Monstrous! as my friend Mustapha would exclaim,—and why? Why! because “ALPHA” does not like to see the N. G. enveloped in a cloud of smoke,—says it detracts from the solemnity and respectability of the Lodge! Was ever anything heard before like this? Why, man, in Holland they smoke at church!! and we are not aware that it lessens the respectability of the congregation, or the devotion of the ceremony. Perhaps, if in France, this gentleman would object to taking snuff; yet he admits, after giving a most elaborate and alarming description of its intoxicating qualities, that it produces a peculiar hilarity of feeling,—exerts its soothing influence on the mental faculties and calms the mind: and we can add, (from a twenty-five years experience,) makes a man what he ought to be in the Lodge, namely, pleased with himself and determined to please others. Again, he admits Sir Isaac Newton to have been an inveterate smoker, but talents like his, he says, would shine through any cloud; we will assert, however, without much fear of contradiction, that not only Newton, but some of the greatest men of this age, or any other, have been smokers;—of course, we include ourselves!! And lastly, Sir Walter Raleigh, of whom it has been justly said, that he was one of the very chief glories of an age crowded with towering spirits, and one of whom the Prince of Wales remarked, “that none but his father would keep such a bird in such a cage;” but it will be remembered that JAMES was no smoker,—nay, he even went so far as to write a very violent, and, in my opinion, a very foolish book against the filthy practice, as he stiles smoking; in which book he says, “it is a lively image and pattern of hell;” and further observes, “it is like hell in the very substance of it,—for it is a stinking, loathsome thing, and so is hell;” and moreover, his Majesty declares,—“that, were he to invite the devil to a dinner, he should have three dishes, namely, a pig, a poll of ling and mustard, and a pipe of tobacco for digestion.” Did his Majesty mean a roasting pig, for if he did, notwithstanding the Jewish prohibition, we should have had little objection to dine with him of such a bill of fare; and we assure our readers that we should make a most delectable dinner, either with Majesty or any one else upon such a treat.

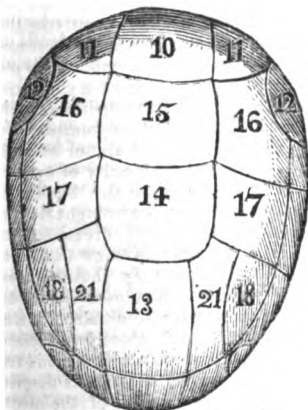
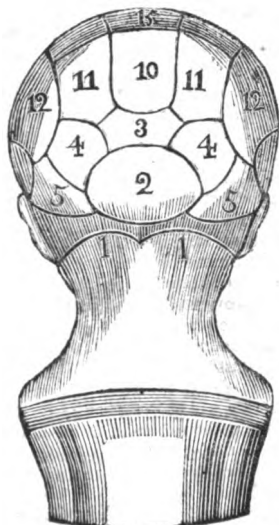
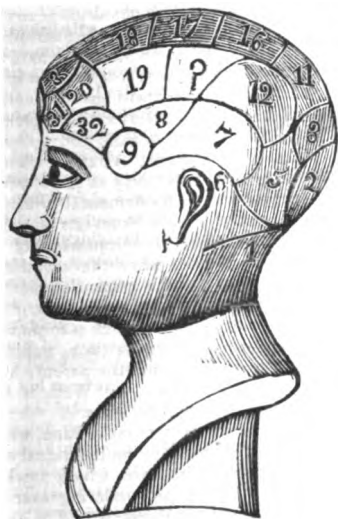
But we will leave kings and bigots to their own repose, and most earnestly advise and recommend “Alpha” to try a pipe himself the next Lodge he attends, and we do assure him, from personal experience, that he will never (we will stake our best wig upon it) undergo one quarter of the evils which he apprehends. No! brothers, give up drinking, if you please,—become tee-totallers at once,—have your meetings at temperance hotels,—or, like the anti-temperance women in America, sew up your mouths, and suck coffee through a quill!—but never, never give up the social pipe!

Thank God, there are some happy moments in this lone and desolate world of ours, that will repay the toil of struggling through it, and atone for many a long sad night and weary day; they come upon the mind like some wild air of distant music, when we know not where or whence the sounds are brought from,—though brief, is boundless, that far future home, oft dreamed of, sparkles near its rose-wreathed bower, and cloudless skies before us, we become changed on the instant,—all gold leaf and gilding,—this is in vulgar phrase called castle building: but these, like sunset clouds, fade soon—it is vain to bid them linger long, or to ask on what day they intend to call again,—and, surely, it were a philosophic task, worthy a Manuel in his hours of leisure, to find some means to summons them at pleasure. There certainly is a way of doing this, in some degree at least,—for instance, drinking. Champaign will bathe the heart awhile in bliss, and keep the head a little time from thinking of cares or creditors. But if you were but bachelors like we, and scorned all chains, even though made of roses, we would recommend a pipe,—there is a free and happy spirit that, unseen, reposes on the dim shadowy clouds that hover o’er you, when smoking quietly with a good warm fire before you. Dear to the exile is his native land, in memory’s twilight-beauty seen afar,—dear to the broker is a note of hand collaterally secured,—the polar star is dear at midnight to the sailor’s eyes,—but dearer far, to me, each fairy minute, spent in that fond forgetfulness of grief; there is an airy web of magic in it, as in Othello’s pocket-handkerchief, veiling the wrinkles on the brow of sorrow, the gathering gloom to-day, the thunder cloud to-morrow.

VESTA.

PHRENOLOGY.

No. IV.



AFFECTIVE.

I. PROPENSITIES.

- 1 Amity.
- 2 Philoprogenitiveness.
- 3 Concentrativeness.
- 4 Adhesiveness.
- 5 Combativeness.
- 6 Destructiveness.
- 7 Secretiveness.
- 8 Acquisitiveness.
- 9 Constructiveness.

II. SENTIMENTS.

- 10 Self-Esteem.
- 11 Love of Approbation.
- 12 Cautiousness.
- 13 Benevolence.
- 14 Veneration.
- 15 Firmness.
- 16 Conscientiousness.
- 17 Hope.
- 18 Wonder.
- 19 Locality.
- ? Unascertained.
- 20 Wit or Mirthfulness.
- 21 Imitation.

INTELLECTUAL.

I. PERCEPTIVE.

- 22 Individuality.
- 23 Form.
- 24 Size.
- 25 Weight.
- 26 Colouring.
- 27 Locality.
- 28 Number.
- 29 Order.
- 30 Eventuality.
- 31 Time.
- 32 Tune.
- 33 Language.

II. REFLECTIVE.

- 34 Comparison.
- 35 Casuality.

IN accordance with my original plan, I will endeavour to make some practical illustrations of Phrenology; but in doing so, I must first observe, that it would be both useless and inexpedient to devote a portion of our time to the studying any branch of science, unless it could be reduced to practice, and for the benefit of mankind generally. There is an internal sensation of satisfaction felt by an individual, when he has discovered by his own perseverance, a knowledge of some abstruse theory which may have engrossed the attention of the scientific world, perhaps for centuries,—but how much more satisfaction must he feel when he is aware that this discovery will have a tendency to enlighten the mind of his fellow-man, and extend his ideas, in illustrating principles by which he may conduct his after-life, so as to render him an amiable and agreeable member of society. This is the advantage of Phrenology. It is not in having a knowledge of its theory that pleasure is felt, but in its application to society at large, which is a great argument in its favour, because, by a knowledge of the fundamental principles of Phrenology, man may, in a great measure, alter the character from its apparent formation; for, should a child at birth have an extraordinary development of the animal propensities, they may, in a great measure, be subdued, when the moral sentiments and intellectual faculties, being properly directed by the parent's scientific knowledge, would preponderate and counteract the impulse of the propensities. But unless the theory be well understood, this would be no easy matter; such a formation, through the want of a knowledge of the principles embodied in this science, would be classified among the inscrutable workings of Divine Providence, and the parent, after he found all his exertions prove unavailing, might be induced to say,—“Well, if it is the Lord's will that this child be sent as a scourge to me, His will be done.”

One great source of unhappiness among mankind arises from persons uniting, whose tempers, talents, and dispositions do not harmonize. If we imagine an individual with a large development of the moral sentiments and intellectual faculties, who is passionately attached to a female, she having the animal propensities prepondering over the superior faculties, and they were to be united for life, their happiness would be eventually destroyed, and the effects would be most disastrous to their offspring; they might for a short time live apparently comfortable, while they were gratifying their animal feelings, but as soon as their ardour had subsided, then the seeds of discord would be sown, their actions would in a great many instances be quite opposite to each other, their modes of feeling and thinking would present to them so great a contrariety that such a discord would be created as to make them all the rest of their lifetime most miserable. “What,” says Dr. Johnson, “can be expected but disappointment and repentance from a choice made in the immaturity of youth, in the ardour of desire without judgment, without foresight, without inquiry after the conformity of opinion, similarity of manners, rectitude of judgment, or opinion of sentiment. Such is the common process of marriage: a youth and maiden meet by chance, or brought together by artifice,—exchange glances, reciprocate civilities, go home and dream of one another, having little to divert their attention, or diversify thought,—they find themselves uneasy when they are apart, and therefore conclude that they shall be happy together; they marry, and discover what nothing but voluntary blindness before had concealed,—they wear life out in altercations, and charge nature with cruelty.” Here upon this principle we are left entirely to our own observation, or the sincerity of friends in giving us their “best counsel and advice;” but in cases where attachment is very strong, any objection that can be brought against the object of our affection is despised and rejected. But by the aid of Phrenology, we have a natural index of the mental qualities, wherein we may put confidence whereby to regulate our proceedings in the choice of partners either in life or business; in this matter the greatest caution is necessary, and when we have come to a decision under the old system, there is still some doubts upon our mind; whereas, being guided by the new philosophy, we have rules laid down by which we can decide at once: for instance, if an individual was to be selected who was deficient in the organ of Conscientiousness, and appointed to a situation where he would have to report proceedings, where veracity was required, he would have a natural blindness to truth, and would not be the least scrupulous in stating the most audacious falsehoods; if a merchant was to appoint a confidential clerk in whom this organ was deficient, and in whom the animal feelings acted powerfully, whenever he found a convenient opportunity, he would not be the least scrupulous at the embezzlement of his master's property. A mercantile house in London was ruined and became bankrupt by a clerk having embezzled the funds to a great extent, and then absconded

to America; a company in Paisley was ruined by one of the partners having collected the funds and eloped with them to the United States: and in the post office establishment we hear of depredations being committed frequently, in spite of the exertions used by that establishment to select persons of good character. Now, if we can put any confidence in our brain being the organ through and by which the mind manifests itself, we must naturally infer that the actual conduct of an individual is regulated by his development, and that by attending to the formation of the brain, we might, to a great extent, obviate the numerous evils arising from a misapplication of individuals to situations which naturally they are not qualified to hold. Mr. Combe, of Edinburgh, in his *System of Phrenology*, gives an instance where he refused to hire a boy as a servant, though he was highly recommended to him by a woman whose good conduct and discrimination he had long known, for upon examination he found that the boy's head belonged to the inferior class. She was at first greatly incensed at the refusal, but returned within a month, and said she had been greatly imposed upon herself by a neighbour whose son this boy was; for she had since learned that he was a thief, and had been dismissed from his previous service for stealing. In another instance he hired a female servant because her head belonged to the superior class, although a former mistress gave her an indifferent character; the result was equally in favour of Phrenology, she turned out an excellent servant, and retained her situation for several years, until she was respectably married.—(*To be continued.*)

Birmingham Pride Lodge, Aug. 1839.

J. I.

CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD.

THE heart, by the contraction of which the blood is circulated, has arising out of it two great blood vessels, whose branches extend to all parts of the body, accompanying each other throughout; the one is the great artery, the aorta,—and the other the great vein, or vena cava. The heart has always two other great vessels arising from its other side, one called the great artery of the lungs, or pulmonary artery; the other the great vein of the lungs, or pulmonary vein. Let us, therefore, keep in view that the heart has four large trunks communicating with it, and that at the junction of each with the heart, there are placed valves, most beautifully perfect, which act in such a manner as to admit the tide of blood through its own proper channel, in passing and re-passing the heart and lungs, and immediately to fly up and prevent its improper return; like flood-gates, arteries are always accompanied by veins, closely connected together,—the arteries carrying the blood from the heart, the veins carrying it back to it. An artery is elastic, and can contract and dilate,—a vein is an inactive flaccid tube; an artery has no valve in its whole course to the extremities of the body,—a vein has valves placed at very short distances; these valves are to support the upper column of blood as it ascends from below back to the heart, flying up and acting as a floor to that portion of blood which is above it, and between the next valve and itself. Thus every motion of our limbs moves the blood in the veins, and that motion can be no other than upwards, on account of those valves; while the motion of the blood in the arteries is directly from the contraction of the heart, and it has a free current to the extreme parts of the body. With this general view in mind, let us proceed to describe the circulation.

The blood is sent out at one gush or pulsation, throughout the whole body, into the most minute branches of the arteries; those arteries make a turn, and, losing their elasticity, become veins, which grow in large proportion as they go towards the heart, and lie exactly in the course of their corresponding arteries. Into these veins the blood is therefore forced, after having supplied the various secretions of the body; this blood is thus brought back by the great vein, or vena cava, and at its junction with the left jugular and subclavian vein; it receives, by a little tube, the white chyle, or essence of the food, brought by that tube from the stomach. The blood is then unfit for the arteries, and therefore is carried into one little cavity of the heart, and at one pulsation is driven by the pulmonary artery into the lungs, where, coming in contact with the air through their membranes, it absorbs oxygen from the air breathed, which changes its color from dark to bright red; the blood thus prepared for supporting life, is taken

back by the pulmonary veins into the other side of the heart, which communicates with the aorta, and by one pulsation is sent to all parts of the body, returning again as before, through the veins; and this course takes place at every pulsation of that great and beautiful machine—the heart.

Physiologists and anatomists have, from time to time, attempted to make estimates of the force of the blood in the heart and arteries, but have differed widely from each other, as they have from the truth, for want of sufficient data. This set the ingenious Dr. Hales upon making various experiments to ascertain the force of the blood in the veins and arteries of several animals. If, according to Dr. Keil's estimate, the left ventricle of a man's heart throws out in each systole an ounce, or 1.638 cubic inches of the blood, and the area of the orifice aorta be 0.4187, then, dividing the former by this, the quotient 3.9 is the length of the cylinder of blood which is formed in passing through the aorta in each systole of the ventricle; and in the 75 pulses of a minute, a cylinder of 292.5 inches in length will pass. This is at the rate of 1462 feet in an hour, but the systole of the heart being performed in one-third of the time, the velocity of the blood in that instant will be thrice as much, viz:—at the rate of 4386 feet in an hour, or 73 feet in a minute; and if the ventricle throws out one ounce in a pulse, then in the 75 pulses of a minute, the quantity of blood will be equal to 4lbs. 11 ounces; hence, in 34 minutes, a quantity equal to the weight of a middle-sized man, viz:—159lbs. will pass through the heart.

But if, with Dr. Harvey and others, we suppose two ounces of blood, that is, 3.276 cubic inches, to be thrown out at each systole of the ventricle, then the velocity of the blood in entering the orifice of the aorta will be double the former, namely, at the rate of 146 feet in a minute, and the quantity of blood will be equal to the weight of a man's body, in half the time, namely 17 minutes. If we suppose, what is probable, that the blood $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet high, in a tube fixed to the carotid artery of a man, and that the inward area of the left ventricle of his heart is equal to 15 square inches, those multiplied in $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet give way 1350 cubic inches of blood, which presses on that ventricle, when it first begins to contract, with a weight equal to 15.5lbs.

What Dr. Hales thus calculated from supposition, with regard to mankind, he actually experimented upon horses, dogs, &c., so that by fixing tubes in orifices opened in their veins and arteries; by observing the several heights to which the blood rose in those tubes as they lay on the ground, and by measuring the capacities of the ventricles in the heart, and orifices of the arteries, he obtained the most satisfactory results.

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

FRIEND of my Childhood, thou art gone,
That form now moulders in the tomb,
In darkest shades of night:
To distant regions far on high,
To worlds unknown beyond the sky,
That spirit takes its flight.

Far now removed from every care,
The fleeting soul hasts onward, where
It hopes to meet with rest;
To regions far beyond the tomb,
Where never-fading pleasures bloom,
To mingle with the blest.

On that bright world whose blissful shore
Shall friends to friends again restore,
To rest in endless peace;
No care shall then that peace destroy,
All there shall be eternal joy,—
Joy that shall never cease.

Bright hope, to guide the Christian soul!
By its pure light may me controul
Each wish, each hope subdue,
That may annoy or stop our way,
To that blest world of perfect day,
Where all is calm and true.

Oh! Holy Gospel, book divine!
Word from above,—thou, thou art mine,
To chide me when I roam;
To guard me with thy chastening rod,
To keep me closer to my God—
To lead me to that home:

To that blest world of tranquil peace,
Where perfect joy shall never cease,
Where all the blest shall be,—
There rise my soul beyond the sky,
Where the pure spirits never die,
Through all eternity.

Loyal Amcotts Lodge, Ripley, Aug. 12th, 1839.

DELTA.

THE POSTMAN.

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

HERALD of joy—messenger of evil! Daily terror—hourly hope! Now, one deputed from the gods; and now, the envoy of pain, and poverty, and death. Each and all of these is the unconscious Postman. In the round of one morning he may stand at fifty thresholds, the welcome bringer of blessed news,—the long-hoped, long-prayed for carrier of good tidings,—and the dismal tale-bearer, the ambassador of woe. The Postman deals his short, imperative knock, and the sound shall, like a fairy spell, as quickly call a face of hopeful gladness to the door; he passes to the next house, and his summons make the anxious soul within quail and quake with apprehension.—He is, indeed, a stout, a happy man, whose heart has never shrunk at the knock of the Postman.

We meet the Postman in his early walk: he is a familiar object—a social commonplace, tramping through mud, and snow, and drenching rain, and withering cold, the drudge of all weathers; and we scarcely heed the value of his toil,—rarely consider the daily treasure of which he is the depository and the dealer forth. We speak of treasure in its highest meaning; eschewing all notice of bank notes, and bills, and cheques, wherewith the postman is daily trusted: we confine ourselves to the more precious records of the heart; to the written communings of affection; the kind remembrances, the yearnings, of the absent; the hopes of the happy; and the more sacred sorrows of the unfortunate. Look at that little bundle of letters grasped by the Postman.—Who shall guess the histories that are there!—histories more deep, more touching, than many on the shelves of libraries; writing, albeit the authorship of the poor and ignorant, that in its homely truth shall shame the laboured periods of fashionable quill-cutters. Sally Robins writes home to say, that John Thomson is a very proper young man; and that, if father and mother have no objection, she thinks she can persuade herself to become Mrs. Thomson. Give us that letter for a piece of wholesome nature, a bit of simple feeling, before any set of three volumes by Lady Pickansteal, even with the illustration of her ladyship's portrait, *built* by Parris, with the hat, weeping willow feather, bouquet, velvet and all to match. The Postman is the true publisher: his tales are verities; his romances, things of life; besides, in his case, though penned by right honourable ladies and gentlemen, the wares he deals in are delivered without any improvement by foreign hands, to their readers. Thus considered, the Postman's diurnal budget is the history of much of human life; the written pictures of its hopes, wants, follies, virtues, crimes, of its pettiest and most fleeting ceremonies, as of its highest and most enduring aspirations.

The Postman's packet is before us. In what close companionship are the lowly and the great! Here is a letter to his Grace, and over it a missive from Molly the scullion; look we immediately behind the duke, and we find the epistle of Dicky the groom. Try lower down: what have we here? The humble petition of an old constituent to a place-giving politician, backed by a letter from Epsom, penned by a professor of the thimble-rig! What next? Alack, the profanation! Behind the pea-and-thimble varlet, lies the pastoral note of the meek Bishop of Orangeton to a minister of state. In the rear of the bishop—oh, for a pound of civet!—lurks the agonizing correspondence of a heart-stricken opera-dancer. Here is a position—here a jumble! Oh, for a peep at the contents of only two of the last three letters! That it should be felony to break a seal, and in spite of such provocation! Otherwise, what various views of life might we not enjoy from them? How beautifully should we find the trickery of the trading gambler relieved by the gentleness, virtue, and political piety of the senatorial bishop! True it is, that we have a sort of half-reverence for the professor of the pea-and-thimble, on account of the remoteness of his origin. It is not generally known (except, perhaps, to losers,) that the pea-and-thimble man comes from the country of the crocodile, being, as proved by the learned Mr. Lane, descended from the sons of ancient Egypt. Nevertheless, their several letters opened, we know, we feel, that we should turn with disgust from the sharper of the race-course, to melt and glow with admiration at party episcopacy—at the lordly shepherd smelling of the imperial parliament.

But we have not time to go through all our Postman's bundle; we must not dwell among the lovers, lawyers, contrabandists, merchants, gossips, philosophers (for there

shall, in so thick a budget, be one or two of such rare fowl), hucksters, sharpers, moralists, quacks and dupes, peaceably bound together by the Postman's string, and each and all waiting serenely for their delivery. Looked upon as the emanations, the representatives of their separate writers, what a variety of purpose, what many-coloured means, and nearly all to arrive at the same common end! Could we have more curious reading, than by taking letter by letter, and so going through the whole Babel of contents? To light now upon the doating ravings of an absent swain, and now upon the peremptoriness of a vigilant attorney! Eternal love, and instant payment! Dim visions of Hymen, and the turnkey; the wedding ring and the prison bolt! Next, to come upon the sinful secrets of the quiet, excellent, respectable man; the worthy soul, ever virtuous because never found out; to unearth the hypocrite from folded paper, and see all his iniquity blackening in a white sheet! And then to fall upon a piece of simple goodness; a letter gushing from the heart; a beautiful, unstudied vindication of the worth and untiring sweetness of human nature; a record of the invulnerability of man, armed with high purpose, sanctified by truth; a writing that, in the recollection that it leaves, shall be an amulet against the sickness of uncharitable thoughts, when judging man at his worst, remembering still the good of which he is capable. Yes, a most strange volume of real life is the daily packet of the Postman!

The letter-carrier himself may be said to be deficient of any very striking characteristic, any peculiar recommendation as a national portrait; in himself he is, indeed, a common-place: he is only for the time being elevated by our hopes and fears; only for the nonce the creature of our associations. We suffer the fever of anxiety for a letter, and the approaching Postman comes upon us a very different person from him who passed our window a week ago. In the intensity of our expectation, we almost make him a party to our gladness or our suffering; he has nothing for us, and inwardly we almost chide him for the disappointment; he seems leagued against us, and in our thoughts we reproach him for his unkindness. "Are you sure you have nothing?" we ask, as if almost petitioning his will to delight us; for a time, we seem to ourselves dependent upon his courtesy alone for a satisfying answer. We have a little story in illustration of the naturalness of this:—

A late friend of ours had long expected a letter—it came not. Day after day his handmaiden had seen the Postman pass the door. At length, the knock was heard—that heart-awakening sound, when so desired—the Postman's knock! Betty flew to the door, and as she took the letter, with vehement reproach addressed the unoffending carrier:—"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," said Betty; "you know you ought—a good-for-nothing fellow!" "What's the matter?" asked the Postman, speaking through the silver in his mouth, and with his right hand dipping for change. "What's the matter, my dear?" "Don't dear me! You know you ought to be ashamed of yourself," was the ancillary reply. "Why, what have I done?" urged the Postman. "Done!" echoed the maid, who then immediately crushed the culprit with a revelation of his iniquity; "here have you brought this letter, and only this morning!" "Well?" "Well, indeed! and my poor dear master expected it three weeks ago." Betty felt assured that the delay rested with the Postman, that he alone was chargeable with the disappointment. Wiser folks than Betty have been tempted to do the letter-carrier a like passing wrong.

The Postman rarely knocks at the doors of the very poor; and when, perchance, he stands at the threshold of the indigent, it is too often to demand a sacrifice. The letter that he proffers must, perhaps, be purchased at the price of a dinner; at any cost, however, the letter must be possessed; for it comes from one who, it may be, has been silent for years; a far-off son, a married daughter. To thousands, a letter is a forbidden luxury; an enjoyment not to be bought by those who daily struggle with the dearest necessities, and who, once severed from a long distant home, are mute because they cannot fee the post, and will not, must not, lay the tax on others wretched as themselves. How much seeming neglect may have originated in the want of the post-office shilling!

Great was the delight—and then, no less the anxiety and disappointment—when, to the surprise of the neighbours, the Postman halted at the door of an old widow, who, with her daughter, dwelt in a miserable hut on the outskirts of ——. The Postman, holding fast the letter, asked, "One shilling and a penny." There was but one person in the world who could send the dwellers in that hovel a letter, and he——

The widow's daughter sprang to the door, and with her eyes flashing, and her face in a flame, almost snatched the missive from the hand of the bearer.

The Postman tightened his thumb and finger on the letter, and again asked, "One shilling and a penny."

The widow and her daughter looked at each other,—and then the old woman hobbled from the door, and burst into tears.

"I'll call again to-morrow," said the Postman; and he bore away the precious piece of paper.

On the next day the Postman was at the door.—"One shilling and a penny."

What a paltry sum! and yet, since yesterday, what efforts had been made to obtain it. The girl had called on half-a-dozen neighbours: none could lend the money. The widow had for months been well nigh bed-ridden; and so her hovel had been stripped to meet the wants of her forlorn old age. The mill, too, had stopped work for some weeks: with all their sufferings, never had the widow and daughter been in such a strait.

"One shilling and a penny."—"Strange!" thinks the reader, "that there should be such a pother about so paltry a sum; that from a dozen neighbours no such amount could be gathered as one shilling and a penny. It is incredible! impossible!"

Still the letter remained at the Post-office—and how, how to obtain it!

The village barber, Zachary Slum, was cross-grained, hump-backed, avaricious,—indeed, in the opinion of all who had the disadvantage of knowing him, there was no such ogre as Zachary Slum. He had long cast an affectionate—a longing eye on the charms of Molly: he had long hovered about her house, like an evil spirit, but had never been so constant in his visits as during the sickness of Molly's mother.

"And can you find it in your heart still to refuse me?" asked Zachary, looking languishingly upon Molly; "depend upon it, you don't know what's for your own good."

"I wonder at your impudence, Mr. Slum," cried Molly, who might as well have talked to one of the walnut-tree cherubs adorning the village pulpit; for the barber, still unmoved, puffed out his cheeks, and smiled and gazed admiringly.

"And you won't be persuaded, Molly?" persisted Slum, "there's no melting you!"

"I'd rather die first!" exclaimed Molly, colouring at the pertinacity of the grinning barber.

"And is your mother so very bad," cried Zachary, adroitly shifting the subject. "Poor old soul!—depend upon it, all she wants is a little chicken-broth; but then chickens are so dear."

"She has what the doctor bids her," answered Molly, moodily,— "I'll take care of that."

"But it's a dreadful thing to strip your house of all its little comforts; and, if you'll take my offer—" and the barber leered.

"I won't," cried Molly, vehemently; "and there's an answer."

"A crown's a crown," said Zachary Slum; and flipping the coin with his thumb and finger, it flew up, glittering in the angry eyes of Molly. "A crown's a crown," repeated Zachary.

"I wouldn't, then, if you'd give me five pounds," said Molly.

"You'll think better of it," persisted the barber,— "you'll not be such a fool to refuse such an offer," and Zachary turned from the door and limped away. Suddenly he stopped, and looking towards Molly, called her a proud insolent hussey, and begged to ask her where she expected to go to. And then, the barber, believing that Molly would, at the last moment, relent, hobbled back to the door, flinging up the crown-piece and catching it, as he advanced. Just as he gained the threshold, and, for the last time, was about to repeat his magnificent offer, Molly disappeared, and shut the door in Slum's face.

Zachary returned his crown-piece to his pocket with the air of a deeply-injured man; and at night, at "The Bundle of Hay," gave it as his unbiassed and most dispassionate opinion, that "Molly was the proudest, and most upstartest wench; and, if he knew what was what—and he had never been mistaken—would certainly come to no manner of good. She had refused him, and that in the most impudent manner, what he had often had of her betters."

A fortnight only had elapsed since the repulse of Zachary Slum, when the Postman appeared with the letter.

"One shilling and a penny!"

For two days had Molly pondered on the means of possessing the precious, unexpected letter. Who could tell what wonderful news it might contain! Who could divine how much gladness might be had as payment of the postage—for "one shilling and a penny."

It was on the third morning, that the girl suddenly darted from the cottage. As she ran, her beautiful hair (for Molly's auburn locks were, indeed, most beautiful) streamed behind her; and still she ran, as one of the neighbours said, like mad.

And whither went she? Alack! To the shop of the barber, the tempting mercenary, Zachary Slum.

In half-an-hour Molly returned to her mother. The old woman almost screamed when she beheld her. "Why, Molly, where hast been, and what hast done?" cried the old woman, snatching the bonnet from the girl's head.

Molly only answered, "Here, mother—here's the letter."

The reader has seen how Molly was tempted by Zachary Slum, who many a time had offered money for her beautiful long hair—offered, only to be laughed at, chidden, refused. But now—enough; Molly could bear no longer suspense; at any cost she must have that precious writing.

Molly, shorn of her locks, brought home the letter: the bribe of the barber had paid the Postman.

(From "Heads of the People.")

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE STUDY OF INSECTS.

(From Kirkby and Spence's Entomology.)

THE lord of the creation plumes himself upon his powers of invention, and is proud to enumerate the various useful arts and machines to which he has given birth, not aware that "He who teacheth man knowledge," has instructed the despised insects to anticipate him in many of them. The builders of Babel doubtless thought their invention of turning earth into artificial stone, a very happy discovery; yet a little bee had practised this art (using indeed a different process) on a small scale, and the white ants on a larger one, ever since the world began. Man thinks that he stands unrivalled as an architect, and that his buildings are without a parallel among the works of the inferior orders of animals. He would be of a different opinion did he attend to the history of insects; he would find that many of them have been architects from time immemorial,—that they have had their houses divided into various apartments, and containing staircases, gigantic arches, domes, colonnades, and the like. Nay, that even tunnels are excavated by them so immense, compared with their own size, as to be twelve times bigger than that under the Thames. The modern fine lady, who prides herself on the lustre and beauty of the scarlet hangings which adorn the stately walls of her drawing-room, or the carpets that cover its floor, fancying that nothing so rich and splendid was ever seen before, and pitying her vulgar ancestors, who were doomed to unsightly white-wash and rushes, is ignorant, all the while, that before she or her ancestors were in existence, and even before the boasted Tyrian dye was discovered, a little insect had known how to hang the walls of its cell with tapestry of a scarlet more brilliant than any her rooms can exhibit; and that others daily weave silken carpets, both in tissue and texture, infinitely superior to those she so much admires. Other arts have been equally forestalled by these creatures. What vast importance is attached to the invention of paper! For near six thousand years one of our commonest insects has known how to make and apply it to its purposes; and even pasteboard, superior in substance and polish to any we can produce, is manufactured by another. We imagine that nothing short of human intellect can be equal to the construction of a diving-bell, or an air-pump; yet a spider is in the daily habit of using the one, and what is more, one exactly similar in principle to ours, but more ingeniously contrived, by means of which she resides unwetted in the bosom of the water, and procures the necessary supplies of air by a much more simple process than our alternating buckets,—

and the caterpillar of a little moth knows how to imitate the other, producing a vacuum, when necessary for its purposes, without any piston besides its own body. If we think with wonder of the populous cities which have employed the united labours of man for ages, to bring them to their full extent, what shall we say to the white ants, which require only a few months to build a metropolis capable of containing an infinitely greater number of inhabitants than even imperial Nineveh, Babylon, Rome, or Peking, in all their glory?

That insects should thus have forestalled us in our inventions, ought to urge us to pay a closer attention to them and their ways than we have hitherto done, since it is not at all improbable that the result would be many useful hints for the improvement of our arts and manufactures, and perhaps for some beneficial discoveries. The painter might thus probably be furnished with more brilliant pigments, the dyer with more delicate tints, and the artisan with a new and improved set of tools. In this last respect, insects deserve particular notice. All their operations are performed with admirable precision and dexterity; and though they do not usually vary the mode, yet that mode is always the best that can be conceived for attaining the end in view. The instruments also with which they are provided, are no less wonderful and various than the operations themselves. They have their saws, and files, and augurs, and gimlets, and knives, and lancets, and scissors, and forceps, with many other similar implements; several of which act in more than one capacity, and with a complex and alternate motion, to which we have not yet attained in the use of our tools. Nor is the fact so extraordinary as it may seem at first, since "He who is wise in heart and wonderful in working" is the inventor and fabricator of the apparatus of insects; which may be considered as a set of miniature patterns drawn for our use by a Divine hand.

The butterfly which amuses you with his serial excursions, one while extracting nectar from the tube of the honeysuckle, and then, the very image of fickleness, flying to a rose as if to contrast its wings with the hue of the flower on which it reposes, did not come into the world as you now behold it. At its first exclusion from the egg, and for some months of its existence afterwards, it was a worm-like caterpillar, crawling upon sixteen short legs, greedily devouring leaves with two jaws, and seeing by means of twelve eyes, so minute as to be nearly imperceptible without the aid of a microscope. You now see it furnished with wings, capable of rapid and extensive flights; of its sixteen feet, ten have disappeared, and the remaining six in most respects wholly unlike those to which they have succeeded; its jaws have vanished, and are replaced by a curled-up proboscis suited only for sipping liquid sweets. The form of its head is entirely changed,—two long horns project from its upper surface; and, instead of twelve invisible eyes, you behold two, very large, and composed of at least 20,000 convex lenses, each supposed to be a distinct and effective eye.

Were you to push your examination further, and by dissection to compare the internal conformation of the caterpillar with that of a butterfly, you would witness changes even more extraordinary. In the former, you would find some thousands of muscles, which in the latter are replaced by others of a form and structure entirely different. Nearly the whole body of the caterpillar is occupied by a capacious stomach. In the butterfly this has become changed into an almost imperceptible thread-like viscus: and the abdomen is now filled by two large packets of eggs, or other organs not visible in the first state. In the former, two spirally convoluted tubes were filled with a silky gum; in the latter, both tubes and silk have almost totally vanished, and changes equally great have taken place in the economy and structure of the nerves and other organs.

What a surprising transformation! Nor was this all. The change from one form to the other was not direct. An intermediate state not less singular intervened. After casting its skin, even to its very jaws, several times, and attaining its full growth, the caterpillar attached itself to a leaf by a silken girth. Its body greatly contracted: its skin once more split asunder, and disclosed an oviform mass, without external mouth, eyes, or limbs, and exhibiting no other symptom of life than a slight motion when touched. In this state of death-like torpor, and without tasting food, the insect existed for several months, until at length the tomb burst, and out of a case not more than an inch long, and a quarter of an inch in diameter, proceeded the butterfly before you, which covers a surface of nearly four inches square.

Almost every insect which you see has undergone a transformation as singular and surprising, though varied in many of its circumstances. That active little fly, now an unbidden guest at your table, whose delicious palate selects your choicest viands, one

while extending his proboscis to the margin of a drop of wine, and then gaily flying to take a more solid repast from a pear or a peach; now gamboling with his comrades in the air, now gracefully currying his furled wings with his taper feet,—was but the other day a disgusting grub, without wings, without legs, without eyes, wallowing, well pleased, in the midst of a mass of excrement.

The “grey-coated gnat,” whose humming salutation, while she makes her airy circles about your bed, gives terrific warning of the sanguinary operation in which she is ready to engage, was a few hours ago the inhabitant of a stagnant pool, more in shape like a fish than an insect. Then to have been taken out of the water would have been speedily fatal; now it could as little exist in any other element than air. Then it breathed through its tail; now through openings in its sides. Its shapeless head, in that period of its existence, is now exchanged for one adorned with elegantly tufted antennæ; and furnished, instead of jaws, with an apparatus more artfully constructed than the cupping glasses of the phlebotomist, an apparatus which, at the same time that it strikes in the lancets, composes a tube for pumping up the flowing blood.

The “shard-born beetle,” whose “sullen horn,” as he directs his “droning flight” close past your ears in your evening walk, calling up in poetic association the lines in which he has been alluded to by Shakspeare, Collins, and Gray, was not, in his infancy, an inhabitant of air; the four first years of his life being spent in gloomy solitude, as a grub, under the surface of the earth. The shapeless maggot, which you scarcely fail to meet with in some one of every handful of nuts you crack, would not always have grovelled in that humble state; if your unlucky intrusion upon its vaulted dwelling had not left it to perish in the wide world, it would have continued to dwell there until its full growth had been attained. Then it would have gnawed itself an opening, and having entered the earth, and passed a few months in a state of inaction, would at length have emerged an elegant beetle, furnished with a slender and very long ebony beak; two wings, and two wing cases, ornamented with yellow bands; six feet, and in every respect unlike the worm from which it proceeded.

The states through which insects pass are four: the egg, the larva, the pupa, and the imago. The first need not be adverted to. In the second, they are soft, without wings, and in shape usually somewhat like worms. In this period of their life, during which they eat voraciously, and cast their skin several times, insects live a shorter or longer period, some only a few days or weeks, others several months or years. They then cease eating; fix themselves in a secure place; their skin separates once more, and discloses an oblong body, and they have now attained the third state.

From the swathed appearance of most insects in this state, in which they do not badly resemble, in miniature, a child trussed up like a mummy in swaddling clothes, according to the barbarous fashion once prevalent. Linnæ has called it the pupa state. In this state most insects eat no food; are incapable of locomotion, and if opened, seem filled with a watery fluid, in which no distinct organs can be traced. Externally, however, the shape of the pupa of different tribes varies considerably. Those of the beetle and bee tribes are covered with a membranous skin, inclosing in separate and distinct sheaths the external organs, as the antennæ, legs, and wings, which are consequently not closely applied to the body, but have their form for the most part clearly distinguishable. Butterflies, moths, and some of the two-winged tribe, are also inclosed in a similar envelope; but their legs, antennæ, and wings are closely folded over the breast and sides, and the whole body inclosed in a common case of a horny consistence, which admits a much less distinct view of the organs beneath it.

After remaining a shorter or longer period, some specie only a few hours, others months, others one or more years, in the pupa state, the inclosed insect, now become mature in all its parts, bursts the case, and enters upon the fourth and last state.

We now see it (unless it be an apterous species) furnished with wings, capable of propagation, and often under a form altogether different from those which it has previously borne,—a perfect beetle, butterfly, or other insect. This is termed the imago state, because having laid aside its mask, and cast off its swaddling bands, being no longer disguised or confined, or in any respect imperfect, it is now become a true representative, or imago of its species.

MARRIAGES.—In marriage, prefer the person before wealth, virtue before beauty, and the mind before the body; then you have a wife, a friend, and a companion.—*Penn.*

THE ORPHAN BOY.

Ye children, whom no absent joy
 'Has pain'd your hearts with grief,
 Come pity the poor Orphan Boy,
 And grant him some relief.

My father died and went to rest,
 Ere I could hsp his name ;
 And sorrow wrung my mother's breast,
 And shook her tender frame.

He in the silent grave doth sleep,
 Close by the church-yard wall,
 Where oft my mother went to weep,
 But I wept none at all.

And wondering oft have pass'd it by,
 And view'd the grass so green ;
 But ne'er could tell what made her sigh,
 Where nought but grass was seen.

Ah ! then I did not understand
 The heavy loss I bore ;
 I thought a painted coffin grand,
 And thought but little more.

But joy, like parting sunbeams, fled,
 And troubles hasten'd on ;
 For mother now lay sick in bed,
 And father I had none.

Her health and spirits quickly fail'd,
 And she was like to die ;
 And when I ask'd her what she ail'd,
 She answer'd with a sigh ;—

And utter'd many a fervent prayer,
 That God would bless her son ;
 And make him his peculiar care,
 When she was dead and gone.

And when the fatal moment came,
 E'en with her dying breath,
 She faintly utter'd half my name,
 Then clos'd her eyes in death.

Still I had friends, and some were kind,
 And promis'd long to be ;
 But soon had something else to mind,
 So never minded me.

Tost on the world, and forced to roam,
 Unpitied and unknown ;
 No friends, no parents, and no home,
 That I could call my own.

Forlorn and wretched is my state ;
 Ah ! little do ye know
 The toils and sufferings that await
 The friendless child of woe.

I had a mother,—in the dust
 Her mould'ring body lies ;
 I had a mother,—but I trust
 Her spirit's in the skies.

I had a mother kind and true,
 Whose face no more I see ;
 Ye who have mothers kind to you,
 A moment think on me.

For when my little head did ache,
 And when I did complain,
 She gave me something then to take,
 And made it well again.

I have no parents, else their care
 Would soon provide a home,
 And teach me many a useful prayer
 Of better things to come.

JOSEPH LONG.

ORGANIC CHANGES IN NATURE.—The sluggish cow pastures in the cavity of the valley ; the bounding sheep on the declivity of the hill ; the scrambling goat browses among the shrubs of the rock ; the duck feeds on the water plants of the river ; the hen with attentive eye, picks up every grain that is scattered and lost in the field ; the pigeon, of rapid wing, collects a similar tribute from the refuse of the grove ; and the frugal bee turns to account even the small dust on the flower. There is no corner of the earth where the whole vegetable crop may not be reaped: those plants which are rejected by one, are a delicacy to another ; and even among the finny tribes contribute to their fatness. The hog devours the horse-tail and hen-bane ; the goat, the thistle and the hemlock : all return in the evening, to the habitations of man, with murmurs, with bleatings, with cries of joy, bringing back to him the delicious tributes of innumerable plants, transformed by a process, the most inconceivable, into honey, milk, butter, eggs, and cream.—*St. Pierre.*

• THE VALE OF CLWYD, DENBIGHSHIRE.

"Ow scenes like these the eye delights to dwell;
Here loud cascades—and there the silent dell.
Mountains of tow'ring height—fantastic shape,
At whose broad base terrific chasms gape;
Hills, clothed in gayest verdure, smile serene,
While rude and barren rocks contrast the scene,—
Varied by light and shade's perpetual change,
The enraptur'd artist finds an endless range!"

THE VALE OF CLWYD shall be my present theme, though I am well aware my pen has not a tithe of sufficient power to do justice to its far-famed beauty. Those who have seen it will make no objection, I hope, to hear some of the peculiar beauties on the face of an old acquaintance imperfectly described; and those who have not, may be induced to visit scenery which is rarely to be met with in more favoured climes.

I must premise, before proceeding further, that I shall endeavour to describe the Vale as it appears to a traveller journeying from Mold, in Flintshire, through Ruthen, Denbigh, St. Asaph and Rhuddlan, to Rhyl. There are daily coaches from Liverpool, or Chester, to Mold, and from thence through the Vale, which first strikes the eye of the enraptured beholder from the top of what is called the Bwlch, rather more than three miles from Ruthen. This view has been esteemed by many as the best in the Vale; but the eye of the enlightened traveller may find others, if not so extensive, with differently pleasing features.

It is in length, from north to south, about 26 miles, and from 5 to 7 or 8 broad, bounded by high mountains on the east and west, and almost shut up by them to the south, except towards the Irish Sea, where it terminates in a marsh.

It would require the pen of a Scott or Radcliffe to do bare justice to the magnificent view which presents itself from the above eminence at any time of the year, although it is the opinion of the writer that it is seen to the greatest advantage from the latter end of July to October, but more particularly when the corn is about ripe,—the splendour of the golden-waving fields, added to the autumnal tints of the leaves on the trees, contribute greatly to the enchanting richness of this delightful scene. From this summit is discerned the distant towns before enumerated, with the Irish channel in the distance; the different parish churches, of which a large number are here seen, have a singularly cleanly appearance, clad in their mantles of white, which is a peculiar picturesque feature frequently met with in North Wales.

From the Bwlch the tourist begins his descent into the Vale, and immediately on his right is Moel Fennele, or Beulli's Hill, which is remarkable for having on its summit the remains of a strong British post, guarded, as usual, by dikes and fosses. Pennant says,—“This, probably, was possessed by a chieftain of that name; for *Nennius* speaks of such a *regulus* of the country of *Yale*; but, as is usual with our ancient historians, blends so ridiculous a legend with the mention of him, as would destroy belief of his existence, did not the hill remain a possible evidence. St. Germanus, says the abbot, designed to make this Beulli a visit, but meeting with a most inhospitable reception, was kindly entertained by a servant of the chief in his humble cottage, who killed his only calf, dressed and placed it before the saint and his companions. This goodness met with its reward,—for, lo! the next morning the identical calf was found alive and well with its mother.”

The top of this hill is 16 or 1700 feet above the level of the sea. Of a verity the ancient Britons must have been fond of receiving their native air in its purity, for even in the summer months there is generally such a breeze upon it as renders a top-coat no incumbrance. Higher still, on the right, is Moel Famma, the height of which is 1845 feet. This is the highest mountain in Denbighshire, and upon the top is erected an obelisk, eighty-four feet high, to commemorate the Jubilee of 1809. From hence is a view which will amply repay the labour of ascending the mountain; it is almost impossible for any pen to give an adequate description of the grandeur of the scene. I shall endeavour to describe some of the most striking parts of it as they appear before the wondering eye of the spectator. If he seats himself against the west side of the obelisk, he will have a most comprehensive view of the whole Vale of Clwyd. Almost at his feet appear the town and castle of Ruthen,—further to the left, at some distance, the Borwen mountains in Monmouthshire; turn the eye to the right, and Denbigh

appears also accompanied by the solemn grandeur of its ancient castle. Walking to the north side of the column, and we have St. Asaph's Cathedral, and Rhuddlan Castle; this view for an extent of twenty miles or more, stands unrivalled in picturesque features. Here we have presented at one view, the progress of agriculture, and the extent of commerce,—certainly two of the best symbols of national prosperity,—towns, thriving villages, and innumerable farms and cottages, giving birth and occupation to a race of men second to none in the successful application of industry. This view affords multifarious scenery, composed of luxuriant meads, watered by the rivers Clwyd and Elwy, and other streams that meander towards the sea, circumvented by the august mountains on both sides the Vale, finely clothed with wood far up their sides in all the diversity of colouring; one part of this view, where upon a serene day the far-distant mountains of Caernarvonshire may be seen, has often brought the words of *Mason* to the writer's mind,—

“————— vivid green,
Warm brown, and black opaque, the foreground bears
Conspicuous,—sober olive coldly marks
The second distance,—thence the third declines
In softer blue; or, lessening still, is lost in
Faintest purple!”

Turning now to the east, and we have Liverpool with its dense smoke and forests of masts, the rivers Dee and Mersey, with what the Cheshire prophet, *Nixon*, calls “*God's Croft*,” between them; more to the right appears Chester, with its numerous towers and solemn but hoary-looking Cathedral in the distance: to the right of Chester we see the isolated rock on which stands Beeston Castle, and all the beautiful country around it. From the south side of the obelisk there is little to be seen, except the chain of mountains which runs from above Prestatyn, on the estuary of the Dee, from north to south, as far as Moel Acre, in Llanarmon parish.

Returning to our road down the Vale, on our right, two miles from Ruthen, stands Llanbedee Hall, the seat of *Joseph Ablett, Esq.*; the pleasure-grounds are but small, but very tastefully arranged, and boast of some rare and beautiful plants: the connoisseur in paintings will find it worth while to examine the collection here. The view from the front of the house is surpassingly beautiful. Proceeding on our road we enter Ruthen, which is most delightfully situated on an eminence near the centre of the Vale of Clwyd, which river runs through the bottom part of the town; it is here but an inconsiderable stream. The town is supposed to have originated with the castle called Rhyddin, or the “*real fortress*,” from the colour of the stone with which it was originally built. There are but a few poor fragments of this once proud pile now remaining, although from the extensive foundations, and massy fragments of walls, it appears to have been a grand structure; but now

“Weeds fringe its ramparts,—o'er the crumbling walls,
In gay festoon, the clustering wild-flower falls!”

It was founded in the year 1281, by *Edward I.*, King of England. He bestowed it upon *Reginald de Grey*, together with the lordship of Dyffryn Clwyd; he was a descendant of one of the Norman conquerors of England, and continually engaged in aggression on the territories of the principality. After remaining in the possession of *De Grey* and his successors for one hundred and twenty years, it was again seized by the ancient British Prince, *Owen Glyndwr*, who caused himself to be proclaimed Prince of Wales, on the 20th of September, 1400. His first exploit was to surprise the town of Ruthen, taking advantage of a fair held on that day. The town was plundered, the inhabitants stripped of their goods, and his army enriched with considerable booty; after setting fire to the town in many places, he retired to the mountains. The present castle, which is built upon a portion of the site of the old one, was erected some years ago by the Honourable *Frederick West*, brother to Lord Delawar. Upon a close inspection it does not display any extraordinary architectural beauties, but its turreted-towers and castellated appearance from the heights in the neighbourhood, give it a very romantic and pleasing appearance; the interior, the pleasure-grounds, and the ruins of the old castle, are well worth the inspection of the curious traveller; the antiquarian will be delighted with visiting the armory, which contains many curiosities. Less than a mile to the left of the castle, is the Deer Park, at Coedmarchan, which is an extensive enclosure, surrounded by a stone wall. This park affords some beautiful

Vol. 5—No. 8—3 A.

views of the Vale, not to be excelled in any other part, and its pasturage is reckoned to give a superior flavour to the venison.

It was in the thickets here that Owen Glyndwr and his people hid themselves till the gates of the town of Ruthen were thrown open to receive the people coming to the fair, when he seized the town as before-mentioned. Coedmarchan is noted for the curiously-shaped stones with which it abounds, and also for the Barites which it produces, a large mill having been erected for the preparation of the latter article; some marble is found here, but it does not take a good polish.

Ruthen has a Town Hall, standing at right angles with the church. The latter is rather a handsome stone building, but its chief beauty is a part of the roof, which is most curiously carved, and deserves particular attention. In the church is a monument and bust of Doctor Gabriel Goodman, a native of the town, and Dean of Westminster during nearly the whole of the reign of Queen Elizabeth: he was an eminently worthy man, having founded the Free School here; and his philanthropy continues to live in the almshouses for the aged poor adjoining the churchyard. Ruthen being the most central town of the county, the assizes are held here. The gaol and county-hall, both plain but convenient and substantial buildings, are erected here. The tourist ought not to quit the town without viewing the mill, which is both ancient and curious. In the middle of the eastern gable stands a red stone cross, which appears to be placed upon the point of an old gable: this has led many to suppose that it was once a religious house, perhaps the chapel belonging to the castle. There are some excellent inns and good accommodation to be had at a reasonable charge in Ruthen. The Vale of Clwyd Lodge of I. O. F. is held at the Cross Keys, nearly in the centre of the town. Ruthen and the neighbourhood are celebrated for the salubrity of the air, long life, and good health,—being the best proofs thereof during the ravages of the cholera; and when it was spreading death in fearful numbers at the different towns around, Ruthen was unscathed, not a single case having occurred. Crimes of serious importance are unknown, and the religious feelings and deportment of the inhabitants most praise-worthy:—the great majority are Dissenters, very regular in their attendance on public ordinances. The Sabbath is well observed, and instances of its desecration rare. The peasantry are mostly acquainted with the Scriptures, and accustomed to their perusal. Many of the poor inhabitants fully appreciate the benefits of education, and are anxious to educate their children in a manner agreeable to their means.

On leaving Ruthen we pass along the centre of the Vale, nearly parallel with the river for some distance, on our road to Denbigh. About three miles from Ruthen, on the left, and immediately adjoining the road, are three remarkably large chesnut trees, on an estate called Bachymbyd, belonging to Lord Bagot, and from their immense size are highly worthy of a close inspection; they are planted in a line, and are surrounded and protected by railing, and a small wicket leads to them from the road.—Pennant, who wrote his tour through Wales in 1781, states, that the largest of them, at that time, measured 24 feet in circumference. The writer of this article measured the centre one, (which is rather the largest,) and found it to be 35 feet round the trunk, at a distance of 6 feet from the base.

The next place to be noticed is Llanrhaiadr, or Village of the Fountain. It is situated in the middle of the Vale, between Ruthen and Denbigh. Just before arriving at the village, on the right, is Llanrhaiadr Hall, the property of John Price, Esq.; rather an old-fashioned building, in a park of fine timber, but which was sadly thinned during the storm of last winter. The church is a large and rather handsome structure, with a most elegant east window, remarkable for a fine painting of the genealogy of Christ, from Jesse, and executed about the year 1533: it contains all the kings of Israel and Juda, up to our Saviour. The branches around the kings are in very beautiful foliage: at the top is a rose of Lancaster, and another with an eye in glory within it; the beauty and mellowness of the colours are beyond description. In the church is a large "old oak chest," the wood being three inches thick and strongly bound with iron: it is reported that in this chest the window was found buried in the earth, supposed for the purpose of protecting it from the fury of the Puritans during the civil wars of Charles I. Here is also a monument of Maurice Jones, of Llanrhaiadr, Esq.: his figure is lying down, leaning on his arm, in his gown, with his wig in capital curl.—In the churchyard is a common altar tomb of a gentleman named John ap Robert, of Porth, who, with thirteen previous ap's, proves himself a descendant of Cadill, king of Powis: this John ap Robert died in the year 1643, at the advanced age of 95. Ad-

joining the churchyard are some comfortable almshouses for eight poor widows, founded by Mrs. Jones, of Llanrhaidr, (a Bagot); they have each a garden, and have a very neat appearance. On an eminence to the north-west of the church is an extremely beautiful view of the Vale. At the foot of this rising was formerly to be seen the fine spring dedicated to St. Dyfnog—it used to be much resorted to by votaries—and the fountain inclosed by an angular wall, decorated with small human figures, but at this time it is entirely in ruins. A remarkable circumstance took place in this village a few years ago:—a vault having been opened in the churchyard for the purpose of interring a deceased person, the remains of Ann Parry, buried on the 5th November, 1787, were found in a perfect state, having the appearance of marble, although they had been deposited there 50 years, and the coffin much decayed: admittance to the church will be readily obtained by applying to the worthy host of the Dyfnog Lodge, at the King's Head, adjoining the churchyard. A magnificent view of Denbigh Castle is obtained soon after leaving Llanrhaidr, which is most enchanting at sun-set, such of the venerable ruins as still remain appearing remarkably romantic from this part of the country.

Whitchurch, one mile to the south-east of Denbigh, does not contain much worth notice, except St. Mascell's church, which has several monuments, particularly to Sir John Salisbury, of Llewenny, who died in 1578; Humphry Llwyd, 1568, and Richard Myddleton, 1575, governor of Denbigh Castle under Edward VI., Mary and Elizabeth, and father of Sir Hugh Myddleton, of the New River celebrity. Time must be taken in journeying from Llanrhaidr to Denbigh, in order to fully enjoy the beautiful scenery all around. To the many natural beauties of the Vale may be added its present high prospect of cultivation, most enchantingly diversified by a mixture of corn and pasture land, here and there studded with gentlemen's seats, woodlands gently sloping down the declivity of its hills, frequently interspersed with white churches and pleasant villages, particularly those near the river Clwyd, where the land in every part swells into a constant variety of inequalities, with Moel Famma rearing its tremendous head on the one hand, and Denbigh Castle in majestic grandeur on the other. These views fully entitle the Vale to its well deserved fame, of being one of the most beautiful spots in the kingdom.

A mile from Whitchurch, we arrive at Denbigh, the county town of Denbighshire, formerly situated on the side of a craggy hill near the middle of this beautiful and fertile Vale; but being deserted in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, a new town was built on a much larger scale at the foot of the hill, called by the Britons, Cledfryn yn Rhos, or the Craggy Hill in Rhos: it is not a large town, but is generally well built, and carries on a considerable business in the tanning leather and shoe trade. Near the castle stands the chapel of St. Helorry, the parish church and burial place being at Whitchurch, a mile off. At Denbigh is a commodious town-hall; also a dispensary, with liberal support for the benefit of the poor. A new church, conveniently situated, is now in process of building. This town has frequently been compared—by those who have seen both—to Stirling, in Scotland. Crowned, as it were, with the noble ruin of its castle, the town from a distance has a most imposing aspect. The castle is seen to great advantage from the south-east side. The old town was originally enclosed with walls, and fortified with one square and three round towers, which connected it with the castle: the latter was undoubtedly a most superb structure, formed by grouting. Two walls were built in the ordinary manner at the extremities of the intended thickness, the interval being afterwards filled up with a mixture of cement and stones of various sizes;—this, upon becoming dry, was as hard as the solid stone.

The grand entrance is through a magnificent pointed archway, formerly flanked by two large octagonal towers now in ruins. This fortress, built upon the top of a rock in the year 1280, from its situation, and the immense thickness of the walls, must in early ages have been almost impregnable. There is an excellent bowling-green contiguous to the ruins and upon a part of the castle's ancient site, with a comfortable building for the accommodation of the members of the green;—the prospect from it is most delightful;—it extends over the whole of the luxuriant Vale, decorated as it is with a profusion of noble seats and demesnes, through which the river winds with a great variety of romantic vistas. At a distance is the town of Ruthen on the one hand, and St. Asaph on the other, the landscape boldly terminating with the "faintest purple" tops of the distant mountains. Denbigh has an excellent market on Wednesdays for meat, corn, &c. The Clwydian Lodge is held at the New Inn, in Vale-street, which is the most handsome street in the town.

Leaving Denbigh the traveller now proceeds on his road to St. Asaph; the principal beauty of the scenery will now be upon his right, the land upon the left; being upon an acclivity, and covered with timber, it is only now and then that a glimpse of some gentleman's seat is caught, surrounded by groves and plantations. A new road has been lately opened, which affords some better views than the old one; but the latter is not without its attractions, winding as it does through a romantic bottom, and finely overshadowed with trees. Having now left Denbighshire, and entered Flintshire, we approach St. Asaph by a handsome stone bridge over the river.

St. Asaph, or Llan Elwy as it is called in the Welch language, is a small city on the banks of the river Elwy: the houses are mostly built of brick, and form a single street on the side of a hill. It is the smallest city in the kingdom, although the diocese comprehends nearly all Flintshire, Denbighshire, Montgomeryshire, with a small part of Monmouthshire and Shropshire. The most remarkable edifice is the cathedral, built chiefly since 1441: it is in length 182 feet, and in breadth 50; it appears but a simple, inelegant building on the outside, but within shows to much greater advantage: there are three monuments for bishops, with a neat tablet to the memory of that elegant writer, Mrs. Hemans;—but its greatest attraction is the splendid eastern window, in the pointed style, the tracery copied from a skeleton one at Tintern Abbey; it is grandly decorated with stained glass, executed by the late ingenious artist Mr. Eggington, of Birmingham; the expense having been partly defrayed by Bishop Bagot, and partly by the bounty of some of the nobility and gentry of the county, many of whose arms are emblazoned on the margin. Although St. Asaph presents but a barren prospect for a city, the vicinity makes ample compensation. Numerous gentlemen's seats and villas of pleasing architecture, encircled with plantations tastefully arranged, and fields bearing the stamp of diligent cultivation and extraordinary fertility, form a rich and animated landscape, and awaken in the traveller a most favourable impression of the industry and perseverance of the Welch population. Many of the farm houses, which the tourist views with delight, are finished in a style which does honour to the munificent views of the landlord; and, being kept up by the tenant with scrupulous and corresponding taste, present an appearance as if each were the fixed residence of the proprietor. In serene weather, from the side of a hill a short distance from the city, on the Holywell road, a fine portion of the Vale of Clwyd, with its surrounding scenery, may be viewed to great advantage—it is indeed a most imposing sight of all the striking features for which this vale is remarkable—hills, valleys, fertile fields, wood and water, all combine in the landscape, and form a rich and variegated picture. On the south is Denbigh, with the shattered fragments of its castle; from whatever point it is viewed it cannot fail to impress the stranger with admiration by its venerable exterior. On the north, but with a less assuming importance, the fallen remains of Rhuddlan Castle press their melancholy features on the sight; the eye can never tire with observing the intervening space. The beautiful arrangement of Providence is here strongly marked, and cannot but strike the eye of the most casual observer; and although this scene, from its extent, is not altogether adapted for the pencil of the artist, it must afford the most pleasing gratification to the real admirer of Nature.

Quitting St. Asaph for Rhuddlan, the tourist will pass Pengever, on the left, the seat of the Right Hon. Lord Mostyn, not built as in days of yore, to overawe dependant subjects, but holding out the banner of protection to the poor and needy, always giving a generous invitation to friends to enter and feast upon the fat of the land, and pledge in *Cura Da*, or generous wine, to the health of its most hospitable owner, and truly charitable family. After passing Pengever, the country is flat till entering Rhuddlan. On the eastern bank of the river Clwyd, about two miles from its influx with the sea, it is wide enough to permit small vessels at high water to ride up to the bridge. This was once a place of considerable importance, and is now a thriving village; it formerly derived much consequence from its elegant castle, wherein Edward I. kept three Christmasses. It appears to have been a fortress of great strength, and during a course of ages experienced the frequent vicissitudes of fortune; it is first mentioned in 795, as the spot where a signal battle was fought between the Welch and Saxons, in which Caradoc, king of South Wales, was slain. The remains of the castle shew it to have been a square building erected with red stone, surrounded by a double ditch on the north, with a strong wall and foss all round; below the hill, on the river side, is a square tower, called Twr-y-Brenin, or the King's Tower. The

walls enlose an irregular square, with galleries and apartments all round; the north is now much shattered, but the other two are pretty entire;—

“But such the stamp and sport of destiny;
Power hath its dawn, and zenith, and decay,—
Earth has no more: the forest's stateliest tree
Sheds but its number'd leaves, then wastes away!
The loftiest mounds of man's prosperity,
The tombs of Egypt, pil'd on Pharaoh's clay,
Back to the earth, by Heaven's dread law impell'd,
Behold them crumbling like the dust they held!”

Queen Eleanor was delivered of a princess here in 1283. Northumberland seized this castle in 1399, previous to the deposition of Richard II., who dined here, with his retinue on their way to Flint Castle. The gable of a house is shewn as you pass through the village, in which Edward I. held the Parliament that passed the statute of Rhuddlan. There is an old house on the north side of the castle, where, tradition says, the king resided when one Gruffydd Llwyd ap Rhys brought him information of the safe delivery of the queen, at Carnarvon Castle, for which the king immediately knighted him. To the south of the castle is a curious mount called Tut Hill, from whence the inhabitants say the castle was battered; but it appears to have been a more ancient fortification, surrounded by a deep ditch, including the abbey.

Tut Hill is highly deserving of a visit; the immediate vicinity of the castle of Rhuddlan, the ruins of which are calculated to make a strong impression upon any one conversant with the times and purposes when such structures were indispensable, and supplied not only the means of security, but too frequently also, the means of oppression. It is certainly pleasing to contemplate such places, independent of their picturesque effect, gradually sinking into the earth, like that despotism which they were raised to support. But this is a digression.

From Tut Hill is to be obtained another panoramic view of the Vale. Here the dilapidated fortress frowns in “shrunk proportions;” on the left, richly-cultivated farms, with fertile fields, and verdant pastures to the water's edge; intermediate cottages, with their fronts beautifully covered with the monthly rose, delight the eye.

Proceed we now on our journey to Rhyl, through a not very profitable or pleasant country, except so far as the expansive ocean view may be acceptable, with steam vessels passing, and the sails of innumerable ships fluttering in the breeze.

It is a pretty watering place, close to the sea, and has sprung up in a comparatively short space of time. The buildings are all of stone, and have a very clean appearance; there are some excellent inns, and an extensive hotel is now building fronting the sea. The Manchester Arms is kept by a brother of the Order, where good accommodation upon most reasonable terms may be obtained. There are good baths, and a large expanse of coast for sea bathing; steamers ply daily to and from Liverpool, distant about twenty miles.

Our next journey shall be, if health and Providence permit, from Ruthen, through the Vale of Llangollen, visiting in our way Valle Crucis Abbey, Castel Dinas Bran, Chirk Castle, Ruabon and Wynnstay; and after we are tired of the valleys, we will climb the mountains of Snowden, and Cader Idris.

WILLIAM DAVIS, Prov. C. S.

Vale of Chwyd Lodge, Ruthen, July 18th, 1839.

THE VALUE OF ENERGY.—He who, by an intellectual and moral energy, awakens kindred energy in others, touches springs of infinite power, gives impulse to faculties to which no bound can be prescribed—begins an action which will never end. One great and kindling thought from a retired and obscure person may live when thrones have fallen, and the memory of those who filled them obliterated; and, like an undying fire, may illuminate and quicken all future generations.

DEATH.—There is nothing more certain than death, nothing more uncertain than the time of dying. I will therefore be prepared for that at all times, which may come at any time, must come at one time or another. I shall not hasten my death by being still ready, but sweeten it. It makes me not die the sooner, but the better.—*Warwick's Spare Minutes.*

AN INCIDENT OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

(From The Naval and Military Magazine.)

THE regiment into which Captain Leslie had exchanged before his marriage, was ordered into Belgium. Walter longed for glory; and Helen, his young wife, was too sensible to pain him by unavailing regrets—even on their parting she had striven not to unman him; and when the first natural grief was over, she took her station at the small window of the inn, which commanded a view of the scene of action. Could an uninterested observer have gazed upon the plain of Waterloo at that moment, it must have appeared a splendid pageant. But Helen thought how many ere sunset would have gone to their final account, and she shuddered at the thought that perhaps her Walter might be among the number. The distant cannonading told that already the work of death had commenced. Several random shots had struck the inn, and warned its inmates to take shelter in the barn. With them did Helen sit during that long day, sad and silent, yet with the same confidence in God's protection that had always marked her character. She could have smiled at the volubility of her companions, who never ceased speaking, in a mixture of bad French and Flemish. But it made her only more sad; she felt that she was indeed among strangers. Oh, the agony of suspense, the fear of hearing that Walter was among the fallen! Her beauty and girlish appearance, added to the knowledge that her husband was in the field of battle, gave her an interest in the eyes of her companions, and many were the hopes they expressed in French, that Captain Leslie might return in safety. The day passed, twilight succeeded, followed by the almost immediate darkness which characterises a continental summer; and still Helen sat in all the agony of suspense. The action had ceased; random firings succeeded the constant and fearful din of war; yet still Captain Leslie returned not.

She was aroused from the state of stupor into which she had fallen, by the sound of approaching footsteps; and some soldiers entered the barn, bearing a wounded officer. It was with scarcely definable feelings that Helen discovered it was NOT her husband, but an officer of the same regiment. For a few minutes any other feeling seemed lost in the anxious attentions necessary for the severe wounds of the sufferer. Helen had, fortunately, provided everything necessary; with the kindest gentleness she dressed the sufferer's wounds, and then attempted to restore him to consciousness; her efforts were successful. Aided by the people of the inn, she succeeded in making him swallow a restorative; and in a short time he was able to thank the gentle hand which had ministered unto him.

Helen with eager eagerness exclaimed, "Walter! where is he?" Mr. Grant turned his head away. He could not bear the sight of the agony he knew his answer must inflict: "Speak! in mercy tell me that Leslie is safe!"—Helen paused a moment, and then continued, "I know it all, Walter is *dead*!" There was a frightful calmness in her manner, no tear escaped her. "Did you see him fall?" she said at length; "tell me all, it will do me good; I feel as if tears would cool this scorching pain," she said, pressing her hand to her bosom.

Mr. Grant complied. He felt that tears would relieve her. "I was at his side," said he, "a moment before he fell. He had taken a small pocket Bible from his breast—had pressed it to his lips—" Helen covered her face with her hands. "It was the Bible I gave him on our wedding day!" she gasped; "tell me, tell me all." "If I fall, Grant, give this to my wife," he said. "I laughed at his forebodings. You will return," I said, "to tell her of the events of this day." Before we could reply, we were summoned to action. A few minutes after a shot struck him, and he fell!" Helen burst into an agony of tears, and for some minutes continued silent; at length her resolution seemed to be taken. She came to the couch on which Mr. Grant was lying, and begged him to describe the spot where her husband fell. She received the description in silence. A few minutes after she had stolen from the small inn yard, and stood alone on the spot where she had last seen her husband.

Helen was in years a mere child; and there had been a time when she would have shuddered at a recital of the horrors through which she now passed with a trembling step, though with an undaunted heart—but what will not love in woman undertake? "God has as much power to protect me here," she thought, as the distant firing caught her ear, and caused her for a moment to pause, "as in a crowded room!" The thought of "what had she to live for?" rendered her for a moment incapable of proceeding; then silently imploring strength from God, she persevered.

What a scene of horror presented itself to her! The spot, where a few hours before she had gazed on the brilliant ranks of the contending armies, was now occupied by the dead or dying. Occasionally a wounded horse dashed wildly among the heaps of the wounded. There were a party employed in stripping the dead—at her approach they looked up, and for a moment a superstitious dread crossed their minds. Her white dress made them suppose her a ghost, and when convinced of their mistake, they let her pass unmolested, observing with an oath that she was seeking perhaps for her lover. Helen passed on. As she approached the spot described by Grant, she examined earnestly the faces of the dead. She was almost beginning to despair when, from beneath a heap of slain, an outstretched arm caught her attention. On one of the fingers was a ring, one of her first gifts to him. With a trembling hand she put down the small lantern she had brought, and removed the slain. It was, indeed, her husband who lay there; and a long fit of weeping relieved her; she raised him, and the head fell back upon her shoulders. Approaching footsteps alarmed her; they were those of two men of her husband's regiment. One of them explained that they had followed her at Mr. Grant's desire. Between them was the body of Captain Leslie borne into the inn of Mont St. Jean.

A surgeon was then dressing the wound of Mr. Grant, and his immediate attention was given to Leslie. Helen stood with her husband's hand clasped in her's, with a calmness which was more affecting than the most violent agitation could have been. Bruised as Leslie was, there was no wound to be found. The surgeon placed a glass before his lips—then exclaimed with an interest he had not often felt,—“He still lives!”

The effect of joy is often more acute than that of grief. Helen gazed for a moment wildly round, then sunk on the floor in a state of insensibility. Hours passed before she recovered consciousness; when she did, she found that it was not a dream. Leslie still lived. The shot which had struck him down was found imbedded in the Bible which he had but a moment before thrust into the breast of his coat. But had it not been for the timely assistance of his wife, he must have perished. He was saved almost by a miracle from being crushed to death; fortunately, however, the spot on which he fell was hollow, and he is still alive.

The incidents of this sketch are strictly true. Those who have visited ——— must have seen the small Bible, which is regarded by the family with feelings of the deepest veneration. It is still kept under a case, and will for ever perpetuate the heroism of the soldier's bride at Waterloo.

A. D. 1825.

Ye ruin'd walls, and gothic tow'rs,
Ye ancient domes, and lofty spires,
To you I raise my feeble pow'rs,—
My length'n'd time with you expires.

I leave you mould'ring to decay,
Ye monuments of human art!
To brighter scenes I bend my way,
Where nature's charms attract my heart.

The mountain's brow, the peaceful vale,
The rural shade, the murmur'ing rill;
These are the sights that never fail
My mind with conscious joy to fill.

I love retirement's haunts to view,—
Remote from city pomp to dwell;
The paths of solitude pursue,
That lead to some sequester'd dell.

Beneath the covert of a shelt'ring grove,
An habitation let me find;
Where I may lead the life I love,
On Nature's bounteous lap reclin'd.

There let me spend each coming year
In useful labours, health and peace;
While hope attends my path to cheer,
'And points to joys that never cease.

T. S. BRISTOW, P. G.

Rose of the Valley Lodge, Leeds District.

A NORTHERN TOUR.

(Continued from page 252.)

With feelings of unutterable delight we took our leave of the hermitage, and pursued our journey towards the Rumbling Bridge, about half a mile up the river. The walk does not lay directly along the banks of the stream, but takes a north-westerly direction, through a lofty fir-plantation. At a very inconsiderable distance from the hermitage we came to a subterraneous recess, called *Ossian's Cave*, the interior of which differs very little from the *grotto*, on the banks of the river Tay, which I have already described; having on its roof a few extracts from the works of the eminent individual whose name it bears, but so low that a person of an ordinary size is obliged to do penance all the time he may choose to remain under its canopy.

I am not sufficiently conversant with the works of the above author, to say, for a certainty, that he has ever located himself in this cave, or that there is any particular allusion to it in any part of his poems; but when the grandeur of the surrounding scenery is taken into consideration, there will not appear to be anything extravagant in such a supposition; especially when it is known that those scenes which furnish the chief topic of his poems, lie at a distance of little more than eighteen miles, namely, Bredalbane.

On emerging from the wood, the prospect which opens to the eye of the traveller is one of almost uninterrupted sterility; at least to the casual observer it will appear such, being mountainous, and clothed with little else besides heath and furze. One solitary farm-house alone furnishes a kind of resting place for the eye, which, however, is placed so near the road, that the mind receives some little recreation from the surveyance of the domestics, as they move about in pursuit of their daily avocations. Proceeding onwards, a slight tremulous motion of the earth under foot, and a loud growling noise, informs the stranger of his near approach to the Rumbling Bridge. The chief object of admiration at this fall, is a natural arch, which the waters in their descent, from an era which cannot probably be traced, have effected, by forcing a passage through the solid rock; the ingenuity of man taking advantage of this effort of nature, has rendered the above arch serviceable to the transit of carriages and cattle from one side of the river to the other. From the top of the arch, looking up the stream, we obtained a fine view of another fall of the river, of from sixteen to twenty feet. There is something indefinably pleasant which accrues to the mind from the contemplation of the stupendous works of nature, which pleasure will always be in proportion to our ideas of the magnitude of the objects in question, and to the pressure of, or freedom from, external cares.

The idea that not less than 350 cubical yards of the solid rock* must, from the continual action of the waters, have been carried down the stream, since the formation of the natural arch already alluded to, was of itself sufficiently important to occupy our most inmost thoughts, and to impart a powerful impression of the destructive effects of time. Very different, however, was the effect of the above scene on the mind of our guide; he had probably witnessed the same scene a hundred times before, and novelty (without which all terrestrial objects soon become uninteresting and lose their attraction) was to him a desideratum at the Rumbling Bridge, and who now, having nothing to describe, began, with the most artless innocence, to amuse himself by dropping pebbles into the stream below, and took no more notice of the romantic waterfall, than he would have done of the rain-drops from the eave of his house.

Having satisfied our curiosity at the Rumbling Bridge, we returned by a different route, and reached Johnnie McMillan's boat about noon; as Johnnie had gone out in pursuit of his other avocations, we had the honour of being ferried across by the guide wife, whose dexterity in handling an oar, was little inferior to that of Johnnie himself.

We next directed our steps towards Craig-Y-Barns, a considerable hill, covered with timber, (chiefly Scotch fir,) about half a mile to the northward of Dunkeld. On a

*The supposition that the fall must have, at one time, been *below* the arch, instead of 17 yards *above* it, was taken from my own observations at the time, and suggested itself to my mind, from the circumstance of seeing in a cavity of the rock, (in one of the subordinate falls) a round stone, which, by its continual rotary motion, must very sensibly wear away the rock, until some part gives way, when, should it be the side, a pretty fair representation of the great arch, and not by any means an unsatisfactory explanation of the means by which the said arch must probably have been formed, will readily present itself to the reader.

small eminence, in one of the plantations, near to the turnpike, we were shown a large stone, on which the Pretender Charles, in 1745, sat down to rest himself, when pursued by the royal troops: an impression not unlike the print of a calf's foot was likewise pointed out, as an indelible proof that his *Satanic Majesty* had also deigned to honour the same spot by the exercise of his abilities in dancing. The reader, I suppose, will smile at the mention of such an opinion having ever been entertained by a people who generally bear the appellation of enlightened; but the truth is, notwithstanding the force of philosophy and the power of religion, the natives of Scotland generally, and the country-people especially, still remain the voluntary dupes of romantic credulity, which a long and well-founded experience alone can shake off. The highly censurable practice of recounting terrific stories of witches, ghosts, devils and bogles, indulged in by the aged, in the audience of the young and inexperienced, produces an impression on the susceptible minds of the latter, which the longest life, in many instances, is unable absolutely to obliterate.

Whilst I am engaged on this subject, I may mention a circumstance which will manifest the prevalence of superstition and credulity existing among the peasantry of Scotland, perhaps more indubitably than could be effected by a bare assertion. About one mile from Craig-y-Barns is an open well, which has been for many years famed for its wonderful efficacy in the removal of all sorts of bodily afflictions, particularly the infirmities of the eyes:—there are, moreover, in the said well, a number of various sized pebbles, each of which is appropriated to its own peculiar office; that is to say, one is set apart for diseases of the eyes, another for those of the nose, another for that of the mouth, &c., the patient applying whichever one is adapted to his disease. In order that the means may be effectual, it is necessary the patient *leave* a trifle; some, accordingly, leave a *handkerchief*, another per chance a penny, a third perhaps a few pins, &c.: that such means are in all cases effectual, would be too much to assert or expect; but I have known an instance of a young man, who was labouring under an ocular disease, setting out on a fifteen miles' journey to the same well, returning home, and experiencing a complete cure, merely from going through the ceremony I have described; moreover, such instances are by no means uncommon; but, in order to undeceive the reader, it is necessary to observe, that there are various springs in this neighbourhood which are strongly impregnated with oxide of iron; hence it is easy to perceive why it is so beneficial in ocular diseases. The unrestrainable gratitude of those who have found benefit from its application have magnified its virtues to an immeasurable extent, and have procured for it a fame which it cannot support. The result of ignorance and superstition, in combination, have framed the following traditionary tale in favour of its miraculous powers, which is seldom omitted whenever the well becomes the subject of conversation. A young man having visited the well merely through curiosity, was incited by wantonness or mischief to deposit so nothing in the well, the name of which shall not sully my pen: the consequence of this foolish deed was, that the well was *actually* removed, not by a *visible*, but by an *invisible* hand, to the distance of eight furlongs. The fact that the above tale is still permitted to be told in company, without raising the indignation of the auditors, sufficiently shews that there still exists a disposition to believe in the marvellous.

Craig-y-Barns is a considerable hill, very steep, and in some places the rocks are as perpendicular as the wall of a house: it is ascended by a walk, which, from its zig-zag form, is of a great length, and the stranger is not unfrequently obliged to pause, in order that he may recover breath; such compulsory pauses are, however, by no means unpleasant, for there are glades or openings through which he can obtain most interesting views of the surrounding country, which, as he ascends, is gradually stretched out like a map beneath him. About half way up the mountain is the alcove: this is an apartment of about 10 feet square, and 7 or 8 feet high—probably the work of art—hollowed out of the solid rock, but, at the same time, exhibiting no signs or traces of the artificer's tools, to enable any one to say for certainty that it is *not* the work of nature. This is certainly one of the most agreeable spots in the whole extent of the mountainous promenade; forming alike, shelter from the noon-day sun—which here acts with great power, at such places as are not screened by the trees—and those heavy showers which are incident to a mountainous country. There are two or three stone benches in the interior, on which the stranger may rest his weary limbs, and listen to the songsters of the grove, or to the soothing murmurs of a small rill, which may be seen from an aperture in one corner (probably made for the purpose,) falling

from a portion of the same rock, and again disappearing to the view. This spot, we were told, used to be frequented by a late duchess, who thought it no disgrace to spend a few leisure hours at the humble occupation of forming the rudiments of linen cloth, by the assistance of her spinning-wheel. A little higher is Mc Craw's flower garden, where the visitors may again recline in a very pretty rustic house, open on that side next the garden, but effectually roofed with heath, and forming altogether a complete sheltered retreat, from which is obtained a very good view of the garden without the fatigue of walking. Another highly prizable commodity to the weary traveller may likewise be obtained with very little effort, for within a very few feet of his seat is a well of as good water as ever issued from a rock.

After leaving Mc Craw's flower garden, we walked onwards with a steady pace till we reached the top of the mountain, where the thoughts of fatigue were all thrown aside, by the enjoyment of perhaps one of the finest prospects afforded by the highlands of Scotland; but we had not enjoyed this prospect many minutes before our guide informed us that a still greater curiosity awaited our inspection at a short distance: this was an immense whinstone, supported by three subordinate fragments of the same species, about 18 inches from the ground, bearing the appellation of the rocking stone, but with what propriety I leave with the reader to guess, since by our united efforts we were totally unable to move it: how this ponderous stone came to be placed in the manner I have described, is to most people quite enigmatical, and furnishes abundant food for the mind of the imaginative highlander, who generally finds a solution for all such difficult questions in the belief of a supernatural agency. It is not improbable, however, that it has been placed there originally by nature, and that the ingenuity of some ancient proprietor, who delighted in surprising his guests, has first had the stone undermined in those places where the minor stones now stand, and afterwards the earth removed from beneath the large stone, until it rested in the manner already stated.

Bidding adieu to the beautiful and boundless prospect afforded by this lofty mountain's summit, we descended by the same path, and next proceeded to the *Cold Wells American Flower Garden*; so named, because of a beautiful rivulet of cold water which emanates therefrom, and from the great number of American flowering plants brought together in that spot, which previously to its being so appropriated, was nothing but an useless marsh in the middle of a wood; and it is highly creditable to the taste and talent of his Grace's ingenious gardener, Mr. Ross, that such comparatively useless spots have, in several instances, been transformed into scenes, if not of utility, at least of great beauty, and rendered capable of imparting no inconsiderable degree of pleasure at a very trifling disbursement of money.

The *Rhododendrons* when in full bloom, from their large glomerate heads, literally a mass of colour, draw the inhabitants of Dunkeld in crowds to gaze, with unaffected admiration, on this splendid and animating retreat; which, being unobscured on that side which is nearest the road, is consequently accessible to all whom either business compels, or pastime allures, to pass that way.

I cannot terminate my remarks on the above tour, without apologizing for the imperfect manner in which they are framed,—in fact, so conscious am I of the demerit of the whole of this communication, that a consideration of your repeated complaints of paucity of matter alone has induced me to subject it to your editorial inquisition.—Limited to very transitory periods of mental relaxation, and having no documents to refer to,—save the tablet of my memory, where the impressions have already stood the test of nearly thirteen winters,—my difficulties in attempting to do justice to scenes so interesting will, I presume, be readily admitted, and procure from you, and the readers of your valuable Magazine, (should it appear worthy of consideration,) some little alleviation of censure and obloquy. And now, with sincere thanks for the honour you have already conferred on me, and with unfeigned wishes for the prosperity of our glorious Institution,

I remain, Gentlemen,

Your obedient servant,

JAMES REID.

Philanthropic Nelson Lodge, Atherstone, May, 1839.

"I'M NOT A POET YET."

[We beg to recommend the following anonymously-contributed lines to the serious consideration of many of our contributors.]

I've been a rhymers many years, I am a rhymers now,
I can concoct the smoothest verse, my very foes allow,
And for *ideas*—why my brain is ever on the fret,
Yet here with anguish I confess I'm not a poet yet!

I know I am poetical in all my outward looks;
My figure owes no gratitude to palate-pleasing cooks;
I'm tall and thinner than my cane, and easily o'erset,
I'm slim and shadowy enough, but not a poet yet.

I've hunted inspiration long in all poetic things—
The purling brook, the sylvan dale, larks, eagles, angels' wings,
"The sea, the sea," "the moon, the moon," my staring eyes have met—
The stars have heard my rhapsodies—I'm not a poet yet.

I've penned a heap of verse that would o'erload an elephant—
Odes—lyrics—epics—all the swarm, and every kind of rant;
My manuscripts a mountain make, good heaven, what a set!
I could be buried 'neath the pile—I'm not a poet yet!

Of sonnets, Wordsworth has produced some hundreds—mighty feat!
But I have written thousands. all in lines and length complete!
I've rivalled *Brydges*—but the world forgets too soon the debt—
Forgets its gratitude—alas! I'm not a poet yet.

I have belonged to many schools—I was *Byrontian* first—
I vowed the world was black as night, and every thing accurst;
I turned my collar down, and caught a cold without regret,
And lived on melancholy, but—I'm not a poet yet.

Next I progressed through many styles, from Spencer on to Moore;
I plagued my brains as never brains were plagued before, I'm sure;
I lived in garrets, and my crust with water only wet—
'Twas all in vain, for I grew lean, but not a poet yet.

I was *Wordsworthian* last, I think, I sobered every thought,
And moaned when fancy, or romance, within my soul I caught,
I grew contemplatively dull, but that I'd fain forget;
I know I was a *horror* then—I'm not a poet yet.

And now I could go drown myself when groaning o'er my fate;
I've chased the *Muses*—shocking hags—now I've no other mate!
I'll die unwed—I ne'er shall be one single fair one's pet—
'Tis even so—it ends in this—I'm not a poet yet!

THE CONTRAST,

BEING a decision in favour of Nancy, the hay-maker, and against "Harriet in her Chariot."

"Which is happier—maid or lady?
On this the world will disagree;
But, for my part, I've decided—
Come, Nancy, I'll make hay with thee!"

MERCER.

LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG.

[From *The Beau Monde*.]

It was on a lovely morning in the spring-time of summer, that the coach stopped at the gate of a pleasant country-house, where bewildering shrubberies, fair lawns, and brilliant flowers, were the fit ornaments to the hospitable mansion they surrounded. A traveller, a portmanteau, and, though last not least, a hat-box, that *sine qua non* of a masculine wanderer, were deposited. A hat-box is a mysterious thing; what wonders are not, or may not be, contained within that little insignificant case—especially if the hat-box comes from foreign climes? But it was not so in this instance, and it contained nothing contraband;—nothing save a hat, which would have been the envy of Rotten-row, had it ever been exposed to that dusty atmosphere. But as yet it was virgin,—unpolluted by any zephyr. Its master rang at the gate impatiently, and the lodge-keeper quickly answered; but, ere the traveller set his feet within the gate, a surly, pugnacious animal of the canine species flew at him, and did his best to make acquaintance with his legs. This rude and unlooked-for mode of salutation was promptly returned by a somewhat severe chastisement from the cane carried by the traveller:—the dog ran away howling. The lodge-keeper looked aghast. “Sir,” said he, “Sir, do you know what you have done?—you have beaten Solomon.” “Beaten him! of course I have,” replied the traveller; “why do you suffer such an ill-conditioned brute about the place?” “Ah, Sir, he is somewhat of a cur to be sure, but he is our young mistress’s pet for all that; and no one here dares to beat him. But allow me to conduct you to the house.” So saying, the man took up the portmanteau and hat-box, and led the way. The stranger followed, but, sighing, said, “Alas, my friend! ‘Love me, love my dog,’ may be a true saying, but it augurs ill.”

Julius Ormond found his friend Jefferson in his dressing-room, sitting before a secretaire, and plunged in so deep a reverie that he did not at first perceive his entrance. He looks tolerably unhappy for a bridegroom, thought Julius, but it is certainly a bold undertaking for a man to rush into matrimony, especially when one’s mistress has such a pet as Solomon. “How is it with you, my friend,” said he, approaching Jefferson, who started from a reverie; “when is the marriage-day?”

“I hardly know; three days hence, I believe,” replied the bewildered bridegroom.

“You believe! you are an ardent lover. Come, come, there is something wrong here. Tell me what all this means.”

“Hush, hush,” said Jefferson, “take care what you say; the very walls have ears.”

“There,” said Ormond, seating himself close to his friend, “now we are literally *tête-à-tête*, open up your griefs. Now begin.”

“Ah!” said Jefferson, heaving a deep sigh, “when I wrote to you to come down here to Mr. Anderson’s, I was in an excess of enthusiasm; I beheld the future through a flattering medium, and everything was *couleur de rose*.”

“And now you have seen the reverse of the medal?” inquired Ormond. “I can guess at the evil. There is a deficiency in the portion?”

“Quite the contrary. It is double what I expected.”

“Then I suppose there is something objectionable in the connexions of the family. A cousin has been hanged or sent to Sydney at the expense of the public?”

“No such thing, the family is as respectable as any in the county.”

“Well then, Miss Celestina owes her figure to her stay-maker? I have hit the mark at last.”

“You are wider than ever. Her figure is as light and symmetrical as a Grecian nymph, the votaress of Diana.”

“Then there is a lover in the case?”

“No such thing; I am quite positive she has never loved any one.”

“Except Solomon.”

“Oh,” groaned Jefferson, “you have seen that brute then? Has he bitten you?”

“No, but I have beaten him.”

“God bless you for it. That cursed animal is the cause of all my cares.”

“How so?”

“Why, you know I abominate all animals, particularly dogs. He, I suppose, saw my antipathy in my face; for, from the moment I came here, he has lost no op-

portunity of annoying me. The first time he bit me, I laughed; the second, I looked black; the third, I begged that he might be tied up; but I had far better have tied my tongue and suffered in silence. Mr. Anderson thought my complaints very reasonable, and ordered the beast to his kennel; but Celestina—pity me, my friend! Oh, I was “a hard-hearted monster,—a wretch, to wish to deprive the *innocent* animal of his natural liberty; my conduct was a sample of the tyranny of man, who always domineers over the weak; it was a sample of my conduct to a wife: was I not aware that liberty was the gift of Heaven, and that he who deprived the meanest creature of its birthright was a miserable wretch!” Oh, how my ears have ached with the reverberation of her reiterated reproaches! Thus we have gone on for a whole week, and this abominable Solomon is a stumbling block in the way of my marriage. His barking might be borne, but he bites.”

“Pooh, pooh,” replied Ormond, “why should you quarrel with your intended about a dog? You must put with it till the wedding-day is over, and the first thing you do the next morning will be of course to shoot him.”

“I have tried to comfort myself with that idea, but these disputes have drawn forth so much of Celestina’s character, that I begin to be alarmed at the prospect of the future. She is so capricious, wilful, unreasonable—in fact, quite a spoiled child.”

Ormond, after changing his travelling dress, accompanied his friend to the drawing-room, where they found their host, the intended father-in-law of Jefferson, and shortly before dinner was announced they were joined by two ladies: the first, a pretty woman, about twenty-five, the young wife of an old gentleman, who was in conversation with Mr. Anderson at their entrance, was scarcely glanced at by Ormond; but the sight of the second sent the blood to his heart, and thence, though he was all unused to blush, it mounted, in despite of all his efforts at stoicism, to his temples. It was she, that lovely, sparkling unknown, whose eyes had found their way to his heart, one well remembered night at the opera, and whom he had vainly sought for since. His confusion caused him so much embarrassment, as he paid his compliments to the ladies, that his friend began to be ashamed of the awkward bridegroom he had chosen, but the announcement of dinner put an end to all further difficulties. Ormond seized the opportunity, and, perceiving that Jefferson was very backward in proffering his services, offered his arm to Celestina, and thus contrived to sit next her at dinner, in the course of which he used all his art to penetrate the character of a woman, whose conduct gave so much uneasiness to her future husband. She was so young and unsophisticated, so slender and buoyant, so much a child, that you felt almost inclined to inquire after her doll. Her figure, at once regular and delicate, presented a most charming contour. Her large black eyes, whose cloudy radiance seemed to presage lightnings, and yet shone with the brightness of innocence, spread a charm around her which it was difficult to withstand.

It is needless to follow the proceedings of dinner, although to Ormond they were of considerable importance, so great was the charms of the fair girl by whom he sat, so original were the few remarks she let fall; her manner was so marked by the playful impetuosity of a spoiled child, and yet so chastened by womanly dignity, that he much wondered that his friend Jefferson, his senior, by the way, of some five years, should have taken the affair of the dog so much to heart. The dinner ended at last, the ladies withdrew; and the younger gentlemen, after paying proper attention to their host’s claret, left him and his more ancient friend to enjoy the last bottle and the last scrap of politics by themselves, and sought the more agreeable charms of female society. They found the ladies in the billiard-room, where Celestina was making the balls bound as wildly as her own joyous spirits. They agreed to form a party, two against two, and drawing lots for partners, Fortune for once was wise, and the affianced pair were opposed to Ormond and Mrs. De Quincy.

Celestina entered into the game with all the vivacity of infancy, now laughing at her adversaries, then scolding her partner, and herself when she failed; vexed when she could not laugh, and laughing after each vexation. The game was nearly ended, and Celestina danced with joy. Three points more would win the game, and if the red ball were pocketed it would be secure. It was Jefferson’s turn, and, according to his custom, he took a long and steady aim, but, whilst he was deliberately poising his cue, the impatient Celestina rested her white hand on the cushion, and looked into his eyes. His aim was altogether distracted, and he pocketed his own ball without touching any other, and the game was lost. Celestina screamed aloud, and stamped

her little foot. "You abominable creature!" cried she; "a child could have made the stroke,"—and her eyes flashed lightnings.

"I was looking at you," said poor Jefferson, with a contrite aspect.

"Looking at me! I never look at you. I tell you, you have done it on purpose!"

"We shall win the next game," supplicated Jefferson.

"Win it by yourself then. I shall play no more." So saying, the wilful girl walked to the window, and began to play the galopade in Gustavus upon the glass.

Vexed to his soul, poor Jefferson challenged Mrs. De Quincy and Ormond, offering to play alone against them, but Mrs. De Quincy declined, and, seating herself on a bench overlooking the table, declared she would rather take a lesson from the young men. They began to play, Ormond with indifference, Jefferson measuring each stroke with the utmost care, and, from too great nicety, missing several. Celestina still drummed the galopade upon the window. At length, just as the game was thrown into Jefferson's hands, and he, with the characteristic indecision of weak minds, was balancing his cue, and pondering upon his stroke, she threw open the window and called to the gardener, who was passing below.

"Where is Solomon? let him loose directly; it is inhuman to deprive him of his liberty. Send him to me directly."

The man obeyed. Solomon bounded in through the window just as Jefferson had adjusted his cue. At a signal from his mistress, Solomon bounded on the table, and seized the all-important ball; Jefferson flew to rescue it, and for his pains was bitten through the hand. In this desperation he struck the brute with the but-end of the cue, and the dog retreated under the table howling.

"What, Sir," cried Celestina, her cheeks glowing, and her eyes flashing with anger, "do you dare to beat my dog?"

Poor Jefferson thought within himself, now is the time to show my martial authority; and, holding out his bleeding hand, he struck the dog again.

"You wretch!" cried Celestina; and she raised her little hand with the full intention of repaying Solomon's wrongs on the ears of Mr. Jefferson; but, at the moment, Mrs. De Quincy quitted her elevated post and ran to interfere.

"Celestina!" she cried; and by a violent effort, that most irascible of spoiled children withheld her hand. But tears of passion rolled down her beautiful cheeks. Solomon, emboldened by the turn of fortune in his favour, crept from his intransigence, and commenced an attack upon his foe, but the judicious Ormond quietly took him by the neck and tail, and, throwing him out of the window, closed it against him.

Meantime Miss Anderson had gained the door and opened it; then turning back, her face all glowing, and some bright drops of pearl still sparkling on her cheeks, she thus addressed her future husband—

"Wretch that you are, I hate you! do not deceive yourself, I will never be yours. You strike Solomon! I had rather be beaten myself. I detest you; do you understand me? I hate and abhor you, and I won't marry you."

So saying, Celestina, accompanied by Mrs. De Quincy, quitted the room, and drew to the door with a noise that shook the room.

"Well, said Ormond, after a silence of some minutes, to his friend, who remained lost in thought, with his chin on his breast, and his hands clasped before him, "well; what think you of this gentle exhibition of your intended?"

"I won't have her; my mind's made up. I tell you I would sooner marry a fury. Marry, indeed; why was I ever such a fool as to think of marrying? I! and I had such a comfortable little establishment at home; all so quiet, so regular. Rachel is an excellent cook; James, the best of valets, never gives me any trouble; and Bob is so good a groom, that my horses are never lame; what the mischief possessed me when I wished to marry?—and to fall in love with a tigress. I've done with it. But what shall I say to her father? The wedding-day is fixed, and, despite all she has said in anger, I shall be obliged to fulfil my engagements; and if I meet her again——"

"Leave that to me, my dear friend," said Ormond, "it is easily arranged. You have an uncle, a rich uncle?"

"Certainly, my uncle Edwards, from whom I have great expectations. Ah, when he dies I am sure of ten thousand."

"Well; he is dying, he had an apoplectic attack last night."

"He had? How came you to know it?"

"How came I to know it? My dear fellow, don't waste time inquiring, but set off at once! It will enable you to come to a decision. Absence is a sure test, and if this wild girl really loves you, absence will try her. At any rate, the news of your uncle's illness will give you an excuse for absenting yourself for an indefinite time, without entirely breaking with this fair dragon."

"It is a good idea. Let us seek Mr. Anderson."

They found Mr. Anderson in his private room, which he dignified by the name of a study, but when he heard Mr. Jefferson's statement, he looked rather blank.

"Come, come, my friend," he said, "I've heard all about that foolish affair of the dog: you ought not to take offence at it. A child's trick, a child's trick! A wife will know better. I trust you are not playing me false."

Ormond, seeing Jefferson wavering, stepped forward. "I assure you, my dear sir, that such is not the case. I myself, I am sorry to say, am the bearer of this sad news; but, knowing that there was no conveyance to town till the evening, I concealed them until the latest moment, in order to spare the feelings of my friend. The coach will pass your door within a quarter of an hour, and we must take our leaves hastily, though unwillingly."

"If it must be so, it must," said Mr. Anderson, slowly rising out of his comfortable arm-chair. "I like not to see marriages delayed. You will return quickly."

"As soon as possible," murmured Jefferson.

"Will you not take leave of the ladies?" said Mr. Anderson.

"Alas! it is impossible," replied Ormond, with great quickness; "my friend has not yet prepared anything for his departure."

"But you, at any rate, need not depart, Mr. Ormond," remonstrated Mr. Anderson. "No, no, we shall keep you as a hostage for Mr. Jefferson."

By no means displeased at this arrangement, Ormond hurried Jefferson away, and, after receiving from him a letter to Celestina, renouncing all claim to her hand, and referring particularly to her behaviour respecting the dog, with a slight reference to the superior excellence of his cook Rachel, Ormond at last succeeded in starting his friend and his pattern valet James, the one in, the other outside the coach, and then resumed his way to the house with a tranquilized mind. Here he passed a delightful evening, the *enfant gâté* was all smiles, and when he bent over her at the piano and requested his favorite pieces, the joyous, pure, and free-hearted glances that met his eyes carried him away into the regions of enchantment. And when, at her request, the trio, Mrs. De Quincy, Celestina, and Ormond, joined in a glee, he sang, (he had many times been praised for his pure bass) with an earnestness, a desire of doing well, that he had never felt before.

When he sat in the quietude of his own room, he thought to himself, is this the spoiled child of whom I have heard so much? the girl whose mind is nothing but a light thing, that can be turned by the power of society? I cannot believe it. She is evidently a child of nature, totally unacquainted with the artifices which teach the practised to conceal their feelings. It is evident that she does not love Jefferson, and I feel very certain that I love her myself. I shall lose no time in acquitting myself of my commission, and he will have no cause to complain if I turn to the fair one he abandons.

Days passed on, and Ormond was lost in the contemplation of this young girl, whose beauty had a seduction for him which he could hardly bring himself to acknowledge. By turns thoughtless as a child, and pensive as a woman, in wild spirits in the morning, and melancholy at night, petulant and serious, she seemed an enigma, and Ormond hesitated. A letter from Jefferson roused him. Absence had calmed his spirit, and he begged his friend, if he had not already delivered the message with which he was charged, and altogether broken the match, to act the part of a peace-maker, and endeavour to move Celestina in his favour. No, no, my friend, thought Ormond, I cannot allow you to be thus fickle: you surrendered Celestina, and have now lost all right to interfere. However, I will put an end to this at once. If she refuses me, she may take you and welcome, but not otherwise. Brimful of valour, he determined to seek Celestina; and at length found her sitting in a pleasant summer-house, with Mrs. De Quincy. The sunbeams poured full upon her beautiful Italian head as she bent over her work, and reflected from her banded hair, shone around her like a glory. As Julius entered, she raised her head, and, dazzled by the light, requested him to draw down the blind. The window looked out upon a lane which ran at the back of the garden. As Julius unfastened the string which kept up the blind,

he perceived the head of a man, who, by the aid of the inequalities of the wall, had clambered up to the window, and, in this extraordinary spy, he recognized his friend Jefferson. His first thought was to throw one of the flower-pots under his hand upon the intruder's head, and crush him like a second Pyrrhus; but his virtue triumphed over his homicidal temptation, and he contented himself with drawing down the blind, giving no sign that he had perceived Jefferson, and shutting the window, which, on second thoughts, he re-opened.

Jefferson had tormented himself with doubts ever since his return to London. His friend's silence surprised him; and, as the dread of Solomon vanished, his remembrance of his mistress's beauty grew stronger. His impatience grew at length so strong, that, after sending his letter to Ormond, he could not wait for a reply, but got on the first coach, and was sat down near Mr. Anderson's house. Then again irresolution came upon him. He did not know in what character he should be received, and whether, if Ormond had followed his first instructions, his visit would not be considered as a gross insult. He recollected that Celestina was accustomed to sit in the summer-house in the afternoon, and it occurred to him that by climbing to the window he might gather sufficient from the conversation between her and Mrs. De Quincy to satisfy his doubts. There were seldom any passers in the lane, and, as the summer-house was situated at an angle of the wall, and the bricks were worn, the ascent was easy. He was in the act of ascending when he espied Ormond, and he drew back, flattering himself that he was unperceived. As soon as the blind was let down he regained his position, and established himself with his feet resting in a gap in the wall, and his hands firmly grasping the iron balcony of the window, and thus, with his head snugly esconced behind a flower-pot, he settled himself to listen.

There was a long silence. Ormond was seated on a stool *very* near Celestina, but he knew not how to begin a conversation, and he looked with imploring eyes towards Mrs. De Quincy, who, though she understood him full well, for she had read his thoughts long before, would not help him. At length, with a wicked meaning in her speech, she said, "Have you heard nothing of Mr. Jefferson lately?"

Ormond saw her meaning, and hesitated for a moment; but quickly resuming self-possession, he answered, "Yes, Madam, I have received a letter from him, announcing his return, and he has commissioned me to inform you of it."

"His uncle has then recovered?"

"I presume he has; but his illness was only an excuse, to afford my friend a delicate opportunity of withdrawing for a few days."

Celestina raised her head, and fixed her expressive eyes upon Ormond.

"If your friend," said she, withan emphasis on the word friend—"If your friend thought it necessary to absent himself, be assured, that I do not desire his return. Pray write, and tell him so."

"You should not be so revengeful," said Mrs. De Quincy, with affected good-nature; "if he repents and confesses his faults—if he confesses himself guilty of being bitten—if he throws himself on his knees, and implores your pardon, ought you not to grant him pardon?"

"What an excellent woman," said Jefferson, behind the flower-pot.

Miss Anderson was silent for a few moments, and then she softly said to Ormond, at whom, though sitting at her feet, she scarcely dared to look—"You, doubtless, are of Emily's opinion?"

A thrill ran through the frame of Julius, as gently bending towards the beautiful girl, who sat motionless, her eyes cast down, but her emotion betrayed by the undulation of her snow-white garment, he murmured,—"It is I who seek for pardon: I, who love you, and whom the very thought of this marriage plunges into despair.—Celestina, my fate is in your hands, the happiness of my life depends on a word. Say, I beg of you,—on my knees I beg you—tell me that you will not marry him."

Celestina answered not, but the pressure of her hand, which he had seized, answered for her.

Mrs. De Quincy, with a wicked smile, quietly said, "It is certainly praiseworthy to plead a friend's cause, but there is no need of so much warmth. Besides, it is not good manners to whisper."

"He is pleading for me;—what will she answer?" said Jefferson, who began to find his position unpleasant.

Celestina rose, and, crossing the floor, sat down by the side of her friend. And hid her face in her bosom. At this moment Jefferson tried to put aside the blind; a motion which was observed only by Ormond, who, changing his position, and approaching Mrs. De Quincy, said aloud—"Allow me to fulfil my commission. What answer shall I send to Jefferson?"

"Very proper," said Mrs. De Quincy, with a sort of maternal gravity; "it is time to make up your mind. If you love Mr. Jefferson, all these disputes are childish. If you do not love him, say so; and your father, I am sure, will not put any constraint on your feelings."

"I do not love him," said Celestina in a firm voice.

Ormond looked round to the window, and perceived by the movement of the blind that these words had reached the ears of Jefferson.

"But you accepted him," said Mrs. De Quincy, in a half-mocking tone.

"I was so young and foolish," remonstrated Celestina. "I liked the thought of living in London; the match pleased my father; and I accepted the hand of Mr. Jefferson, without considering the importance of such an engagement. I am sure he did not look on it in any other light. Fortunately, experience has shewn us that we are not made for one another. I do not blame him; on the contrary, I am ready to confess that I alone am in the wrong. But I could not be happy with him. Why, then, should I marry him?"

"But if he comes back," said Ormond, "how will you receive him?"

"I shall repeat what I have now said."

"What! if he appeared suddenly before you, in a humble, suppliant attitude?"

"Yes;—I tell you I don't love him, and I never will marry him."

Ormond, who stood close by the window, suddenly drew up the blind, and discovered the unhappy Jefferson to the astonished ladies.

"Good day, my dear friend," he cried; "how are you?"

Tired out with his fatiguing position, and overpowered by the smothered laughter of the spectators of his misery, Jefferson let go his hold, and fell prostrate in the lane.

Need we say more? No. Let us end like a good old nursery tale. But a few days more elapsed, and Ormond and Celestina were married; and Jefferson, like a sensible man, comforted himself with Mr. Anderson's good cheer, and danced at the wedding; the same night Solomon most unaccountably disappeared, and, what is more wonderful, was never inquired after.

THE SON TO HIS MOTHER.

BY SAMUEL LOVER, ESQ.

THERE was a place, in childhood, that I remember well,
And, there a voice, of sweetest tone, bright fairy tales did tell;
And gentle words and fond embrace, were given with joy to me,
When I was in that happy place, upon my mother's knee.

When fairy tales were ended, "Good night!" she softly said,
And kissed, and laid me down to sleep, within my tiny bed;
And holy words she taught me there—methinks I yet can see
Her angel eyes, as close I knelt, beside my mother's knee.

In the sickness of my childhood, the perils of my prime,
The sorrows of my riper years, the cares of every time;
When doubt or danger weighed me down, then pleading all for me,
It was a fervent prayer to Heaven, that bent my mother's knee.

And can I this remember, and e'er forget to prove
The glow of holy gratitude—the fulness of my love?
When thou art feeble, mother, come, rest thy arm on me,
And let thy cherished child, support the aged mother's knee.

Vol. 5—No. 2—3 C.

A STORM AT SEA.

BEFORE I went on board, I had said that I should like to witness a storm as fierce as we could escape from without fatal damage. Some passenger repeated this wish of mine (very common in persons going to sea for the first time) in the hearing of the mate, who told the sailors, who accordingly were overheard saying, one afternoon, that I had better come on deck and see what I could see. My clerical friend took the hint, and called me hastily to observe the crew make ready for a squall. I ran up, and perceived the black line advancing over the water from the horizon—the remarkable indication of a coming squall. The sailors were running up the shrouds to get the sails in. The second mate was aloft, in the post of danger, his long black hair streaming in the wind, while with us below all was calm. The sails were got in just in time. The captain did not come down to dinner. Orders were given to “splice the main-brace; for the crew had been handling the ropes since four in the morning. I saw them come for their grog, and then wait for what might happen next. By sunset the sky was tremendous; the sea rising, the wind moaning and whistling strangely. When I staggered to the stern to bid the sea good night according to custom, the waters were splendidly luminous. Floods of blue fire were dashing aboard from our bows, and beyond the whole expanse sparkled as with diamonds. All night the noises would have banished sleep if we could have lain quiet. There was a roar of wind; the waves dashed against the sides of the ship, as if they were bursting in; water poured into our cabin though the skylight was fastened down. * * * *

The state of our cabin was intolerable; the crashing of glass, the complaining voices of the sick ladies, the creaking and straining of the ship, and, above all, the want of air, while the winds were roaring over head. I saw no necessity for bearing all this; so, sick as I was, I put my clothes on, swathed myself in one cloak, and carried up another, wherewith to lash myself to something on deck. There all was so glorious, that I immediately stumbled down again to implore the ladies to come up and be refreshed, but no one would listen to me. They were too ill. I got the captain's leave to fasten myself to the post of the binnacle, promising to give no trouble; and there I saw the whole of the never-to-be-forgotten scene. We were lying in the trough of the sea, and the rolling was tremendous. The captain wished to wear round, and put out a sail, which, though quite new, was instantly split to ribands; so that we had to make ourselves contented where we were. The scene was perfectly unlike what I had imagined. The sea was no more like water than it was like land or sky. When I had heard of the ocean running mountains high, I thought it a mere hyperbolical expression. But here the scene was of huge wandering mountains, wandering as if to find a resting place,—with dreary leaden vales between. The sky seemed narrowed to a mere strip overhead, and a long-drawn extent of leaden waters seemed to measure a thousand miles; and these were crested by most exquisite shades of blue and green where the foam was about to break. The heavens seemed rocking their masses of torn clouds, keeping time with the billows to the solemn music of the winds; the most swelling and mournful music I ever listened to. The delight of the hour I shall not forget; it was the only new scene I had ever beheld that I had totally and unsuspectingly failed to imagine.—*Miss Martineau's Western Travels.*

ANECDOTE OF A QUAKER'S WATCH.—A person of the denomination of “Quakers,” once took his watch to the maker's, with the following words,—“Friend, I have once more brought my erroneous watch, which wants thy friendly care and protection; the last time he was at thy school, he was no ways benefited by thy instruction. I find by the index of his tongue, that he tells false, and that his motions are wavering and unsettled, which makes me believe he is not right in the inward man, I mean the main-spring; I would have thee improve him by thy adjusting tool of truth, that, if possible, thou mayest drive him from the error of his ways,—imagining his body to be foul, and the whole mass corrupted, purge him with thy cleansing stick from all pollution, so that he may vibrate and circulate according to truth: I will board him with thee a few days, and pay thee when thou requirest it. In thy late bill thou chargest me with the one-eighth of a pound sterling, which I will pay thee also. Friend, when thou correctest him, do it without passion, lest by severity thou drivest him to destruction. I would have thee let him visit the sun's motions, and teach him his true calculation table and equation, and when thou findest him conformable to that, send him home with a just bill of moderation, and it shall be faithfully remitted to thee by thy true—“Friend.”

LIFE AND A DAY.

PHILOSOPHERS and poets have oftentimes compared life to a day,—and so, indeed, it is. Brief though the one may be, when viewed in reference to the other, its very briefness is an additional attribute to resemblance; for as the day is to life, so is life to time, and so shall be time to eternity. Let us watch the action of that small portion of our existence, a day, and we shall see compressed within it an epitome of our whole being. Morning will present us with the likeness of infancy, noon with that of boyhood; in the few hours subsequent we shall perceive an analogy to manhood, evening will be our decline, and age and sunset, whether it be accompanied by clear skies or lowering clouds, will be our common ending,—death. Let us trace step by step, and hour by hour, the likeness which exists between life and a day; and for this purpose we will not, with misanthropical gloom, give our selection to winter, neither will we, with poetic fervour, confine ourself to summer, but we will go to that season which, uniting the brightness of one period with the darkness of the other, is most like life itself. We take our day from sober autumn, that time when, though the skies may lower, and the wind howl, the sun will sometimes burst forth, and shew that he still remains in the heavens to shine on us and ours. As the ancients, we begin our day with the coming of light, and like them we end it with its withdrawal.

Six o'clock, a. m. The sun, after struggling with the clouds, appears in the east. There have been eyes which have long and anxiously been watching his advent. Even so it is with the babe new born. He is here; and those who welcome the young pilgrim have been counting the moments that passed heavily away, until his tiny cry was uttered. The womb has given him up, as the dark clouds of night have disclosed the sun. Each is a blessed light to its own world. The sun to the earth, the child to the dwelling, in whose household garland he may be the first flower, or but a new and fresher rose planted in the already ripe and blooming wreath.

Seven o'clock. The day progresses, and the clouds have been dispelled. Now does the pure ether show itself, and the mists that, mingling in a mass, inspired doubt in the bosoms of the watchers of the elements, are vanished. The fears, too, with which so many fond hearts beat on hearing the infant's first faint struggles for breath are allayed, and as the day warms on to meridian brightness, so does the child tremblingly progress onward and onward to its prime.

Eight o'clock. The earth feels warm beneath our feet, and the voices of gladness are about us. We have forgot the shadowy morn, for all wears an aspect of settled mildness, but to the young traveller who has just lighted upon earth. Even as the day wears, so wears he. From the "infant muling and puking in the nurse's arms," has he grown into the laughing, talking boy; no fears are now felt for him. In his eye there is a light, and on his cheek a hue of ruddy health which speak of many days to come. His first dangers are past; and hope, painting the future in hues borrowed from heaven, has pictured the path of that child's sojourn on earth as one that will lie through a paradise of sweetly-smelling flowers. Well, who would disturb the fond vision? Unwise is it to watch either the coming of the storms of life, or the approach of the tempests of a day.

Nine o'clock. The sun is mounting with rapid strides higher and higher towards his meridian throne, and his brief tarrying there promises to be a bright and gladsome one. His beams grow warmer, and he shines down upon the earth the visible god of the universe,—the personified glory of strength, power, majesty, and light. The day and the progressing man are still alike. He is rapidly warming into the consummation of beauty, life and joy, and ere long, will stand as the sun, the visible presentment of his Maker.

Ten o'clock. The sun is nearer its midway course, and the steps between the boy and the man are speedily narrowing.

Eleven o'clock. Beautiful is the day. All things wear a vestment of brightness. It is the coronation of nature; and we seem to be waiting only for the placing of the crown upon the day. Soon shall the diadem be upon its brow; as soon as the circlet of being's sovereignty be seen upon the head of the proclaimed man.

Twelve o'clock. The beauty and the brightness of the day are consummated. Casting our eyes upwards, we see the sun shining in full effulgence, and if we look round, every leaf and flower shares the brightness. The wave of the river is as silver,

and its flow like music. The oars of the boatman dash into the tide, and on leaving the water a myriad of diamonds flash in the sunbeams; the trees of the grove, their hue mellowed into their autumnal yellow, wave gently in the breeze, and their boughs are vocal with a thousand birds. This is the day's jubilee, its meridian, and its prime. There is a thing which is like the day as it now is, glorious and full of gladness. It is man. His helpless infancy, his dependant childhood, his clinging youth, have all passed away, and he now comes forth in the perfections of his nature. He stands erect,

"The king and lord of all."

His eyes beam with gladness, his lips utter the happiness of his heart; and upon his brow, expanded, unwrinkled, and fair, is impressed the seal of thought. More like, as they progress onward, become the life and the day. The sun of the one is the soul of the other; his soul its sun. By the same hand have they been formed, for Omnipotence has given a guide to the day in the great round hung in the firmament, and has imparted a light to his creature in the gift of a mind. Gaze upon the one, and ponder well the other; and in both you will see expressed the Creator and the God.

One o'clock, p. m. The sky is still bright and unclouded, and the earth gladsome and teeming with freshness. Man, too, bath, to our eyes, lost none of the power and beauty which the meridian hour imparted to him, and both the glory of him and that of the day seems as though made for duration.

Two o'clock. There is a cloud rising in the horizon, and, as we watch its progress, it momentarily becomes larger. Too like is it to the shadows that come over life and pall its brightness. Larger and larger grows the cloud, and as it rolls onward towards the sun, its umbrage falls upon the earth, which has become less glittering in its heaven-borrowed hues, less melodious in the silvery trilling of its free birds.

Three o'clock. The cloud, but an hour since a speck in the azure of heaven, has now covered it as a dark mantle, and the rain-drops are beginning to fall. The wind, which but a brief time since was heard amongst the trees, and gently murmuring, seemed as a young spirit wantoning its way, has changed its tone, and now comes in hollow gusts, bearing in its sheeted course the gathered rain. Here, again, may life and the day be companioned. Manhood is past, and age is approaching. The hopes and the joys of the spring and summer tides of life have passed away; and, like a mariner who has launched his bark upon the waters in search of other lands, does the man, in the midst of the gathering storm that lowers upon him, and while the breakers of his sea are beating against the sides of his frail vessel, look towards the dim shore to which the winds are blowing him, and as their dark and undefinable outline greets his eye, memory presents to his mental vision the fair lands he once trod, and amongst whose bowers of happiness he once sat under the vine of his own planting. The gloom of the day increases, and oft are the eyes raised upward in search of some little promise of returning brightness. So do the storms of life augment, and so does hope tremblingly dare to propitiate the return of the sunshine which was wont to beam so brightly, but which the clouds and shadows of adversity seemed to have obscured for ever.

Four o'clock. The war of the elements has increased, and the wind and the rain are singing the requiem of the day's brightness. Towards the western horizon, there is a cleft in the dark clouds, and through it the sun's place may be distinguished. How like is this to life! In the midst of the desolation attendant upon man's solitary decline earthward, something (a trivial thing it may be) will reveal, for a brief time, some spark of that fire which once burned so brightly; and thus the lambent flame arises from the almost quenched embers, as does the flickering illumination of a lamp the moment previous to its utter extinguishment.

Five o'clock. There is a cessation in the fury of the storm, though the day's brightness is not recalled. The rain falls less heavily, and the wind howls not so continuously as before. The one comes to the earth as the partial tears from human eyes; the other moans gloomily along, even as the sighs that, at their appointed time, force their way from the suffering breast. There is a stillness in the atmosphere like the dull silence of a chamber in which a death-summoned man is breathing forth his worn life;*

* It is useless for us to hope that any but a very few of our readers have not been in a situation to have proved the truth of this remark. There exists always in the chamber of death, both preceding and succeeding dissolution, a silence to which nothing can be compared, except, indeed, it be that seeming pause in nature (more awful than the visitation itself) that usually ushers in a thunder storm.

and as the chill of mortality falls upon his brow, and its mists arise before his eyes, do the cold air and shadows of approaching night descend upon the earth. As the time momentarily lessens, the mind in both contemplating the day and the man, is in the same state, for the past brightness of the one has, with the fleeted gladness and beauty of the other, become, by comparison with the present, something like a shadowy dream. In the wet earth and still clouded and unlit sky there is nought resembling the freshness and the glory which, but a few hours since, each was rife of; neither in the pallid cheek, the sunken eye, and the wasted form of threescore, has there survived one attribute of past comeliness, nor does there exist one token of departed gladness.

Six o'clock. The partition 'twixt day and night is, like the separation of the line between a distant sea and the sky, undistinguishable. So is the division of day from night, life from death. The moment comes, but when we know not. Six o'clock ! The sun has set, and the man is dead !

NOVICE.

ODE TO CHILDHOOD.

Am ! why should I languish in vain,
Or why in despondency mourn,
For a loss that I ne'er can regain,
For a season that ne'er can return ?
Dear season of joy, health and ease,
How soon did those pleasures depart,
When guiltless simplicity's rays,
Enlighten'd an innocent heart !

Ye days of my Childhood, how sweet !
The first happy boon from above,
When I flew a dear mother to meet,
And lit on the bosom of love ;
Enwrap'd in a fond father's arms
A parents soft passion begun,
Who eagerly gazed on my charms,
And joyfully call'd me his son.

To dwell on those pleasures gone by,
A sympathy flows from the breast,
A tear issues forth with a sigh,
From a thought that can ne'er be express'd.
To dwell on those days of delight,
When joy did my temples adorn ;
When I peacefully lay through the night,
And cheerfully rose in the morn.

Ungovern'd by habit and rule,
All thought was unblemish'd and free ;
Uncleth'd by the fetters of school,
I ranged with the bird and the bee.
No grief could my pleasures o'erthrow,
Anxiety, sorrow, nor care ;
Nor e'en those emotions which flow
From the soft smiling lips of the fair.

Where now is my dog that well knew
The sound which my whistle bestow'd ?
And where is the gig that I drew,
With the nag that I merrily rode ?
Where now is the straw covered cot,
The cove, and the old spreading tree,
Which shadowed that green peaceful spot,
Where I play'd, lovely Mary, with thee ?

My gig and my whistle are lost,
My cove and my cottage decay'd ;
My green, through adversity's frost,
Already beginneth to fade.
And fall'n from simplicity's truth,
To ponder o'er error's dark page,
Where soon the bright prospects of youth,
Must be lost in the blindness of age.

Oh ! ye that lie cold in the tomb,
Who once in my joys bore a part :
Though wrap'd in the grave's silent gloom,
Shall ever hang dear on my heart ;
When Heav'n shall in sympathy drop
Death's veil over life's dreary scene,
Upborn on the pinions of hope,
I fly to your bosoms again.

Thus let me thy innocence greet,
For such is the lore that I love ;
Dear season of Childhood so sweet,
Meek Jesus thy charms did approve.
Dear Childhood ! the best of our days,
On thee I'll bestow my last theme ;
Thy pleasures through manhood I'll praise,
And thy beauties through age I'll proclaim !

T. S. LANDER.

Ebro Vale.

LODGE OFFICERS.

WHAT an important personage is the man in office! All he says is gospel, no one possesses the knowledge and discretion as himself,—every sentence pleasing,—every move approved, he can possibly not err: his views, if attacked, would liable the person to be worried by scores, although some wonder, not being known previous, or if known not from any particular abilities, that only proves ignorance. Common sense must convince every one that he is a man of considerable knowledge, or else would his opinions and advice be so frequently solicited; or would his decisions give universal satisfaction,—nay, would he have been in such an important office? Besides all are sure, that not one of his predecessors was so fit as himself. Mr. So-and-so had this, and Mr. So-and-so had that fault,—as for himself, there is the talent of a Solon combined with the genius of a Demosthenes. Such are our views when “authority intoxicates.” The object of my writing is to prevent such ridiculous notions. Do not, my good reader, think yourself wise on account that the few who surround you when in office say so; if you do, men of sense will have cause to pity thy understanding,—do not assume an air consequence, it has not a tendency to make you appear great, it renders you contemptible. It is admitted that “experience makes fools wise,” then take a lesson from your humble servant. Do not smile at the simplicity to expose my own weakness; the thought of saving you similar mortification is sufficient inducement, even at the risk of being laughed at. Be not deceived, the office is important,—not the man; it is not merit, but circumstances, which raised you to that eminence; a respect for office causes even a foolish mandate to be obeyed, but it is not admired: there are hundreds more competent than yourself. Those who preceded have raised the edifice,—see that it is delivered in as good a condition as you found it; would you have had an existence if it were not for those who preceded you? Remember, when out of office, you will have time to reflect,—all the follies you have committed will force themselves to your notice,—now it is in your power to save the mortification others have experienced on recovering their senses.

But let us now turn the leaf. What a crime it is to be in office,—what a host of enemies it will create,—how every move, sentence, or act is misconstrued,—how much better than ourselves others know our thoughts and actions,—how anxious to find a hole in the coat, how ready to stick a finger in it,—with what a jaundiced eye our actions are viewed,—how pleasing to cross our path,—how even praiseworthy deeds are condemned, merely on account of emanating from those in office; what a difference is drawn between the past and the present,—the one was wise, the other is foolish,—the one had ability, the other has none: how all the wisdom was concentrated in olden times, and what a lack at present,—how singular to choose such an unfit being, as if there was no choice,—how tyrannical, how incompetent,—nay, not a good quality to be found. Such are the comforts “men in office” enjoy; it is not sufficient to spend your time and money to serve others: the puny fancy themselves great beings, and to prove it, they take all means to oppose those who should be supported,—oh, what sport!—poor things—have pity on them; the contempt of the wise is punishment enough, and if they are not sensible their friends feel for them. Besides, their apish tricks cause amusement, nor is it without a liability to receive a benefit; it enables one to see the failings of man, and therefore an inducement to evade attaching one's own folly to our opponent. But look at the simple creatures. Are there not more spotless associates to detect criminality,—are there none so intelligent as yourself,—who appointed thee the guardian of morality, wisdom, and propriety? Does vindictiveness discharge its spleen,—has disappointment opened a battery,—is no one acquainted with thy disorder,—art thou not aggravating the malady,—will the remedy not be worse than the disease? Be cautious, lest mortification settle thy existence.

J. PEISER.

Apollo Lodge, September, 1839.

WASPS.—It is not generally known that the large wasps which are seen flying about in the months of April and May, are *Queen* wasps, and that, therefore, the destruction of them is the prevention of the birth of myriads of wasps.

TO THE MOON.

(SELECT.)

SHINE on, shine on! thou beautiful moon!
 With an undiminished ray,
 As a beacon light, through the stormy night,
 For the mariner on his way!

Shine on, shine on! in thy midnight course
 Thy beams on the waters play,
 Near a whispering prayer, "O tarry there!",
 For the mariner on his way!

Shine on, shine on! thou majestic orb,
 Lest gathering clouds betray:
 With the light God gave illumine the wave,
 For the mariner on his way!

Shine on, shine on! till the morning breaks
 In the golden light of day,
 As a heavenly guide, o'er the ocean wide,
 For the mariner on his way!

Shine on, shine on! for he looks on thee,
 Wherever his bark may stray;
 For those afar, who are watching each star,
 For the mariner on his way!

Shine on, shine on! in careering high,
 While lonely I trace thy way,
 With a beating heart, lest thy light depart
 From the mariner on his way!

Newark District.

B.

ANCESTORS AND DESCENDANTS.

STRANGE inconsistency! to be proud of having as much gold and silver laid upon you as a mule hath, and yet to carry it less composedly. The mule is not answerable for the conveyance and discharge of his burden, you are. Stranger infatuation still, to be proud of an excellent thing done by another than by yourselves, supposing any excellent things to have actually been done; and, after all, to be more elated on his cruelties than his kindness, by the blood he hath spilt than by the benefits he hath conferred; and to acknowledge less obligation to a well informed and well-intentioned progenitor than to a lawless and ferocious barbarian. Would stocks and stumps, if they could utter words, utter such gross stupidity? Would the apple boast his crab origin? or the peach of his prune? Hardly any man is ashamed of being inferior to his ancestors, although it is the very thing at which the great should blush, if, indeed, the great in general descended from the worthy. I did expect to see the day, and, although I shall not see it, it must come at last, when he shall be treated as a madman or an impostor who dares to claim nobility or precedence, and cannot show his family name in the history of his country. Even he who can show it, and who cannot write his own under it in the same or as goodly characters, must submit to the imputation of degeneracy, from which the lowly and obscure are exempt. He alone who maketh you great maketh you greater; and it is only by such an implement that Almighty God himself effects it. When he taketh away a man's wisdom, he taketh away his power over himself and over others. What help of him, then! he may sit idly and swell his spleen, saying—Who is this? who is that? and at the question's end the spirit of inquiry dies away in him. It would not have been so, if, in happier hour he had said within himself—Who am I? What am I? and had prosecuted the search in good earnest. —*Landon's Examination of William Shakespeare.*

TO NIAGARA.

Written at the first sight of its falls.—August 13th, 1838.

BY J. S. BUCKINGHAM.

HAIL sovereign of the world of floods! whose majesty and might
First dazzle—then enrapture—then o'erawe the aching sight;
The pomp of kings and empires, in every clime and zone,
Grow dim beneath the splendours of thy glorious watery throne.

No fleet can stop thy progress, no armies bid thee stay,
But onward—onward—onward, thy march still holds its way;
The rising mist that veils thee, as thy herald, goes before,
And the music that proclaims thee, is the thund'ring cataract's roar.

Thy diadem is an emerald green, of the clearest, purest hue,
Set round with waves of snowy foam, in spray of feathery dew;
While tresses of the brightest pearls float o'er thine ample sheet,
And the rainbow lays its gorgeous gems in tribute at thy feet.

Thy reign is of the ancient days, thy sceptre from on high,
Thy birth was when the distant stars first lit the glowing sky;
The sun, the moon, and all the orbs that shine upon thee now,
Beheld the wreath of glory which first bound thy infant brow.

And from that hour to this, in which I gaze upon thy stream—
From age to age—in winter's frost—in summer's sultry beam;
By day, by night—without a pause—thy waves, with loud acclaim,
In ceaseless sounds have still proclaimed the great Eternal's name!

For, whether on thy forest banks, the Indian of the wood,
Or, since his days, the Red Man's foe, on his father land have stood;
Whoe'er has seen thine incense rise, or heard thy torrents roar,
Must have bent before the God of all, to worship and adore.

Accept, then; O Supremely Great! O Infinite! O God;
From this primeval altar—the green and virgin sod—
The humble homage that my soul, in gratitude, would pay
To Thee! whose shield has guarded me in all my wandering way.

For, if the ocean be as nought, in the hollow of thine hand,
And all the rivers of the globe in thy balance but a sand;
If Niagara's mighty flood seems great to us, who bow,
O Great Creator of the whole! how passing great art Thou!

Yet, though Thy power is far more vast than finite mind may scan,
Thy mercy is e'en greater still to weak, dependant man,—
For him thou fill'st the teeming fields with every yielding seed,
For him the woods, the lakes, the seas, supply his hourly need.

Around, on high—or far, or near—the universal whole
Proclaim Thy glory, as the orbs in their fixed courses roll;
And, from Creation's grateful voice, the hymn ascends above—
While heaven re-echoes back to earth the truth, that "God is love."

Buffalo Journal.

PARTING.—There is something in parting that softens the heart;—it is as if we had never felt how unutterably dear a beloved object could be till we are about to lose it for ever.

TO THE EDITOR AND COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT FOR THE
MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

I AM surprised and disappointed to find that none of your numerous and intelligent contributors have taken any notice of the interesting facts introduced, some months ago, into your Magazine, under the signature of "A CORRESPONDENT." All of them are easily explained, and they may be readily found in several popular works on science. Such statements, with their confirmations, are highly worthy of insertion in your valuable publication, as they excite and expand the mind, while they display, in a very imposing manner, the resources of theoretical knowledge practically applied.

I shall take the first two facts, given by "A Correspondent," which are thus admirably explained and illustrated by Sir David Brewster, in a way so simple and so perspicuous as to be readily comprehended by the least enlightened of your readers:—"Two loud sounds," he observes, "may be made to produce silence, and two strong lights may be made to produce darkness."

"I. If two equal and similar strings or columns of air, in two equal and similar pipes, perform exactly one hundred vibrations in a second, they will produce each equal waves of sound; and these waves will conspire in generating an uninterrupted sound, double of either of the sounds heard separately. If the two strings, or the two columns of air, are not in unison, but nearly so, as in the case where the one vibrates one hundred, and the other one hundred-and-one times in a second, then at the first vibration the two sounds will form one of double the strength of either; but the one will gradually gain upon the other, till at the fiftieth vibration it has gained half a vibration on the other. At this instant the two sounds will *destroy one another*, and an interval of perfect silence will take place. The sound will instantly re-commence, and gradually increase till it becomes loudest at the hundredth vibration, where the two vibrations conspire in producing a sound double of either. An interval of silence will again occur at the 150th, 250th, 350th vibration, or every second; while a sound of double the strength of either, will be heard at the 200th, 300th, and 400th vibration. When the unison is very defective, or when there is a great difference between the number of vibrations which the two strings or columns of air perform in a second, the successive sounds and intervals of silence resemble a rattle. With a powerful organ the effect of this experiment is very fine; the repetition of the sounds *wow—wow—wow*—representing the double sound, and the interval of silence which arise from the total extinction of the two separate sounds.

"II. The phenomena corresponding to this in the case of light, is perhaps more surprising. If a beam of *red* light issues from a luminous point, and falls upon the retina, we shall see distinctly the luminous object from which it proceeds; but if another pencil of red light issues from another luminous point anyhow situated, provided the difference between its distance, and that of the other luminous point from the point of the retina, on which the first beam fell, is the 258th thousandth part of an inch, or exactly *twice, thrice, four times, &c.*, that distance; and if this second beam falls upon the same point of the retina, the one light will increase the intensity of the other, and the eye will see *twice* as much light as when it received only one of the beams separately. All this is nothing more than might be expected from our ordinary experience. But if the difference in the distances of the two luminous points is only *one-half* of the 258th thousandth part of an inch, or $1\frac{1}{2}$, $2\frac{1}{2}$, $3\frac{1}{2}$, $4\frac{1}{2}$ times that distance, *the one light will extinguish the other, and produce absolute darkness*. If the two luminous points are so situated, that the difference of their distances from the point of the retina is intermediate between 1 and $1\frac{1}{2}$, or 2 and $2\frac{1}{2}$, above the 258th thousandth part of an inch, the intensity of the effect which they produce will vary from absolute darkness, to double the intensity of either light. At $1\frac{1}{4}$, $2\frac{1}{4}$, $3\frac{1}{4}$ times, &c., the 258th thousandth of an inch, the intensity of the two combined lights will be equal only to one of them acting singly. If the lights, in place of falling upon the retina, fall upon a sheet of white paper, the very same effect will be produced; a black spot being produced in the one case, and a bright white one in the other, and the intermediate degrees of brightness in intermediate cases."

After some other practical illustrations. Sir D. Brewster attempts, very ingeniously, to account, theoretically, for the phenomena. But to lengthen the extract, would, I fear, render it unfitted for your publication.

VOL. 5—No. 8—3 D.

ONE OF YOUR READERS.

RESIGNATION UNDER AFFLICTION.

Why dost thou view with anxious thought,
And trembling take the bitter draught
Now given, my soul, to thee?
Reflect,—it is thy father's hand,—
'Tis thine t' obey,—His to command,—
Receive it patiently.

'Tis mingled and dealt out to thee
By His kind hand, who constantly
O'er all thy life presides:
Trust, then, to thy Physician's skill,—
What He prescribes can ne'er be ill,—
Thou'rt safe whate'er betides.

To each disease He knows what's fit,—
Then own him wise,—learn to submit,
And never once repine.
I'll bear it all, nor think amiss,
Since 'tis Thy pleasure, Lord, it is,—
It must—it shall be mine!

Nelson Lodge, Kendal.

What tho' it causes me to smart,
And sorely wounds me to the heart,
'Tis but design'd to cure:
Though all I prize below be gone,
I still will pray,—“Thy will be done,”
Thy will I still endure.

And should'st thou call on me to part
With the desire of my fond heart,
I'll that and more resign;
Thou gavest a greater gift to me,
My little all, I give to Thee,
Since, Saviour, thou art mine!

Take all, dear Lord, I will not grieve,
But wish that I had more to give,
For all I have is Thine:
I'll bless Thy goodness, and submit
To all Thy wisdom shall see fit,
Nor at Thy will repine.

T. GREENHOW, P. G.

TALES OF SORROW.

Occasioned by the news of the sudden Death of a brother of mortality.

How oft our ears with terror start,
Our eyes with sorrow flow,
And tender feelings rend the soul,
To hear a brother's woe.

How oft rude tales of keen distress,
Ride on our neighbour's breath,
To tell some friend's afflicted life,
Or more appalling death.

Our faltering senses catch their words,
And trembling fear them true,
Till some confirming herald comes,
The tidings to renew.

Now we believe, and mourn to know
A kindred soul is fled,—
A dear below'd retir'd from life,
To sleep among the dead.

But why should we lament their loss,
Though they were doubly dear;
Or at their death afflicted stand,
And gush the crystal tear?

To those who find their rest with God,
Death only proves a friend,
In taking them from pain and care,
To joys which know no end.

But are we not prepar'd to die?
Ah! that's the galling thought!

Then death appears a horrid fiend,
With deepest terror fraught.

These are the products of our sin,—
Death, and a fear to die;
Distress and pain of every kind,
That make a mortal sigh.

Oh! hateful sin, how vile art thou!
Satan's infernal child,—
By whose insinuating ways,
Our souls are all defiled.

O! God of Heaven! thy Spirit's aid
Send down to break this chain,
Nor let us lie half dead, and bound
In sin, and fear, and pain.

Bestow on us a glimpse divine,
Of pure celestial light;
To chase away all fear of death,
And fill us with delight.

Give us the grace of Jesus Christ,
To renovate our souls;
And give us faith which will not shrink,
Where fell destruction rolls.

Then will each doleful tale we hear,
Impart no anxious doubt,
But drive our souls more close to thee,
And make us more devout.

A. G. TYSON.

MARY GREY.

BY MRS. D. CLARKE.

"RICH as the sunbeam, and pure as the snow."—*Miss Jewsbury.*

Now, although there were many, very many girls in our neighbourhood who might have been termed much prettier, yet had Mary Grey ever the greatest number of beaux. The female part of the creation immediately surrounding her influence could not account for it at all. That she was a flirt they all agreed, but how that despised quality could gain her so many admirers, was not so easily determined; for not only had Mary beaux of the moment, or of the hour, but more than one, two, or three, it was known, would have gladly led her smiling through the rustic porch of our neat little church; but, it would seem, Mary thought singleness was indeed sometimes blessedness.

But was Mary a flirt? I fear she must plead guilty to the charge—that is, if loving to see the rougher sex bending to her smiles—laughing and chatting with every young man within reach of her bright eyes and red dimpling lips, may be so termed. I have said she was not pretty—that is, she did not possess that regular kind of feature and peculiarity of complexion called by her own sex, prettiness. But, if diamond eyes, and carmine cheeks, and saucy-looking lips of a deeper hue, count for aught in beauty's catalogue, why Mary certainly was more than pretty. To my mind it would have been no compliment to Mary to say she was pretty, for that to me ever sounds very much like silliness. If it has been my fate to hear any particular style of face cried up as pretty, on introduction I have ever found it to amount to nothing more than inanimate insignificance. Save me, then, from these lily-like specimens of prettiness, and give me a bright, bounding, laughing creature, whose very tongue, though it talk nonsense, is ever music itself. Who would not prefer the veriest nonsense from such a one, to the farfetched, measured words of sedate prettiness?

At all events, Mary Grey had a ready knack of talking complete nonsense—and, perhaps, that was one reason why the young men congregated near her in the little parties got up in the neighbourhood, or lounging after her in her walks. Most of them could talk sense themselves, or heard sufficient of this dry, every-day world, from their fellow-men, and were therefore won from the moroseness of their own hearts by her pretty laugh and jibe; and although first one and then another fancied that her smile shone brightest on himself, it would seem Mary never intended that it should do so; for, let that self-flattering one presume but upon one step of familiarity, Mary's eye was opened upon him as full and cold as though sunbeam had never lighted it. This was the sum total of her flirtations. She never was wooed, and, when nearly won, cast off the heart that had been clinging to hers; no—Mary's heart was too loving, or rather, too full of its own sweet benevolence to pain another wilfully. Her smiles were planted in the dimples surrounding her lips by nature, and her own merry spirit taught her to give of them freely to all within their influence. Could they who called her flirt, in the worst sense of the word, have seen her with a knot of gay urchins, from two years old upwards, or have watched her, when a leisure hour gave free scope to chase her pet dog along the enclosure of her father's little garden, they might have noted that her smiles were dispensed as freely to that group of curly-headed, noisy ones, and that her tongue ran as glibly, her eyes danced as gaily, when catching Miss Mira (as her dog was called); as though each lisping tongue had been the tutored one of a flatterer, or the imprisoned pet a heart just trepanned from a beating breast.

And so lived Mary Grey for months and years, till, at last, her kind acquaintances were beginning to speak of her as one who would flirt away all good looks and then sit down a discontented old maid. But such was not her intention; and even if it had been, it was soon destined to be overturned. Mary fell in love! Yes, at last her full heart gave up its store of bright thoughts, hopings, and imaginings to the keeping of another—one, in every respect, its antipode, except in its capability of loving. She gave it to the fostering care of Henry More. And who was Henry More? The young minister of the little church, who had just arrived as their pastor; his total income amounting to little more than might have kept a gentleman's gentleman out of livery suits: with him Mary fell in love; and it was returned with a fulness of affection natural to the simplicity and quietness of spirit which Henry More pre-eminently pos-

essed. The first time their eyes rested on each other was the Sunday on which he delivered his addressing sermon. It was natural that he should cast his eye around the humble pews to ascertain the probable general character of the flock over whose eternal destiny he was to preside, as far as guidance, example, and persuasion might give him that power. His eye, at last, rested on a pair of orbs cast mildly and expectantly on him, while the lips were parted as though about to address him with a sweet welcome to the hearth of her home; and, for a moment, he paused, forgetting in what station he stood, almost fancying the voice was already tuned on his ear; but the organ burst forth in its fulness and recalled him from the realms of fancy to his responsibility. He read the prayers, and, so long as the mere following printed forms sufficed, all was well; and with his sermon, plain and simple as the heart that dictated it, were his hearers pleased, for they were for the most part plain and simple also; but he had intended to have enlarged upon many points which, in the varied emotions of his breast, he could not venture to commence. Perhaps it was as well as it was, for nothing could exceed the kindness with which the greater part of his hearers waited in the porch to welcome him among them, and invite him to their homes. Among these was the parent of Mary Grey, and she herself was leaning on that parent's arm to second the invitation given; but, for the first time, Mary's little tongue refused its office, and the wish that he would drop in at any time to taste the best their cottage afforded, died upon her lips. But she raised her eyes, not with the full tide of radiance with which they usually beamed on others, but with a chastened gleam, half hope, half fear. To the eye bent eagerly for that glance it bore all that was bright and beautiful, while the expectant, hoping ear was disappointed of the music it had anticipated, and felt almost inclined to chide those parted lips which had led it to believe that it would be gratified with at least but one word; but no, the lips grew a deeper crimson, and then their owner turned away on her father's arm, wishing that she had not felt so shy, fearing that her silence might be misconstrued into something that might induce the young pastor to absent himself from their home; indeed her silence was so uncommon that her father remarked it, and inquired kindly, though roughly, what ailed her. Mary roused herself and replied, "Nothing!" and immediately commenced a conversation almost on *nothing* itself, but which satisfied her father, and so passed the remainder of the day.

Not only days, but weeks and even months passed, and during that time Mary had found that her involuntary silence had not offended the pastor, for he had called and called, and still each time was more warmly welcomed, till, at last, Mary's tongue felt not so embarrassed, and made its own happiness in delighting the ear of the ever-ready listener, Henry More; while her ear reaped the reward of its kindred tongues by drinking in the subdued, but deeply musical tones of its instructor. Ay, they had taught her to love with all her strength of hope, and to fix that hope in brighter realms than those in which her spirit had once made its home. Still, Mary's laugh, her smile, her voice were the same as ever. There was no gloom, no reserve; perhaps, no wonder, for many a bosom beat high for the opportunities of becoming holy by the same means which were possessed by Mary, although her instructor could boast so few of this world's goods.

So went on Mary, hoping and dreaming, till one evening she found herself listening to a declaration of the most fervid and unalterable attachment, and her young heart had pledged itself in return without one thought as to how her father might receive notice of such an engagement, or how the future might minister to this cold world's necessities.

"Dearest Mary," said he, pressing her to his bosom; and "Dear Henry," whispered Mary, clinging to his heart, in confidence, innocence, and love.

SECRECY.—What is mine, even to my life, is her's I love; but the secret of my friend, is not mine.—*Sir P. Sidney.*

INJUSTICE AND TYRANNY.—Of all injustice that is the greatest which goes under the name of the law; and of all sorts of tyranny the forcing of the letter of the law against equity is the most insupportable.—*Sir R. L'Estrange.*

MY CHIMNEY.

*Written on a stormy day, and addressed to brother Cooper, Schoolmaster,
Secretary of the Denison Lodge, Scarborough District.*

Good morning, friend, whose happy fare
Hath fallen in the country air,
To scan the attic lore;
I owe you now a line or two,
So wait a moment, here's your due,
I will not say 'tis more.

First, by the way, let me remark,
I've little more than just a spark,
That I can call a fire;
The morning, too, is very chill,
It almost makes my heart stand still,
And all its life expire.

My four old windows all around
Conspire in one alarming sound,
All threat'ning soon to break:
And, lo! I scarce can bear to look
Upon my paper through the smoke,
My chimney doth so reek.

For *Boreas* will so descend,
And fill my room from end to end,
With all my chimney's wealth;
'Midst storm and dangers thus I stand,
And grasp my pen with trembling hand,
Ay! trembling for my health.

My health! O yes, that word was true,
I fear for that, and so would you,
When perils grow so great.
So worthy friends, as you're so wise,
Do not so clean a job despise,—
Come mend my chimney's state.

Mend it! nay, 'tis not broke you know;
But, strange to tell, when north winds blow,
Those winds too oft descend,
And cleanly sweep my chimney through,
And on me all its soot bestow,
As though I was its friend.

But such rough friends I never woo,
As soot and smoke, (*the dirty two!*)
I want a cleaner sort;
And when upon a stormy day,
These call to greet me by the way,
I'd rather be forgot.

I know you love to see a friend,
With him a little time to spend
In friendship's sweetest ease;
But would you wish with me to share,
Those guests of mine who heighten care,
But never—never please.

These guests I know you covet not,
Like me, you wish to be forgot
By tiresome, dirty folk;
So let us now our heads unite,
And try to set the matter right,
For error is no joke.

Then, first, pray tell me, if you know,
Why such tempestuous winds oft blow,—
And why those piercing storms;
The cause, I fear, you cannot tell,—
But this we know,—that all is well
Which Providence performs.

To Nature, then, we must not look,
To find the cause why chimneys smoke,
As she from fault is clear;
But search and tell me, if you can,—
Were chimneys not contriv'd by man?
Then he their faults must bear!

I know you'll find that was the case,
If you the origin will trace
Of chimney-sweepers' trade;
The builder then should best explain,
Why smoke will not aloft remain,
As he the chimney made.

Go to the builder, and he soon
Some cause, exotic as the moon
Or polar star, will blame;
At all events he's sure to find
Something to which the cause to bind,
And so preserve his fame.

So yet those flues which downward cast
Their soot and smoke, each stormy blast,
Are laid on Nature's back;
And what is here by builders said,
Is found to act in every trade,
Where any work may crack.

MORAL.

In law, in trade, in politics,—
At home, abroad, we find such tricks
As justice would condemn:
But lest my verse some child offends,
I'll turn upon my chimney friends,
And vent my thoughts on them.

By this invention I remove
All fear of vexing those I love,
(That is both friends and foes);
But if you think I shall offend,
Or disoblige one single friend,
I beg you interpose.

I look around, and first is seen,
 Friend Mr. *Neddy Chimney's* mien,
 So wondrous fair and great;
 He is so bold, and mighty, too,
 That those are but a daring few,
 Who durst incur his hate.

Now, *Neddy*, like some graver men,
 His wisdom cannot long retain,
 But tries to make a show;
 And outward casts with thundering force,
 His *clouds of knowledge*, strangely coarse,
 This is his smoke you know.

But for his smoke he long might vie
 With other men, to catch the eye
 Of some untutor'd clown;
 But *wind*, or *smoke*, his purpose serves,
 And gains him what he scarce deserves,
 A name of high renown.

And, ah! besides this showy cloud,
 He boasting whistles out so loud
 The deaf can almost hear;
 While some offended at the sound,
 Attempt to keep him in due bound,
 But bigots interfere.

For some great men so well can act,
 As make some think a fiction fact,
 And hide their baser deeds;
 And, Sir, the most eccentric ways
 Will gain one man another's praise,
 When wisdom scarce succeeds.

Rutland Lodge, Scarborough.

Dissimulation often too,
 Comes in to help the roguish through,
 And learn them to defame;
 And hence we find some of this sort,
 Delight to build some base report
 Upon a brother's name.

My chimney scene is useful then,
 To represent a sort of men
 Who, with a selfish view,
 A mighty great profession make,
 All for their reputation's sake,
 When little they can do.

How often does this sort of folk,
 Attract th' unwary by their talk,
 Though 'tis but smoky air:
 How oft unfairly they obtrude,
 And useful, honest men exclude
 From what they ought to share.

As now my useful light and fire
 Before the storm must soon retire,
 Nor warmth nor light provide;
 While falling plaster, brick and tile,
 With all that's dirty, base and vile,
 Augment on every side.

Despise not, Sir, my simile,
 Nor dread a storm of smoke to see,
 But something learn therefrom;
 You oft may see the picture fair,
 So mark it out with skill and care,
 Whenever it may come.

A. G. TYSON.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

NATURE, in zeal for human amity,
 Denies or damps an undivided joy:
 Joy is an import, joy is an exchange,—
 Joy flies monopolists—it calls for two.
 Rich fruit! Heaven-planted, never pluck'd by one;
 Needful auxiliars are our friends, to give
 To social man true relish of himself.

What would this world be without Friendship—no one to participate our enjoyments, or condole in our sufferings? A dismal one indeed. I recollect one of our poets, I think Dr. Young, somewhere exclaims,—

“Poor is the friendless master of a world!”

Sum up all the pleasures it will afford, present them in the most glowing colors of imagination,—what are they without a friend, a sharer? Insipid, tasteless. Draw up in one view all the miseries to which humanity is exposed, clothe them in their most sable garments, and but say there is one to pity,—the soul proudly triumphs. Oh, Friendship! oft have I tasted thy delights,—oft sipped at thy cup,—oft have seen thee sparkle in the eye at the relation of a brother's prosperity, or in a silent tear strive to steal away unobserved from a view of his distress. Oh, but continue thy favour, celestial being! pour thy balm into my wounds,—I ask no more. And as for thou, Fortune, capricious goddess, I despise thee: honors and riches thou mayest deny me, but the refined pleasures of sensibility are far beyond thy reach.

Noah's Ark Lodge, Newark District.

JUNIUS.

SKETCHES OF POETRY AND POETS.

BY G. P. JENNINGS.

No. IX.—WILLIAM COWPER.

"FAREWELL! endued with all that could engage
 All hearts to love thee, both in youth and age:
 In prime of life, for sprightliness enroll'd
 Among the gay, yet virtuous as the old;
 In life's last stage, (O, blessings rarely found,)
 Pleasant as youth with all its blossoms crown'd!
 Through every period of this changeful state,
 Unchanged thyself, wise, good, affectionate.
 Marble may flatter; and lest this should seem
 O'ercharg'd with praises on so dear a theme;
 Although thy worth be more than half suppress'd,
 Love shall be satisfied, and veil the rest."

Cowper's Tribute to a Friend.

THIS admirable poet, and excellent man, was born at Great Berkhamstead, in Hertfordshire, on the 15th of November, 1731. His father, Dr. John Cowper, was Rector of that place, and Chaplain to George II., and also related to Lord Chancellor Cowper; his mother was the daughter of Roger Dunne, Esq., and was of noble descent, her family tracing their origin to King Henry III. "Distinction of this nature," justly remarks Dr. Johnson, "can shed no additional lustre on the memory of Cowper; yet genius, however exalted, disdains not, while it boasts not, the splendour of ancestry; and royalty itself may be pleased, and perhaps benefitted, by discovering its kindred to such piety, such purity, and such talents as his." But the exemplary character and merit of this lady are stronger claims for respect and remembrance than her illustrious descent; and this deserves more to be noticed, since the first event recorded in the biography of our poet, is her death, which happened when he was only six years old. This loss was severely felt by him at that tender age, and made a deep impression on his mind; so much, that at nearly fifty years after, drew from him a poem, which is justly esteemed one of the most beautiful and pathetic compositions that ever emanated from his pen.

Soon after his mother's death, young Cowper was placed at a large school, at Market Street, in Hertfordshire, where he experienced various hardships, common to those establishments at that time, which he was ill prepared to meet, by the great delicacy of his constitution, and the tenderness with which he had previously been treated. His natural timidity also rendered him a fitting object for the tyranny of some of his elder school-mates. In about two years he was removed from this school, and as he had contracted a complaint in his eyes, which was feared would deprive him of sight, he was placed under the care of an eminent oculist, with whom he continued, till he was sent to Westminster school, where he remained till he was eighteen. He here formed acquaintance with several youths, who were scholars at the same time, and afterwards became distinguished characters in the literary world; among them were Churchill, Colman, Cumberland, and Hastings, for the latter of whom he had a particular regard. At the age of eighteen, he left Westminster, and was placed for three years with a solicitor, he having fixed on the law for a profession. He had here for fellow-clerk, no less a person than the after Lord Chancellor Thurlow, who had been educated at Canterbury school. Whatever Cowper's prospects for success in the law might be, as far as connection was concerned, it appears to have been a study very uncongenial to him, and his progress in it was consequently small.

In 1752 he left the solicitor's office, and took chambers in the Temple, where he had been previously entered. And here he was first affected with that distressing malady, a diseased mind, which at different times and under different symptoms, darkened so much of his life. Its commencement he has thus feelingly described:—"I was struck, not long after my settlement in the Temple, with such a dejection of spirits, as none but those who have felt the same can have any conception of. Day and night I was upon the rack, lying down in horror, and rising up in despair. I frequently lost all relish for those studies to which I had before been closely attached. I had need of something more salutary than amusement, but I had no one to direct

me where to find it." He continued in this wretched state for about a year, when a change of scene was recommended by his friends, and he accordingly went to Southampton, where he found great relief; while enjoying the beautiful scenery around him, his mind was filled with rapture and delight, which he at first attributed to a supernatural interference of Providence; but he appears shortly after to have indulged largely in scepticism on religious subjects, so that in a short time he banished their consideration entirely from his mind.

The natural diffidence and timidity of his disposition, had now quite precluded the hope of his rising to any degree of eminence in the law, and he was therefore induced by his friends to try some other means of securing a comfortable income, and he at length obtained an appointment to the situation of clerk of the journals of the House of Lords. The duties of this office were performed privately, and it seemed on that account peculiarly adapted for him; but some dispute happening to arise respecting the right of nomination, it was rendered necessary for him to appear at the bar of the house, in order to take the office; and the dread of this ordeal so wrought upon his mind, that all his terrors and despondency returned. His malady increased to such a degree, that he several times attempted suicide, and the means by which he was prevented from effecting it, were almost miraculous, and he was at length placed in a private asylum at St. Albans; the clerk's situation being of course abandoned. But enough of this painful theme. He recovered in a few months, and went to reside at Huntingdon. The state of his feelings at this time are thus beautifully expressed in his favourite poem,—“The Task :”—

“ I was a stricken deer, that left the herd
Long since; with many an arrow, deep infixt,
My panting side was charged; when I withdrew
To seek a tranquil death in distant shades.
There was I found by ONE who had himself
Been hurt by archers; in his side he bore.
And in his hands and feet, the cruel scars,
With gentle force soliciting the darts,
He drew them forth, and healed, and bade me live.”

Shortly after this time he was introduced to the family of the Rev. Morley Unwin, with whom he soon became intimate, and ere long an inmate of their family. In 1767 Mr. Unwin died, and his widow removed to the village of Olney, accompanied by Cowper, who remained with her till her death. Here he contracted a close friendship with Mr. Newton, the Rector of the parish, an excellent man, whose opinions on most subjects harmonised with his own. His time was now completely devoted to literary pursuits, and the years he spent here were probably the happiest of his life. When Mr. Newton published his collection of hymns, called “The Olney Hymns,” it was enriched with many compositions from the pen of Cowper, most of which are well known, and bear strong evidence of a cultivated understanding, and an original genius. The life he lead was simple and rural in the extreme, and the cultivation of his garden and his country rambles, seem to have inspired him with that picturesque and vivid powers of description which will always distinguish him among our national poets.

After residing at Olney about four years, he had a return of his afflictive visitation of despondency, to occasional attacks of which he was subject for several years. Mrs. Unwin was his constant attendant, and she had at length the gratification of seeing his mind gradually recover its capacity for exertion and enjoyment. One of his most favourite amusements at this period, was that of educating a number of hares, some of which lived upwards of twelve years, and of whose tricks and sagacity he has given a minute and admirable description. Hitherto our bard had never appeared before the public as an acknowledged author, his published poems having been confined to detached pieces, appearing in different works; nor did he publish his first volume of poems until 1781, when he was fifty years of age. Most of these pieces were of distinguished merit, but they are so well known that it is needless to enter into detail respecting them; it is sufficient to say that they were, like all his productions, no less admirable for wit and humour, than for pathos and sublimity, though they shared the fate often experienced by the first attempts of any author, however great, of being severely handled by reviewers, and pronounced destitute of all poetic merit. The celebrated ballad of “John Gilpin” was written after hearing the story on which it is

founded, and which was told to him by a friend (Lady Austin) when labouring under one of his fits of depression. The popularity gained by this effusion was almost unparalleled, and extended through all ranks of society; attended, as is usual in those cases, by the publication of several illustrative prints, many thousands of which were speedily sold. The public are also indebted to the same lady for the origin of the "Task," the masterpiece of his poetic talents. Being a great admirer of Milton's verse, he had often been requested to write in that measure; he at length replied,—"If you will give me a subject I will." "You can be at no loss for that," was the reply; "write on this sofa." He took the hint, and commenced with the well-known eulogium on the sofa, and continued the poem, till it embraced almost every subject of importance; this, with several miscellaneous pieces, formed his second volume, and was published in 1784. He thus speaks of himself in a letter to a friend, sometime after his first publication,—"From the age of twenty to thirty-three, I was occupied, or ought to have been, in studying the law; from thirty-three I have spent my time in the country, where my reading has only been an apology for idleness,—and where, when I had not a magazine or review, I was sometimes a carpenter, at others a bird-cage maker, or a gardener, or drawer of landscapes; at fifty years of age, I commenced author;—it is a whim that has served longest and best, and will, probably, be my last."

His life continued to pass in nearly the same routine, till 1796, when he suffered a severe shock by the death of Mrs. Unwin, whose name he was never after heard to mention. He now revised his translation of Homer, and wrote several minor pieces, and in the latter end of March, 1799, he penned his last original effusion, called "The Castaway," and founded on an anecdote in Anson's Voyages, and which is beautifully pathetic, though written under the gloom of his disorder. He soon after became too ill to attend to any employment, and alarming symptoms increased upon him till the 25th of April, 1800, when the hand of death deprived the world of one of its sweetest poets, and one of the best of men.

Cowper was a man who might truly be termed amiable; when free from the morbid gloom and terrors of imagination which so often haunted him, he was cheerful and kind to the greatest degree; innocence of heart and extreme modesty were the leading features of his character. He shunned the world, and delighted in the beautiful solitudes of nature, consequently he became *Ætæ* poet; and in the delineation of true domestic life, and simple moral scenes, he is, without exception, the first of English, or perhaps of any writers. It was fortunate for him, with such a disposition, that he was possessed of the means to enable him to indulge his love of retirement, and confine himself to a circle of friends, few in number, but most sincere in attachment. This modesty of disposition was so predominant, that it is highly probably he would never have summoned resolution to meet the public eye as an author, if he had not had the good fortune to be among friends who saw his worth, and urged him on to the trial; all his works, indeed, are, in a great measure, owing to his friends. In the progress of his translation of Homer, he felt all the painful depression of mind, caused by the greatness of the task, which was experienced by Pope under the same circumstances; but continued success enabled him to surmount all these difficulties. The following summary of his character is given by his friend and biographer, Mr. Hayley, and is no less creditable to the writer than to the subject of his remarks,—“The person and life of Cowper seem to have been formed with equal kindness by nature, and it may be question if she ever bestowed on one man, with a fonder prodigality, all the requisites to conciliate affection, and to inspire respect. He was beloved and revered by all who knew him, with a sort of idolatry; and as a man, he made, of all men whom I have ever had opportunity of seeing, the nearest approaches to moral perfection.”

Marriages.

December, 10th, 1838, brother Benjamin Greenhough, of the Loyal Benevolence Lodge, Bradford, to Miss Isabella, daughter of Mr. John Pickard, tanner, Exleyhead, near Keighly; January 6th, 1839, brother Thomas Armitage, of the

Loyal Benevolence Lodge, Bradford, to Miss Elizabeth Shepperd, of Bradford.—Jan. 29, P. G. Samuel Woodhead, of the Loyal Benevolence Lodge, to Mrs. Hannah Taylor, daughter of the late Thomas Law, plumber and glazier, Bradford.—

Vol. 5—No. 8—3 E.

Jan. 30, brother William Guthrie, of the Industry Lodge, Bradford, to Miss Mary Woodhead, of Bradford, daughter of the late William Woodhead.—Feb. 2. V. G. Timothy Robson, of the Loyal Benevolence Lodge, to Grace, youngest daughter of the late George Ackroyd, Bawling.—March 25, V. G. George Atkinson Binns, of the Loyal Benevolence Lodge, Bradford, to Mary, eldest daughter of John Hitching, of Bradford.—May 14, 1838, brother John Williams, of the St. Peter's Victory Lodge, Hanley, to Miss Mary, eldest daughter of Mr. Samuel Lovatt.—May 2, 1839, brother John Greaves, of the St. George Lodge, Newcastle, to Miss Bristol, of the former place.—June 10, brother George Simpson, of the St. Peter's Victory Lodge, Hanley, to Miss Hambleton, of the former place.—May 21, brother Thomas Whittaker, of the St. George Lodge, Newcastle, to Miss Ann Reynolds.—Feb. 25, at Stoke, P. W. John Hayward, of the Widow and Orphans' Relief Lodge, Norton-in-the Moors, to Hannah, daughter of host Scragg, of the said Lodge.—March 3, at Christ church, Tun-

stall, by G. G. Harvey, M. A., brother John Packett, of the Miners' Lodge, Chesterton, to Miss Riddley.—April 28, 1839, V. G. William Shuttleworth, of the the Peaceful Retreat Lodge, Bradford, to Miss Mary Longbottom, of Kirkstall: May 5, brother John Barker, of the same Lodge, to Miss Elizabeth Flint, both of Bradford.—July 1, 1839, brother Wm. Smith, to Hannah Harrison, of the Pilot Lodge, Bradford.—Aug 1, brother Thomas Buxton, of the Good Intent Lodge, Derby, to Sophia Heath, of Darley.—May 14, 1839, brother John Drury, of Welton, to Miss Maria Silvester, of Wragby: April 23, P. G. Thomas Marlett, to Miss Ann Gibson, daughter of brother Henry Gibson, of Barton, formerly host of the City of Lincoln Lodge, Lincoln.—June 17, at the parish church, Leeds, P. G. Thomas Harrison, of the Hope Lodge, Bradford District, to Miss Martha Ward, of Chapel Allerton, near Leeds.—Aug. 22, 1839, at Christ church, Bradford, N. G. Thomas Ilingworth, Rock of Hope Lodge, Thornton, Bradford District, to Miss Sarah Foster, same place.

Deaths.

May 30th, 1839, brother Thomas Fretivell, and brother Thomas Hockley, both of the Earl Grey Lodge, Ilkiston.—July 14, P. P. G. M. J. Dugdale, aged 42 years, of the Gisburne District.—Jan. 29, the wife of P. V. G. Rhodes, of the Shepherd Lodge, Dobcross, Saddleworth.—July 29, brother William Ward, aged 38, of the Welcome Return Lodge, Bentfield, Saddleworth.—May 29, Benjamin Lilley, of the Road to Virtue Lodge, Mossley, aged 33 years.—June 12, the wife of brother James Sykes, of the Prince of Wales Lodge, Mossley, aged 30 years.—Jan. 9, on the wreck of the Lockwood, bound for New York, Mary Ann, the wife of John Saye, aged 23 years; likewise Sarah Ann, aged 2 years, and Emma, aged 4 months, daughters of the above Mary Ann Saye.—Brother Jas. Gill, of the Mineral Spring Lodge, Harrogate.—March 14, the wife of brother John Williams, of the St. Peter's Victory Lodge, Hanley, aged 24 years.—May 21, P. P. D. G. M. Ralph Simpson, of the St. John Lodge, Burslem; he has left a wife and five children to lament his loss.—May 20, the wife of host Vigers, of the Farmers' Glory Lodge, Scothy, aged 64.—March

3, 1839, Mary, wife of brother William Pepperdine, aged 35 years: May 7, brother Charles Curtis, aged 38 years: June 21, Lucy, wife of brother John Reed, aged 25 years: July 28, brother John Drury, of Welton, aged 26 years; all of the City of Lincoln Lodge.—June 19, brother John Wright, of the Victoria Lodge, Lincoln, aged 33 years.—May 9, Francis Gomersall, aged 31 years; and July 17, P. S. Thomas Gomersall, aged 32 years, of the Hope Lodge, Stanningly, Bradford District.—Lately, at Chapel Town, from the injuries he received in falling from a load of hay, brother James Gill, of the Mineral Spring Lodge, Harrogate.—May 21, P. P. D. G. M. Ralph Simpson, of the St. John Lodge, Burslem, Pottery and Newcastle District, aged 45.—April 3, aged 27, Louisa, wife of brother John French, High-street, Towcester. May 1, aged 32, Frances, wife of brother Benjamin Brown, High-street, Towcester. July 5, aged 36 years, brother Charles Hoad, of the Poor Man's Protection Lodge, Worsley.—Aug. 23, much and deservedly respected I. H. Mitchell, aged 29 years, of the Good Samaritan Lodge, Marple District.

[Marriages, &c., too late for this Number, will be inserted in the next.]

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JANUARY.

[AMICITIA, AMOR, ET VERITAS.]

1848.

WHAT IS THE MANCHESTER UNITY?

The leading article of the Magazine for July last bore the above title, and though we then dilated pretty freely upon the subject, it struck us that there were some points remaining untouched upon which might be alluded to not altogether unprofitably. To those who have held office in the Order, or been connected with it for a lengthened period, it is not to be expected that we can adduce anything materially new, or exhibit it in any peculiar phrase with which they are unacquainted. Our present remarks are, therefore, more particularly calculated to have an interest for the younger portion of our brethren, or those who may not have attentively studied, or been sufficiently cognizant of the features which distinguish Oddfellowship from other Societies which are termed "secret ones."

We are indebted for a brief and learned history of the secret principle to an American writer, the Rev. A. B. Chapin; and we avail ourselves of what he has written, so that we may exhibit to our readers the main characteristics which distinguished the secret societies of ancient times.

The kingdom of Egypt was at the meridian of its power and glory within a hundred years after the death of Abraham, when it had attained an eminence in many of the arts and sciences which no nation or people has ever surpassed. Among this people, at that time, were found institutions, based on similar principles, and having similar objects in view, with the Manchester Unity. There were secrets which were revealed only to the initiated, and the mode of initiation was solemn and impressive.

Besides the Egyptian mysteries, there were scattered throughout all Europe, and over a large portion of Asia, secret associations,—founded on similar principles,—characterized by similar ceremonies, and having similar objects in view. These are all sometimes spoken of, as the *mysteries of the Cabiri*; a name which is of itself a mystery, and which no learning and research has yet been able to explain.

VOL. 10—No. 1—F.

The Eleusinian mysteries, so called from the city of Eleusis, where they were celebrated, belonged to the *mysteries of the Cabiri*, and were carried from Egypt to Greece, probably by King Erectheus, who first initiated the Athenians into that ancient association, and who instructed them in the manner of celebrating the same, several hundred years before the Christian era. The mode of initiation seems to have been nearly as follows:—The candidates being crowned with myrtle,—the emblems and token of their purification in the lesser mysteries,—were introduced by night into a place called the mystical temple; which upon their approach, was instantly involved in darkness. At their entrance, they were reminded of the great benefits conferred upon men by a participation in those rites,—and of the purity of heart necessary for a proper reception of them. They were then washed in water, in token that as the body was thus cleansed from all impurities; so they should come with minds, pure and undefiled. After this certain of the mysteries were read to them out of a book,—when the Priest proposed to each candidate certain questions, to which they were required to make answers; and secrecy was enjoined under the highest penalties and sanctions. Then followed a scenic exhibition of various terrific spectacles, calculated to awaken the strongest emotions in the beholder. Funereal forms passed by, personifying death, and the ills that flesh is heir to. Then followed other scenes, representing the gloom and horrors of Tartarus, the dreary abode of the guilty,—accompanied by awful groans,—amid which might be heard the exhortation, “Learn by our example to reverence the gods, to be just and grateful.” Accompanying these were sudden flashes of fire, and the low rumbling, as of distant thunder;—rendered more terrific by the hideous phantoms and spectres that met their eyes on every side. To these succeeded still other scenes, representing the delightful abodes in the Elysian fields, illuminated by a serene and glorious light; from whence harmonious voices uttered the most enchanting sounds. Indeed, it was a general characteristic of all the Cabirian mysteries, that they began in sorrow, and ended in joy.

Pythagoras, to whom belongs the honour of commencing a new era in the philosophy of the ancient world, availed himself of this feature of the ancient religion to instruct his disciples more thoroughly in the truths of religion and philosophy. The precise mode of initiation into the mysteries of Pythagoreanism cannot be ascertained. We only know, that it was preceded by a state of preparation;—that it was accompanied by the strictest obligations of secrecy;—that the members had particular words and signs by which to recognize each other, which they were neither permitted to write or reveal, and that all the secrets of the Order were handed down by memory.

Another system of mysteries, different in name, and probably in many of its ceremonies, is also deserving of notice in this place. Reference is made to the ancient Druids of Gaul and Britain, and the mysteries called *Druidism*. The word *Druid* denotes the same thing as the *Magi*, among the Eastern nations, that is, *wise man*. This derivation agrees with the etymology,—with the signification, and with the ancient usage of the word *Druidism*, which agreed in many respects with the peculiarities of Eleusinianism, but in more respects with Pythagoreanism. It agreed with both in its secrets,—its impressive mode of initiation, after a preparatory course, and in many other things.

Between the mysteries of the Christian Church, as they existed in the second century, and those just considered, there is a most striking resemblance, but we forbear to enter into the particulars of this subject. It has, however, been made to appear as exceedingly probable, that after Christianity became more generally diffused throughout the civilized world, that the *Secret Discipline* still remained, and those who professed it confined themselves mainly to the subject of Church building. As soon, however, as the influence of the Christian religion became general, the custom of commencing other buildings than Churches, with religious honours arose, and hence the same persons were called to extend their labours to the building, or at least, to the superintending of the building of towers, castles, and fortifications. To this was added the symbols of operative labour, still retaining those emblems which originally had a spiritual, as well as a physical meaning.

We find the same body of men in England described as *Masons*, and in later times as *Free Masons*. It would seem also, that about the middle of the seventh century, or perhaps a little earlier, some of the doctrines and practices of Pythagoras were introduced into the Masonic Lodges, and hence arose the appearance of study, which has so long pervaded the books on Free Masonry. Masonry seems to have flourished to a great extent in the time of Alfred the Great, in whose reign numerous Churches, and more than fifty castles were built. From the days of Alfred, to the present time, a pretty complete list of the Grand Masters of Masons in England has been preserved. From the time of Alfred to the reign of Henry VIII., no less than *seven* Bishops, *three* Archbishops, *one* Cardinal, and *six* Kings were among the number of Grand Masters. Masonry in its present, or nearly its present form, dates from A.D. 926, when a Grand Lodge was summoned to meet at York, when all the ancient writings on the subject which could be procured, were collected together, and the present constitutions and customs of the York Masons compiled therefrom.

It will be seen that the Manchester Unity has something in common with the different Orders which have been enumerated, inasmuch as it has a *Secret Discipline* which distinguishes it from those associations which are ordinary Benefit Societies. It will be observed too by those who recollect the early initiation ceremonies of the Unity that it had originally much in common with the *Eleusinian mysteries*. The antiquity of the Order of Oddfellowship has not latterly been much insisted upon, though formerly we were frequently treated to laborious and ingenious disquisitions on its ancient and honorable origin. It cannot, however, for a moment, we think, be doubted that its mode of initiation and government owes its birth to those institutions which were the offspring of remote ages. When the founders of the Order first conceived the idea of a wide philanthropic association, they doubtless thought that the public would be more readily persuaded to join with them, if to other motives were superadded the powerful one of curiosity. This was, in our judgment a step in the wrong direction, and one which would not have been taken unless it had been suggested by the customs and modes of other and more barbarous ages. The intelligent portion of the community, whatever their position in life, have a sort of suspicion of that which is mysterious

and unexplained; and though some may have been unable to resist the impulse of curiosity, we are confident that many good members have been debarred from associating with us because they were dubious of the merits of our mystic professions. There are always in the masses many who are ready to attack any system with which they are unacquainted, and from a knowledge of which they are shut out by a shrinking timidity of being connected with anything which may stamp them with the character of singularity, whether for good or evil. From these latter class the Unity has reaped more calumny and damage than from those who stood aloof from a purely conscientious dislike of the secret and undefined. We have before remarked that the Unity has been greatly modified of late years—its mysteries have been abolished, and its *secrets* are merely such as to ensure it from imposition, and afford to its members the means of assistance in various and distant localities.

To the reforms which have of late been made in the Unity, and which are now in agitation, it is not for us in the present article to do more than allude; they are fairly and legitimately before the members. Like all other institutions, the Manchester Unity is very far from being faultless, and reforms of any kind, whether social, political, or financial, are generally opposed by prejudices which cling to that which is already established. That the society was originally founded on a system which could not endure, reflects no discredit upon those connected with it; their motives were excellent, and they could not, without experience, be expected to submit a perfect model of a friendly and benevolent association. Those who were amongst the earliest of the members became familiar with the infant practices of the society, and acquired a fondness for them, such as we usually feel for everything connected with our youthful days. The old *secrets* of the Order were clung to with tenacity, and some of the most trivial matters—things unmeaning and insignificant—were considered too sacred to be whispered about in the ears of the uninitiated. There was a suspicion engendered that sinister motives influenced those who were only desirous of ascertaining such information as was necessary to put the society on a fair basis, and for a time all attempts at obtaining necessary knowledge were resisted. That this feeling still partially prevails is not to be wondered at, though it must be lamented. The spirit of inquiry and improvement has, however, gone forth, and the result must be general and permanent good, though partial and temporary evil may have to be contended with.

It has been remarked by Mr. Duncan (a writer well qualified to give an opinion on the subject,) that "it must be sufficiently obvious that a labourer, or a servant, or a mechanic, cannot, by the utmost exertions of his honest industry, accumulate any considerable sum in a Bank for Savings in a very short period of time; and that it is only by the unremitting labour and frugality of a series of years, that he can hope by this means to raise himself above the fear of want. If a depositor should fall sick before he has laid up a sufficient fund for his maintenance, all his deposits will, in a few weeks, or at most in a few months, be exhausted by the suspension of his earnings, and the expenses attending a sick-bed, and he will be thrown upon the world without a shilling." It is to guard against such a state of things that the Manchester Unity is intended, and

we know of no other similar society which is so well adapted to carry out its views. The number of its members, their wide-spread existence, and their improved and improving financial regulations, point out the Manchester Unity as admirably calculated to afford proper and independent relief in times of sickness and distress, and to provide the dead with a decent resting-place. That the Order has held together so firmly during a season of such unparalleled suffering, affords to us another instance of its soundness and efficacy, and we hope that the year which is just dawning upon us will bring with it not only a cessation from general distress, but a further evidence that the Manchester Unity is an institution capable as well of combatting with adversity as of progressing in prosperity.

ORIGINS, ETYMOLOGIES, AND REMARKABLE FACTS;

OR

GLEANINGS FROM MY COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

No. I.

Britannia—Bear the Bell—Caravanseras—Mausoleums—The Reed—Fishes—Bull-Baiting—Gone to Pot—O Yes!—Sign of the Cross—Translation of the Bible—Coals—Piping Hot—Coral Reefs—All Fools' Day—Diamonds—Cochineal—Huzzas—True Blue—Influenza—Apothecaries—Rob Peter to Pay Paul—Haberdasher—Chimneys—Salt—Pig and Whistle—Paper-Hangings—Richard the Third's Crest—Salutations—Death-Watch—Printing.

We have, for many years past, been in the habit of noting down, in the course of our desultory reading, such facts, or peculiar passages, as seemed to us worthy of preservation; and we have frequently found these passing records useful and agreeable references. It struck us that what was found serviceable or entertaining to ourselves might be equally so to our readers, and, under this impression, we have been induced to commence the present series of articles. We claim little on the score of originality, though no inconsiderable portion of the matter has never been before the public in the guise under which we shall submit it. We have availed ourselves of all kinds of sources which appeared credible, and though we have, in many instances, taken things as we found them, in others we have used language of our own, or condensed and modified the information in a very material degree. Our main object has been to combine striking truths with expressive brevity. There are many phrases in common use, and many events, customs, and observances, either spoken of, or coming before us, of the origin or meaning of which we are in entire ignorance; there is much of the wonderful and surprising connected with apparently trifling and every-day objects; and it is to throw light on the former, and cause attention to the latter, that our present task is chiefly directed. We are often put to considerable trouble to arrive at the derivation of a very simple word or act, and we have at times to use great research to get at a small truth. These inconveniences might frequently be obviated if parties would put down at the time such things as forcibly strike them. Having reaped the benefit of this habit ourselves, we are in the hope that we may cause others to follow our example, or, at least, that we may afford them some little profit or entertainment by the course we have pursued.—ED.

BRITANNIA.—To Charles II.'s partiality for his graceful and accomplished cousin, Frances Stuart, we owe the elegant representation of Britannia on our copper coin: he admired, and almost even idolized, this celebrated beauty, but could not seduce

her, as he was base enough to essay, though he assailed her with compliments which he considered were likely to succeed ; and it was from one of the medals struck to perpetuate his admiration of her delicate symmetry, that Britannia was stamped in the form she still bears on our copper coin.

BEAR THE BELL.—To “bear the bell” is to surpass others, or to be the first in merit—alluding to the wether, which wears a bell, and is followed by the flock ; or the pack-horse, which in former times led the drove, and had bells on its collar.

CARAVANSERAS.—Caravanseras were originally intended for, and are now pretty generally applied to, the accommodation of strangers and travellers, though like every other good institution, sometimes perverted to the purposes of private emolument or public job. They are built at proper distances through the roads of the Turkish dominions, and afford the indigent, or weary traveller, an asylum from the inclemency of the weather ; they are in general very large, and built of the most solid and durable materials ; have commonly one story above the ground floor, the lower of which is arched, and serves for warehouses to stow goods, for lodgings and for stables, while the upper is used merely for lodgings ; besides which they are always accommodated with a fountain, and have cook-shops, and other conveniences, to supply the wants of the lodgers. In Aleppo the Caravanseras are almost exclusively occupied by merchants, to whom they are, like other houses, rented.

MAUSOLEUMS.—About three hundred and fifty years before Christ, happened the death of Mausolus, King of Caria, which was rendered famous by the great grief which Artemisa (who was both his sister and his wife) expressed thereat. For she having gathered together his ashes, and beaten his bones to powder, took a portion of them every day in her drink, until she had in this manner drunk them all down ; aiming thereby to make her body the sepulchre of her dead husband, and in two years time she pined herself to death in sorrowing for him. But before she died, she took care for erecting of that famous monument for him at Halicunussus, which was reckoned among the wonders of the world, and from whence all monuments of more than ordinary magnificence are called Mausoleums.

THE REED.—The Greeks were accustomed to observe, that the reed had contributed to the subjugation of nations by furnishing arrows, to soften the manners of men by the charm of music, and to unfold the understanding by affording the first rude instrument for tracing letters ; and it may be remarked, that in most instances, these different applications of the reed, mark three distinct periods in the progress of savage nations to civilization.

FISHES.—The prolific powers of fishes are scarcely credible. Immense tracts of the ocean are so thickly and deeply covered with their spawn, that, as the waves break, and ships dash through them, the phosphoric light emitted from the substance which surrounds the animalcules gives the waters, during a dark night, the appearance of flames of fire, terrific, but harmless. Liewenhock calculated that a cod-fish, of ordinary size, contained more young than there are inhabitants upon the face of the globe. But this sinks into insignificance before the following, taken from Scoresby's account of East Greenland. Perceiving the waters of the sea, to a wide extent and a great depth, to be of a beautiful but deep yellow colour, he had some of the water taken up. Applying a microscope of moderate power, to the same, he found that the colour of the water proceeded from the number of animalcules in it, each so inconceivably small that a single drop contained 26,000 ! An ordinary sized glass tumbler contained 150,000,000 of these creatures, which lived, and moved, and sported about, each in its place, without disturbing or pressing upon its neighbour.

BULL-BAITING.—The first bull-bait in this country is said to have been held at Stamford, about the year 1209, and to have been introduced from the following circumstances :—Earl Warrenare, lord of the town, standing upon the walls of the castle, observed two bulls fighting, until the butchers' dogs interposed and pursued one of them through the town, which sight so pleased his lordship, that he gave the meadow, where the fray began, to the butchers of the town, to be used as a common after the first grass was mown, “on condition that they should find a *mad bull* the day six weeks before Christmas day, for the continuance of that sport for ever.”

HABERDASHER.—This appellation arose from a nickname given to the German Jews, from their offering petty wares with the phrase *hab-er-dass, her—buy you this, Sir ?*

O YES ! O YES !.—Few persons would suppose, that a crier, when bawling in our courts of justice, or in country towns, “O yes ! O yes !” was commanding the talkers to become hearers in the old French phrase *Oyes*, (listen,) which has been retained by this officer ever since legal pleadings were conducted in that language—this, however, is the fact.

SIGN OF THE CROSS.—The custom of making a cross, when a person cannot write his name, is of great antiquity. In those times which are very properly called the dark ages, not only persons of the highest rank, but even many of the clergy, were unable to write or read. “It was usual,” says Dr. Robertson, “for persons who could not write, to make the sign of the cross, in confirmation of a charter.” Several of these remain, where Kings and persons of great eminence affix *Signum crucis manu propria pro ignorantes literatum* (unacquainted with letters, they made the sign of the cross with their own hand.) From this is derived the phrase of signing instead of subscribing a paper.

TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE.—As the manner in which the translation of the Holy Scriptures, now in use, was performed, is not generally known, the following short account may prove acceptable, and will show the great care which was taken to render it as complete as might be within the reach of human intellect to accomplish. The translation was made at the command of James I. The translators were fifty-four of the most learned men of that time, whose names are mentioned by Seldon.—They were divided into six bodies, of which each was to labour on a particular part. The Pentateuch and books of Joshua, Judges, Ruth, Samuel, and Kings, were assigned to one division ; from the Chronicles to Ecclesiastes to a second ; all the Prophets and Lamentations to a third ; the Epistles to a fourth ; the Gospels and Acts to a fifth ; and the Apocrypha to a sixth. They met at Westminster, Oxford, and Cambridge, as it proved convenient to each body. The method in which they proceeded was this :—Several translations of each part were drawn up by the members of that body to which it was allotted, who then, in a joint consultation, selected three of the best, or compiled them out of the whole number. Thus, in three years, three translations of the whole were sent to London : then six deputies, two from each place, were appointed to extract one translation, out of the three, which was finished and printed in the year 1611.

COALS.—This useful fossil was known to the Britons before the arrival of the Romans, who, says Pennant, had not even a name for coals, though Theophrastus describes them very accurately, at least three centuries before the time of Cæsar, and even says that they were known to workers in brass. Brand says that they were burnt by the Romans. The Anglo-Saxons knew, and partly used them. Brand, however, observes, that they were not mentioned under the Danish usurpation, nor under the Normans ; but were known in the reign of Henry III. In 1306 they were prohibited in London, as a nuisance, but used in the palace in 1321, and became, soon after, an important article of commerce. In 1512 they were not always used, because not having got to the main stratum, people complained that they would not burn without wood. The best was then sold at 5s. a chaldron ; a bad sort at 4s. 2d. Except black-smiths, they were confined in the 17th century, under the name of sea-coal, to the lower orders, who could not afford to buy wood ; and were hawked about the streets in sacks, upon men's backs.

PIPING HOT.—This expression is taken from the custom of a baker's blowing his pipe, or horn, in villages, to let the people know his bread is just drawn, and consequently “hot” and light.

CORAL REEFS.—The growth of Coral reefs is among the most extraordinary operations of nature. It is caused by the agency of several small animals, or, more accurately speaking, insects of various species and sizes, which, at certain times, give an appearance of animation to the surface of the ocean for a considerable space. The reefs are never seen, however, to rise much above the water, but spread laterally to a great extent, and that too in equal dimensions from the top downwards, which occasions their sides to be so precipitate, as to cause the approach of vessels, from their inability to take soundings, to be attended with great danger.

GONE TO POT.—This phrase appears to have been imported from the extremity of the globe. We are told that a tailor of Samarcand, the metropolis of Tartary, who lived near the gate which led to the burial-ground, whenever a corpse was carried by threw a little stone into an earthen pot, in order to ascertain the number of deaths in a given time : hence the saying, when any one is dead, “he is gone to pot.”

ALL FOOLS' DAY.—This day is celebrated both in ancient and modern times. The Romans celebrated a festival in honour of Venus on that day, when they presented her with baskets of flowers, interspersed with sprigs of myrtle. The Hindoos have a day of fooleries, attended with every species of silly witticism, similar to our own. Our volatile neighbours, the French, have their "April fools" also; the person on whom the joke is successfully played off is called "*un poisson d'Avril*," an April Fish. The practice also obtains in Scotland, where the unlucky wight who happens to be the object of the practical joke, is called a *gowk*—that is, a cuckoo, the silliest of birds.

DIAMONDS IN BRAZIL.—Diamonds were discovered in Brazil, in 1727, but they were only sought for on the king's account in 1777. They were then found in the Sierra Saint Antoine, and on the left bank on the river Saint Francois; in the rivers Indaia, Abeta, Sono, Prata, Paracatu, and Saint Antoine. These places were all surrounded with guards, as well as the District of Sierra de Frio, which has a surface of 100 square leagues. They have since been discovered in several other rivers and districts. The earth in which the diamonds are found is said to be an hydrate of iron, derived from ferruginous schistus.

COCHINEAL.—There are three kinds of cochineal. The first is the American, which is most used at present; superior in quality, and higher in price than the others. By Linné it is called *coccus cacti*. The second kind is found chiefly on a species of oak, the *quercus ilex*, in the Levant, Spain, France, and other southern countries, and is therefore called *coccus ilicis*, *coccus arborum* and *kermes*. The third comprehends that saleable cochineal, found on the roots of several perennial plants, which is known commonly under the appellation of Polish or German cochineal, or *coccus radicum*. The second species of it seems to have been used by all the nations of antiquity, and Professor Tychsen conceives it to have been known to Moses under the name of Iola. It was then used for giving the ground to cloths intended to be dyed with the rich purple. The following etymologies present themselves from the history of this insect. From its Latin appellation, *coccus*, the Spanish diminutive *coccinella*, *cochineal*; from its Arabic name *kermes*, the colour *cramaisi*; in French, *crimsan*. In the middle ages it was called *vermiculum*, whence *vermiel* and *vermilion*, though now applied to pulverized cinnabar.

HUZZAS.—The huzza, as an accompaniment in drinking healths, appears to have been introduced in the joyous reign of that merry Monarch, Charles II., and first at the bacchanals of the Tories, of which the Whigs, "who liked not such music," took advantage to charge them with brutality and extravagance.

TRUE BLUE.—Coventry had formerly the reputation for dyeing blues: inasmuch that *true blue* came to be a proverb, to signify one who was always the same and like himself.

INFLUENZA IN THE 16TH CENTURY.—Of this malady we have the following account in a letter from Randolph, the English Ambassador at the Court of Mary Queen of Scots, to Cecil (afterwards Lord Burghley,) dated Edinburgh, Nov. 30, 1562:—"May it please your Honour, immediately upon the Queen's arrival here she fell acquainted with a new disease, that is common in this town, called the 'New Acquaintance,' which passed also through her whole Court, neither sparing lord, lady, nor damsel, not so much as either French or English. It is a pain in their heads that have it, and a soreness in their stomachs, with a great cough; it remaineth with some longer, with others shorter time, as it findeth apt bodies for the nature of the disease. The Queen kept her bed six days. There was no appearance of danger, nor many that die of the disease, except some old folks. My Lord of Murray is now presently in it, and I am ashamed to say that I am free from it, seeing it seeketh acquaintance at all men's hands."

APOTHECARIES.—It is not easy to determine in what respects the *pigmentarii*, *seplasiarii*, *pharmacopola*, et *medicamentarii* of the Romans agreed with, and in what respects they differed from, our modern apothecaries or each other:—but, when did physicians begin to give up entirely the preparation of medicines to apothecaries; and when did the latter acquire with their name an exclusive title to their business! Conring asserts that the first took place in Africa as early as the first century, whence it was introduced into Spain and Italy. The word *apotheca* signified any kind of store, magazine, or warehouse; and its proprietor was styled *apothecarius*. We must not, therefore, in writings of the 13th and 14th century, consider *apotheca* as a medicinal repository, but as a common shop; which is evident from its derivatives *bottega* in Italian, and *boutique* in French.

ROB PETER TO PAY PAUL.—This proverb had its origin in the time of Edward VI., when such of the lands of St. Peter, at Westminster, were invaded by the great men of the Court, who, therefore, allowed somewhat out of them towards the repair of St. Paul's Church.

CHIMNEYS.—If the houses of the ancient Romans had been furnished with chimneys, Vitruvius would not have failed to have given a description of their construction. Yet not a word about them is to be found in his works. Nor does Julius Pollux, who made a collection of the Greek names of all the parts of habitations, give a word for them any more than Grapaldus, who in more modern times formed a vocabulary of all the Latin words used in architecture. That there were no chimneys in the 11th, 12th, and 13th centuries, seems proved by the curfew, *couvre feu*, of the English and Normans. In the lower ages the fire was made in a sort of stove, which the law required should be covered up on retiring to bed. The most ancient allusion extant as made to chimneys, is not earlier than the year 1347, a period at which an earthquake, which threw down a great many, happened at Venice. De Gatans, in his history of Padua, on going to Rome in 1368, and not finding a chimney in the hotel in which he lodged, was obliged to have some built by masons and carpenters whom he had sent after him. These were the first erected in that city, and the arms of the Signor of Padua were affixed to them, to commemorate the great event.

SALT.—In warm climates there are inlets of the sea, shut off occasionally from the parent ocean, and where, after the sun's rays have drank up all the water, the deposited salt remains to be carried away in loads for the uses of man, as sand is carried from any ordinary shore. There are in the bowels of the earth prodigious accumulations of salt, formed doubtless in the same way, during the revolutions of the antediluvian world, and now explored as salt mines. When the Nile overflows its banks with waters, dissolving, although in almost imperceptible proportion, mineral substances brought from central Africa, and fills reservoirs afterwards dried up by the sun's heat, it leaves in these a rich store of crystallized natron or soda.

THE PIG AND WHISTLE.—In almost every large town there is sure to be a public house with the sign of the "Pig and Whistle." The term is a corruption of the "Peg and Wassail." In the wassail bowl the liquor was divided into equal quantities by pegs placed one above the other, to make those who partook of the beverage drink fairly.

PAPER HANGINGS.—The invention of these is ascribed to England. An artist, named Jerome Lanyer, obtained from Charles I., a patent for affixing woollen and silken shreds on linen cloth, &c., for hangings; which, it is stated, preceded and suggested the use of paper for that purpose.

RICHARD THE THIRD'S CREST.—Richard's crest was a white boar. Ratcliffe, Catesby, and Lovel, giving the King their advice, gave rise to the following rhyme:—

The Cat, the Rat, and Lovel our Dogge,
Rulen all England under a Hogge.

A gentleman named Collingborne was executed on Tower Hill for the above effusion. He was hanged, cut down immediately, and his bowels cast into the fire, which torment was so speedily done, that when the butcher of an executioner pulled out his heart, (to use the words of the historian, Stow), "he spake and said, 'Jesus, Jesus!'"

THE DEATH-WATCH.—The male spider is supplied with a bottle or bladder, somewhat similar to a drum, and that ticking noise which has been termed the death-watch, is nothing more than the sound he makes upon this little apparatus, in order to serenade and allure his mistress.

PRINTING.—Printing is but a modern invention, having been providentially discovered by Laurentius of Harlem, in consequence of cutting some letters on trees in a wood; afterwards rubbing them with ink, impressing a piece of paper upon them, and taking off the impressions, to amuse his grand-children. He first made use of *separate wooden types*, about 1430. Faustus of Mentz, and Guttemberg of Strasburg, acquired and improved the art, in consequence of his original invention. This important discovery has been attended with the most beneficial and wonderful results; for to it are owing chiefly our deliverance from ignorance and error, the progress of Learning, the revival of the Sciences, and numberless improvements in Arts, which, without this noble invention, would have been either lost to mankind, or confined to the knowledge of a few.

SHAKSPERE.

BY JOHN BOLTON ROGERSON.

How shall we speak of him whose cherish'd name
 Is link'd to glorious and undying fame ;
 Poet of every clime, and class, and age,
 The worshipp'd wonder of the world's wide stage !
 What pen can write, what tongue can speak of him
 In terms that seem not lustreless and dim !
 Yet turn we ever wondering to the past,
 To pierce the shroud round Shakspeare's greatness cast.
 How look'd he in his mortal life, how spoke
 Those lips that passions numberless have woke ?
 How fashion'd was the temple that enshrined
 The rare and matchless jewel of his mind ?
 What was the seeming of his human form,
 Ere it became a dweller with the worm ?
 What were the sources from whose founts he drew
 His draughts of knowledge, ever fresh and true ?
 What volumes came before his studious sight,
 Whose leaves for him bore fruits of wise delight ?
 Who were the co-mates of that wondrous man,
 Who knew alike both prince and artizan ?
 With equal skill he painted mirth and woe—
 What joys were his, what sorrows did he know ?
 Alike he knew the smallest, greatest things,
 The schemes of pedlars, and the plots of kings,
 The buoyant hopes of youth, the cares of age,
 The quips of jester, and the saws of sage.
 With fairy elves he fill'd the mystic green,
 Or cast his spells o'er some enchanted scene ;
 For him the past gave up its mighty dead,
 And heroes paced again with mailed tread ;
 He waved at will his ever-potent wand,
 And forms appear'd from known and unknown land :
 His genius and his life must ever be
 At once a miracle and mystery !

Great Shakspeare !—at the name each bosom thrills,
 And every heart with fond emotion fills—
 Glory of nations ! 'tis our boast and pride
 To say on England's shore he lived and died !
 In his own birth-place did his eye-lids close,
 In native earth his "honour'd bones" repose.
 No high ancestral lineage did he trace,
 He was the best and greatest of his race,
 Noblest of nobles, king of sovereign men,
 Who sway the soul, whose sceptre is the pen.
 Wherever mind curbs might, or thought is free,
 The people own his heart-throned majesty.
 We have the dwelling where his childish eyes
 First learn'd to look upon the blessed skies,
 Where once he clung around the parent knee,
 And lisp'd the words of guileless infancy.
 There pass'd the morning of his life, whose prime
 Pour'd quenchless splendour o'er his land and time ;
 And near that home came on his eve and night—

To him the heralds of immortal light.
 And shall we suffer then to pass away
 Our Shakspeare's home like things of common clay ;
 Shall ruin desecrate his loved retreat,
 The hallow'd shrine of thousand pilgrim feet !
 It must not be !—those lowly walls shall stand,
 Guarded with reverent care, to grace the land ;
 And countless suns shall yet a radiance shed
 O'er that dear roof which shelter'd Shakspeare's head !

THE DUTCH SLEEPER.

I.

THE MAN.

KAREL PIETREHL was an honest, round little man, sedentary and phlegmatic, pensive and patient, following the respectable and profitable trade of breeches-maker, in the town of ———, in the province of ———.

His face was the index of his mind, there being nothing very remarkable or sagacious in it. A joke or a witticism being as foreign to his understanding as to his utterance, for he could neither give nor take, always measuring his periods, and clipping his words, with the same exactness as he did his cloth.

In his gait there was neither gentility nor firmness ; for his legs, small and slender in proportion to his bulk, being rather inclined to bow, occasioned him to waddle and trundle along, to the great diversion and mockery of every little scapegrace in the town. But the breeches-maker was a man of too much solidity to be moved by a trifle ; and although he never laughed at their derision, or indeed at any thing else in the whole course of his life, their satirical remarks were wholly disregarded, and puffing forth the fumes of his pipe, with his hands thrust in the capacious pockets of his nether coverings, he made his way with the precision and diligence of a *trekschuyt*.

Yet, notwithstanding all the mental and personal peculiarities of Karel Pietrehl, he was a general favourite with all who knew him. In fact, it was doubtless to those very peculiarities he owed their favour, and most of his associates being shrewd fellows, and fond of cracking a joke, in a good-humoured way, they regarded Karel as a most eligible butt for their raillery ; and the more so, as their wit, however broad, was very unlikely to give offence where its point was neither felt nor understood. Yet, like the concussion of flint and steel, the meeting of Karel and his comrades, was always productive of some bright sparks.

II.

HIS DWELLING

Was that of his forefathers, where, even in the remembrance of Karel, his grandfather Markus, and his own father, Gerrit Pietrehl, had manufactured coverings for the lower parts of the grandfathers and fathers of half the town of ——— ; and here did he more diligently pursue his sedentary labour after the good and excellent example of his breeches-making and industrious progenitors, following their cut and fashion as the thread followeth the needle ; and every body, not without reason, reckoned him a man of tolerable substance ; for Karel was no rolling stone, though he might certainly look like one, having never travelled further than from one end of the town to the other.

III

AN OBSERVATION.

A man's fame is very often his misfortune ; for no sooner doth fortune or favour raise man above his proper level, than he is immediately rendered uneasy by those

who flock around, either to admire or laugh at him, unable to return the courtesy of the one party, or parry the sneering politeness of the other, if he possess discrimination enough to make the distinction.

Unfortunately for Master Karel he had the fame of being very good-natured (as we have before observed,) and this circumstance gave occasion to many wags to put practical jokes upon him, greatly to the said Karel's discomfiture, and a knot of these same lovers of fun having assembled early one evening at their usual rendezvous in the town (where, after the labours of the day, Pietrehl punctually adjourned to enjoy himself,) laid their heads together, and formed such a grand conspiracy against that placid and inoffensive man, with so much secrecy, precaution and judgment, that it was infallible in its operations.

IV.

KAREL ENTERS WITH HIS HANDS IN HIS BREECHES-POCKETS, INNOCENT AND UNSUSPICIOUS, WITH A SHORT PIPE IN HIS MOUTH.

A sort of low grunt passed for a reply to the warm and friendly greeting of the company, and the top of a half-tub (his ordinary and chosen seat) received the rotund breech of Karel; and his little eyes were seen at times through the curling clouds of smoke he puffed forth, peering at one or other of his friends, who began to be vastly jocose and loquacious, directing their looks and words to the centre of comicality—Master Pietrehl, who, on his part, winked, nodded, and whiffed, sipping intermittingly, his pleasant beverage, which, having by repeated applications completely exhausted, his friends the conspirators, generously, but cunningly, handed him their jugs, the which the fear of giving offence precluded him from declining, till at last, by dint of boozing, he began to blink and waver a little from his customary erect and staid demeanour, and many were the cunning looks and innuendoes bandied about by these designing drolls, who were anxiously watching the effect of their pleasant conceit.

V.

A SPEECH.

Observing that Master Karel was truly in a mellow condition, and that they had never seen him further gone than what is termed fuddled, the ringleader proposed the health of "Honest Mynheer Pietrehl." The jovial fellows simultaneously raised their hands, their cups, and their voices, and pledged the breeches-maker.

What a situation Karel was in! His heart was opened, though his eyes were almost closed by the generous liquor, he had so innocently and unguardedly poured down his parched throat; and he sensibly felt the honour they had conferred upon him.

Gratitude prompted him to rise, but plenitude glued him fast to the tub-top. However, a friend's eye and hand alike are prompt; and seeing an inclination so agreeable to their own wishes, show itself in Pietrehl, they quickly offered their services; and, having raised him on his legs and the head of the tub, they left him standing in equilibrio between his corporation and his inexpressibles. With all the grace of a dancing bear, he extended his short thick arms, bearing in one hand his pipe, in the other, an empty jug. He moved his lips—a solemn silence prevailed; and the following expressive and intelligible words fell from the lips of the inebriated breeches-maker: "Gentleman—(hiccup)—the honour—(hiccup)—thank you."

The rest was inaudible; as his drowsy eyelids closed; the jug and pipe fell from his nerveless hands, and he fell backwards, fortunately backwards, from the tub, fast asleep and unharmed, for the thickness of ten pair of (not) small-clothes broke his fall.

VI.

DISPATCH.

This was the moment for action. The soporific potion they had administered in his drink had taken effect, and lifting him in their arms, they bore the unconscious Karel on board of a trekschuy or passage-boat, which pertained to some of the conspirators, and gave the word to the jagerof driver to proceed as rapidly as possible; in a few hours, they reached a town about ten miles distant; and raising Karel gently

from his sleeping-place, marched with him into a neighbouring bier-kroeg or ale-house, and there placing him on a similar half-tub to the one he had occupied a few hours before, at the town of —, they sat themselves down to smoking and drinking, waiting impatiently for Karel wakening, for the continuance of their joke.

VII.

THE BREECHES-MAKER AWAKES.

Three-quarters of an hour had scarcely elapsed, when Gerritt Pimpernel, one of the conspirators, entered the bier-kroeg, and informed his companion that he had engaged several of the townspeople, his particular acquaintances, to aid and assist him in the execution of their plot, and the train they had lain so dexterously was ready to be fired when Pietrehl should awake. As impatiently as a hungry man watcheth the boiling of a pot, did the conspirators watch the eye-lids of Karel, when finally a loud and long-drawn snore, heralded the return of his senses.

He extended his jaws and his eyes till they assumed the form of geometrical circles, and when their fit of yawning and staring had continued for the space of five minutes, to the great diversion of his friends, whose jerkins were visibly moved by an inward laughter, which convulsed them, he uttered an interjectional, "Bless me!" and shaking his ears and rubbing his eyes, which were rather misty, and as yet conveyed very dreary and imperfect images of outward things to his sensorium, he rose upon his legs, and buttoning his jerkin, pulling his hat tighter on his head, and thrusting his hands into his pockets, he gave a nod and waddled, in anything but a right line, into the public street, followed at a short distance by the whole group of his giggling companions.

VIII.

HIS COURSE.

Karel, little dreaming of the distance he was from his native place, on quitting the bier-kroeg, turned to the right, as usual, to go to his own shop, which was at the bottom of the street; but he had not advanced more than fifty paces, when he drew back again with a shudder, for he perceived that a canal ran directly across his path.

"Umph! Bless me," said Pietrehl, scratching his head, "I've wandered! yes, old Hans Lobberregt's good liquor hath confounded me. Umph! umph!" Then recollecting his nephew lived within two doors of the canal, it occurred to him that in his present situation the arm of the youth would be very acceptable in escorting him to his own house, which he had so unaccountably missed; and no sooner had he maturely deliberated, than he instantly perceived the necessity of such a measure, and knocking loudly and incessantly at the door, a gruff voice from above demanded his business.

"Nicholaas, is that you, Nicholaas Pietrehl?" inquired Karel, for the voice struck him as unusually hoarse.

"And who the devil's Nicholaas Pietrehl?" said the man. Karel started back with surprise, rubbing his eyes, and wondering at this marvellous change. "And what do you mean," continued the man, surlily, "by disturbing honest people from their rest at this hour?"

"Good Lord!" exclaimed the astonished Karel, uplifting his hands, "as I'm an honest man and a breeches-maker, nephew Nicholaas Pietrehl, the clock-maker, certainly dwelt here yesterday."

"You be —"

"Civil, at any rate," muttered Karel, as he heard the man close the window in a passion, and hailing one who was approaching, "Prithee, friend," said he, "canst thou inform me where one Nicholaas Pietrehl, a clock-maker by trade, dwells?"

"Not in this town."

"How! thou art a stranger, then, perhaps?"

"Not quite, Mister; I've lived here the last ten years."

"And not know Nicholaas Pietrehl?" said the breeches-maker.

"No."

"Umph!" cried Karel thoughtfully, yet really not knowing what to think, "Dost know old Hans Lobberregt, Gerritt Pimpernel, or Lon Winkelaar?"

"No."

"No! Then I say thou hast told an untruth in asserting thou art an inhabitant of this town. Every body knows 'em," said the indignant Karel.

Hereupon the townsman could contain himself no longer; but bursting into a loud laugh, called out to some who were intentionally passing, that there was a madman broke loose; which they no sooner heard, than running towards the astonished Karel, they began to stare at him, and pass rude jokes upon him, till the patience of the breeches-maker was nearly exhausted.

"Who is he!—what is he!" demanded they: "has he tumbled from the moon, or has he come in the fog?"

"Honest folks," said Karel beseechingly, "spare your gibes; I am Karel Pietrehl. Lord! you all know me! I have been a merry-making with Long Gerrit Pimpernel, Lon Winkelaar, one-eyed Markus, and lame Jan, at old Hans Lobbregt's; you know him too."

Testifying their surprise, by holding up their hands, and uttering in concert a long interjectional Oh! "Poor fellow," exclaimed they, "he's certainly crazed, and wants to make us believe we know folks we never saw nor heard of! Ha, ha, ha."

"Let me pass! let me pass!" roared the angry breeches-maker, unable to bear their humour any longer, and rushing desperately forward, he passed them, and ran in the direction which he believed led to his own house, for his confusion and the obscurity of the night did not allow him to make any particular observation.

Away he scampered, like a lusty and unwieldy elephant closed by the hunters; his pursuers scarcely able to keep him in view, so much were they overcome by excessive laughter, and the sullen stillness of the night was broken by the merry echo of "Ha, ha, ha!" while a multitude of fears, forebodings, and apprehensions spurred on the bewildered breeches-maker, and strange to tell, he won the race, distancing his followers by the turning of a street.

His trembling hand was already on the latch of the door, his heart bounded with joy, and he entered, and closed it against his pursuers, but the violent and extraordinary exertion he had undergone caused him to swoon, and there lay the poor hunted Karel, till the voices of those who had so suddenly lost him aroused him again to life: and, though his heart palpitated, he hugged himself with the tranquilizing supposition that he was secure within his own dwelling, and raising himself he proceeded to his chamber, when, to his unutterable surprise, he perceived a light burning in the room. "More mystery! more devilry!" thought Karel; and walking forward with all the firmness and consequence of a master in his own house, he advanced to the door, when (how was the continent Karel scandalized!) he beheld a young and lovely woman arranging her head-dress before a mirror, gracefully tossing about her head (such a snow-white swan neck!) and humming a tune: her skin contrasted with her raven hair appeared like polished ivory; and being, moreover, disencumbered of her exterior garments, which lay in a heap beside her, she appeared like an animated statue, elegantly draped; while Karel, with his hands in his pockets, stood like a statue of admiration and wonder on the threshold of the door. The old bachelor's eyes, the funniest part about him, puzzling his brains (which were as completely entangled as a fly in a web) to unravel the mystery of this appearance, and he evidently began to suspect, upon a cursory examination, that he had mistaken the house: when, lo! a piercing shriek from the affrighted fair one, made him tremble like an aspen leaf, and the modesty or confusion of the *juffrouw* having made her extinguish the candle, the poor breeches-maker was surrounded by darkness, shrieks, and confusion; and thinking it the wisest plan to take advantage of the obscurity to retreat, he rushed into the street, and almost into the arms of those whom, just before, he had so happily eluded. They hailed his appearance with an exulting shout, which shot through the nervous and agitated frame of Pietrehl like a thunder-bolt and again he ran forward, he knew not whither.

IX.

THE BREECHES-MAKER STRUGGLES, AND SINKS DEEPER INTO DIFFICULTY.

"Stop him: Hold him fast!" cried a dozen voices. "For the sakes of your wives and children, don't let him loose upon the town. Take heed, Molkus, that he does not bite thee!" and surrounding the now terrified Pietrehl (who really began to

imagine that he or they were mad, and in either case it was a serious consideration) they pinioned his arms, and dragged the exhausted, breathless, and unresisting breeches maker, to his great joy, to the very *bier-kroeg* he had just before quitted, and which he verily mistook for Hans Lobberegt's.

Puffing, blowing, and panting, they seated him on the top of the tub, and he was thunderstruck when, endeavouring to recognise some acquaintance among his tormentors, he discovered that not one single feature in the whole group of grinning physiognomies was known to him.

X.

TRANSFORMATION.

Hans Lobberegt was now his only hope and last resource ; his recognition and interposition would instantly free him from the unpleasant embargo which these bloodhounds, these strangers, had so unjustly laid upon him ; and with a faint, tremulous voice, he called for the host ; when, lo ! a thin, dapper, cringing, dark man, with a smirking mouth, and twinkling eye, the very opposite of big-bellied Hans Lobberegt of ———, answered Pietrehl's summons.

"Where's Hans Lobberegt ?"

"Hans Lobberegt !" answered the host, with a well-feigned stare of stupidity.

"Ay ; the master of this *bier-kroeg*."

"The master !" said the host. "Well, come, that's as good a one as ever I heard," continued he, laughing, "Why I have kept this place ten years, come next winter, my friend ; you're a droll, sir, I see, and want to laugh at me ; you think I'm a fool, but I'm not : and, joking apart, what's your pleasure ?"

"I have no pleasure," roared the bewildered breeches-maker ; "I am mad, and ye are all mad together."

This rhapsody increased the merriment of the assembly, ably backed by the conspirators, who, carefully concealing themselves from the view of Karel, most heartily enjoyed his astonishment and rage.

XI.

TRANSPORTATION.

"Anger makes a man dry," and notwithstanding Karel's tormenting and inexplicable situation (for never was poor devil so hunted and mysteriously maltreated), he had not the heart to refuse the jug which was offered him ; and thereby his courage being strengthened, he rose and commanded them at the risk and peril of their own persons, to stand back and let him pass peaceably to his own shop, without let or molestation.

"Who art thou ? Where is thy shop ?" demanded the knaves. "We don't know thee."

"Is not my name Karel Pietrehl ? and do I not dwell in this street ? Oh, Lord ! Lord ! are ye all mad, or drunk, or what ails ye ?"

"Neither one nor t'other," replied one of them ; "but truly thou must be mad to say thou livest in this town ; nay, canst thou claim acquaintance with any here ? We are all of this town." Karel looked at them and shook his head grievously ; yet still believing they had put a trick upon him.

"Come," said the desponding Pietrehl, "I'll give ye a ducat to drink if ye will only permit me to show you my house—follow me—bring me back if what I utter prove false."

There was so much reason in this request, that they could not deny it, knowing, too, full well, that his journey would be bootless, and only increase his confusion.

With the greatest care and precision Karel bent his way, as he imagined, towards his nice snug little shop ; but what pen can paint his dismayed countenance, when he found that his house and part of the street had actually vanished, and that upon closer examination every house, sign, and name, was unknown to him. With a half forlorn, half frantic look, he turned upon those who accompanied him—"Miserable wretch that I am !" said he ; "I am bewitched—I shall go mad. Oh ! where am I ? Where—where have I got to ?" In lieu of replying to these questions, they led him back again without difficulty or resistance to the *bier-kroeg*, where an irresistible drowsiness soon overcame him, and falling into a deep sleep, they bore him to the *trekschuyt*.

XII.

IT'S ALL A DREAM.

When honest Karel opened his eyes again, the pleasant physiognomies of his old cronies beamed upon him with a joyous welcome.

"Thank God !" said the delighted Karel, "I am with you again."

"Ey !" said long Gerrit Pimpernel, without moving a muscle, "what, dreaming with your eyes open, Master Pietrehl ! Come, come ! you've had a long nap ; no compliment to the company, and——"

"Have I really been sleeping all this time !" said Karel, doubtingly, the impression of what had passed still strong on his mind. "Oh, what a dream I've had ! but yet I thought I was awake too ! Surely——"

"Oh ! let's have the dream ! let's have the dream by all means," cried the wags, with one voice, promising themselves much sport from the relation.

And after they had convinced Karel Pietrehl, against his own opinion, that he had actually been asleep, they had truly cause to wonder at the genius and invention of the breeches-maker, in enlarging upon, and multiplying the occurrences of, that memorable night ; and it was ever afterwards a source of merriment to the roguish plotters ; for Karel's dream was the only topic upon which he became truly eloquent ; and in the course of time, with his additions and alterations, the original adventure was almost entirely forgotten.

OUR LOVELY ENGLISH QUEEN.

(Lines written after contemplating a Portrait of Her Majesty.)

BY MRS. E. S. CRAVEN GREEN.

I saw her in her beauty,—
 Not in pride of pomp or power,
 Not in halls of regal glory,
 Nor in rose-encircled bower,
 But in a summer chamber,
 Sat joyful, yet serene,
 With a smile like moonlight splendor,
 Our lovely English Queen !
 Soft to her snowy bosom
 A priceless gem she prest,
 (The dearest of her treasures,
 The Jewels of her breast,)
 A cherub INFANT, wearing
 Her graces in its mien—
 And the home charm of affection
 Adorn'd our English Queen !
 As long as Wife and Mother
 Are names to Britons dear,
 And home a blessed bond-tie,
 To elevate and cheer,
 A sweet yet *proud* emotion
 Shall thrill us at this scene,
 And hearts bow down to honour
 Our lovely English Queen !
 High in history story
 The MAIDEN SOVEREIGN shines,
 But *love's* diviner glory
 Victoria's brow entwines ;
 Star of our sea-girt Island !
 Bright in her virtue's sheen,
 VICTORIA, the BELOVED !
 Our own true English Queen !

THE CITY OF THE DEMONS.

BY WILLIAM MAGINN.

In days of yore there lived in the flourishing city of Cairo a Hebrew Rabbi, by name Jochonan, who was the most learned of his nation. His fame went over the East, and the most distant people sent their young men to imbibe wisdom from his lips. He was deeply skilled in the traditions of the fathers, and his word, on a disputed point, was decisive. He was pious, just, temperate, and strict; but he had one vice:—a love of gold had seized upon his heart, and he opened not his hand to the poor. Yet he was wealthy above most, his wisdom being to him the source of riches. The Hebrews of the city were grieved at this blemish on the wisest of their people; but though the elders of the tribe continued to reverence him for his fame, the women and children of Cairo called him by no other name than that of Rabbi Jochonan the miser.

None knew so well as he the ceremonies necessary for initiation into the religion of Moses; and, consequently, the exercise of those solemn offices was to him another source of gain. One day, as he walked into the fields about Cairo, conversing with a youth on the interpretation of the law, it so happened that the angel of death smote the young man suddenly, and he fell dead before the feet of the Rabbi, even while he was yet speaking. When the Rabbi found that the youth was dead, he rent his garments, and glorified the Lord. But his heart was touched, and the thoughts of death troubled him in the visions of the night. He felt uneasy when he reflected on his hardness to the poor, and he said, "Blessed be the name of the Lord! the first good thing that I am asked to do, in that holy name, will I perform." But he sighed, for he feared that some one might ask of him a portion of his gold.

While yet he thought upon these things, there came a loud cry at his gate.

"Awake, thou sleeper!" said the voice, "awake! a child is in danger of death, and the mother hath sent me for thee, that thou mayest do thine office."

"The night is dark and gloomy," said the Rabbi, coming to his casement, "and mine age is great; are there not younger men than I in Cairo?"

"For thee only, Rabbi Jochonan, whom some call the wise, but whom others call Rabbi Jochonan the miser, was I sent. Here is gold," said he, taking out a purse of sequins,—"I want not thy labour for nothing. I adjure thee to come, in the name of the living God."

So the Rabbi thought upon the vow he had just made, and he groaned in the spirit, for the purse sounded heavy.

"As thou hast adjured me by that name, I will go with thee," said he to the man; "but I hope the distance is not far. Put up thy gold."

"The place is at hand," said the stranger, who was a gallant youth, in magnificent attire. "Be speedy, for time presses."

Jochonan arose, dressed himself, and accompanied the stranger, after having carefully locked up all the doors of his house, and deposited his keys in a secret place—at which the stranger smiled.

"I never remember," said the Rabbi, "so dark a night. Be thou to me as a guide, for I can hardly see the way."

"I know it well," replied the stranger, with a sigh; "it is a way much frequented, and travelled hourly by many; lean upon mine arm, and fear not."

They journeyed on; and though the darkness was great, yet the Rabbi could see when it occasionally brightened, that he was in a place strange to him. "I thought," said he, "I knew all the country for leagues about Cairo, yet I know not where I am. I hope, young man," said he to his companion, "that thou hast not missed the way;" and his heart misgave him.

"Fear not," returned the stranger: "your journey is even now done," and, as he spoke, the feet of the Rabbi slipped from under him, and he rolled down a great height. When he recovered, he found that his companion had fallen also, and stood by his side.

"Nay, young man," said the Rabbi, "if thus thou sportest with the grey hairs of age thy days are numbered. Woe unto him that insults the hoary head!"

VOL. 10—No. 1—H.

The stranger made an excuse, and they journeyed on some little further in silence. The darkness grew less, and the astonished Rabbi, lifting up his eyes, found that they had come to the gates of a city which he had never before seen. Yet he knew all the cities of the land of Egypt, and he had walked but half an hour from his dwelling in Cairo. So he knew not what to think, but followed the man with trembling.

They soon entered the gates of the city, which was lighted up as if there were a festival in every house. The streets were full of revellers, and nothing but a sound of joy could be heard. But when Jochonan looked upon their faces—they were the faces of men pained within ; and he saw, by the marks they bore, that they were Mazikin.* He was terrified in his soul : and, by the light of the torches, he looked also upon the face of his companion, and behold ! he saw upon him, too, the mark that showed him to be a demon. The Rabbi feared excessively—almost to fainting ; but he thought it better to be silent, and sadly he followed his guide, who brought him to a splendid house, in the most magnificent quarter of the city.

"Enter here," said the Demon to Jochonan, "for this house is mine. The lady and the child are in the upper chamber ;" and, accordingly, the sorrowful Rabbi ascended the stairs to find them.

The lady, whose dazzling beauty was shrouded by melancholy beyond hope, lay in bed ; the child, in rich raiment, slumbered on the lap of the nurse, by her side.

"I have brought to thee, light of my eyes !" said the Demon, "Rebecca, beloved of my soul ! I have brought thee Rabbi Jochonan, the wise, for whom thou didst desire. Let him, then, speedily begin his office : I shall fetch all things necessary, for he is in haste to depart." He smiled bitterly as he said these words, looking at the Rabbi ; and left the room, followed by the nurse.

When Jochonan and the lady were alone, she turned in bed towards him, and said, "Unhappy man that thou art ! knowest thou where thou hast been brought !" "I do," said he, with a heavy groan ; "I know that I am in a city of the Mazikin."

"Know then, further," said she, and the tears gushed from eyes brighter than the diamond ; "know then, further, that no one is ever brought here, unless he hath sinned before the Lord. What my sin hath been imports not to thee—and I seek not to know thine. But here thou remainest for ever—lost even as I am lost." And she wept again. The Rabbi dashed his turban on the ground, and tearing his hair, exclaimed, "Woe is me ! Who art thou, woman, that speakest to me thus ?"

"I am a Hebrew woman," said she, "the daughter of a Doctor of the Laws, in the city of Bagdad ; and being brought hither, it matters not how, I am married to a prince among the Mazikin, even him who was sent for thee. And that child, whom thou sawest, is our first-born, and I could not bear the thought that the soul of our innocent babe should perish. I therefore besought my husband to try to bring hither a priest, that the law of Moses (blessed be his memory !) should be done ; and thy fame, which has spread to Bagdad, and lands further towards the rising of the sun, made me think of thee. Now my husband, though great among the Mazikin, is more just than the other demons ; and he loves me, whom he hath ruined, with a love of despair. So he said, that the name of Jochonan the wise was familiar unto him, and that he knew thou wouldst not be able to refuse. What thou hast done, to give him power over thee, is known to thyself."

"I swear before heaven," said the Rabbi, "that I have ever diligently kept the law, and walked stedfastly after the traditions of our fathers, from the day of my youth upward. I have wronged no man in word or deed, and I have daily worshipped the Lord ; minutely performing all the ceremonies thereto needful."

"Nay," said the Lady, "all this thou mightest have done, and more, and yet be in the power of the demons. But time passes, for I hear the foot of my husband mounting the stair. There is one chance of thine escape."

"What is that ? O lady of beauty !" said the agonized Rabbi.

"Eat not, drink not, nor take fee or reward while here ; and as long as thou canst do thus, the Mazikin have no power over thee, dead or alive. Have courage and persevere."

As she ceased from speaking, her husband entered the room, followed by the nurse, who bore all things requisite for the ministration of the Rabbi. With a heavy

* Demons.

heart he performed his duty, and the child was numbered among the faithful. But when, as usual, at the conclusion of the ceremony, the wine was handed round to be tasted by the child, the mother, and the Rabbi, he refused it, when it came to him, saying,—

"Spare me, my Lord, for I have made a vow that I fast this day ; and I will eat not, neither will I drink."

"Be it as thou pleasest," said the Demon, "I will not that thou shouldest break thy vow :—" and he laughed aloud.

So the poor Rabbi was taken into a chamber, looking into a garden, where he passed the remainder of the night and day, weeping, and praying to the Lord that he would deliver him from the city of Demons. But when the twelfth hour came, and the sun was set, the Prince of the Mazikin came again unto him, and said :

"Eat now I pray thee, for the day of thy vow is past ;—" and he set meat before him.

"Pardon again thy servant, my Lord," said Jochonan, "in this thing. I have another vow for this day also. I pray thee be not angry with thy servant."

"I am not angry," said the Demon, "be it as thou pleasest, I respect thy vow ;—" and he laughed louder than before.

So the Rabbi sat another day in his chamber, by the garden, weeping and praying. And when the sun had gone behind the hills, the Prince of the Mazikin again stood before him and said,

"Eat now, for thou must be an hungered. It was a sore vow of thine ;—" and he offered him daintier meats.

And Jochonan felt a strong desire to eat, but he prayed inwardly to the Lord, and the temptation passed ; and he answered,

"Excuse thy servant yet a third time, my Lord, that I eat not. I have renewed my vow."

"Be it so, then," said the other, "arise and follow me."

The Demon took a torch in his hand, and led the Rabbi through winding passages of his palace, to the door of a lofty chamber, which he opened with a key that he took from a niche in the wall. On entering the room, Jochonan saw that it was of solid silver,—the floor, ceiling, walls, even to the threshold and the door-posts. And the curiously carved roof and borders of the ceiling shone in the torch-light, as if they were the fanciful work of frost. In the midst were heaps of silver money, piled up in immense urns of the same metal, even over the brim.

"Thou hast done me a servicable act, Rabbi," said the Demon ; "take of these what thou pleasest ; ay, were it the whole."

"I cannot my Lord," said Jochonan. "I was adjured by thee to come hither in the name of God ; and in that name I came, not for fee or reward."

"Follow me," said the Prince of the Mazikin ; and Jochonan did so, into an inner chamber.

It was of gold, as the other was of silver. Its golden roof was supported by pillars and pilasters of gold, resting upon a golden floor. The treasures of the kings of the earth would not purchase one of the four-and-twenty vessels of golden coins, which were deposited in six rows along the room. No wonder ; for they were filled by the constant labours of the demons of the mines. The heart of Jochonan was moved by avarice, when he saw them shining in yellow light, like the autumnal sun, as they reflected the beams of the torch. But God enabled him to persevere.

"These are thine," said the Demon ; "one of the vessels which thou beholdest would make thee richest of the sons of men—and I give thee them all."

But Jochonan refused again ; and the Prince of the Mazikin opened the door of a third chamber, which was called the Hall of Diamonds. When the Rabbi entered, he screamed aloud, and put his hands over his eyes, for the lustre of the jewels dazzled him, as if he had looked upon the noon-day sun. In vases of agate were heaped diamonds beyond numeration, the smallest of which was larger than a pigeon's egg. On alabaster tables lay amethysts, topazes, rubies, beryls, and all other precious stones, wrought by the hands of skilful artists, beyond power of computation. The room was lighted by a carbuncle, which, from the end of the hall, poured its ever living light, brighter than the rays of noon-tide, but cooler than the gentle radiance of the dewy moon. This was a sore trial on the Rabbi ; but he was strengthened from above, and he refused again.

"Thou knowest me, then, I perceive, O Jochonan, son of Ben-David," said the Prince of the Mazikin; "I am a Demon who would tempt thee to destruction. As thou hast withstood so far, I tempt thee no more. Thou hast done a service, which, though I value it not, is acceptable in the sight of her whose love to me is dearer than the light of life. Sad has been that love to thee, my Rebecca! Why should I do that which would make thy cureless grief more grievous! You have yet another chamber to see," said he to Jochonan, who had closed his eyes, and was praying fervently to the Lord, beating his breast.

Far different from the other chambers was the one into which the Rabbi was next introduced: it was a mean and paltry apartment, without furniture. On its filthy walls hung innumerable bunches of rusty keys, of all sizes, disposed without order. Among them, to the astonishment of Jochonan, hung the keys of his own house, those which he put to hide when he came on this miserable journey, and he gazed upon them intently.

"What dost thou see," said the Demon, "that makes thee look so eagerly! Can he who has refused silver and gold, and diamonds, be moved by a paltry bunch of rusty iron!"

"They are mine own, my Lord," said the Rabbi; "them will I take if they be offered to me."

"Take them, then," said the Demon, putting them into his hand;—"thou mayest depart. But, Rabbi, open not thy house only, when thou returnest to Cairo, but thy heart also. That thou didst not open it before, was that which gave me power over thee. It was well that thou didst one act of charity in coming with me without reward, for it has been thy salvation. Be no more Rabbi Jochonan the miser."

The Rabbi bowed to the ground, and blessed the Lord for his escape. "But how," said he, "am I to return, for I know not the way?"—"Close thine eyes," said the Demon. He did so, and in the space of a moment, he heard the voice of the Prince of the Mazikin ordering him to open them again. And behold, when he opened them, he stood in the centre of his own chamber, in his house at Cairo, with the keys in his hand.

When he recovered from his surprise, and had offered thanksgivings to God, he opened his house, and his heart also. He gave alms to the poor, he cheered the heart of the widow, and lightened the destitution of the orphan. His hospitable board was open to the stranger, and his purse was at the service of all who need to share it. His life was a perpetual act of benevolence, and the blessings showered upon him by all were returned bountifully upon him by the hand of God. But people wondered, and said, "Is not this the man who was called Rabbi Jochonan the miser? What hath made the change?"—And it became a saying in Cairo. When it came to the ears of the Rabbi, he called his friends together, and he avowed his former love of gold, and the danger to which it had exposed him, relating all which has been above told, in the hall of the new palace that he built by the side of the river, on the left hand as thou goest down the course of the great stream. And wise men, who were scribes, wrote it down from his mouth, for the memory of mankind, that they might profit thereby. And a venerable man, with a beard of snow, who had read it in these books, and at whose feet I sat, that I might learn the wisdom of the old time, told it me. And I write it in the tongue of England, the merry and the free, on the tenth day of the month Nisan, in the year according to the lesser supputation, five hundred ninety and seven, that thou mayest learn good thereof. If not, the fault be upon thee.

THE BARD TO HIS LYRE.

Oh, hither waft, ye balmy gales!
 Oh, hither waft your rich perfume!
 In undulating sweeps, from vales
 Where flowrets fresh and fragrant bloom,
 Oh, come in wispers soft and low!

Oh, come disport around my brow !
And on your pinions bear along,
Yon merry wood-nymph's mystic song.

Far from the world's alluring wiles,
Where deadliest hate is hid by smiles ;
Far from its fever and its strife,
Its smooth deceit, its vices rife,
How pleasant 'tis to sit and hear
Yon mountain rill's dissolving sound,
As now tis heard distinct and clear,
Then melts away in glens around ;
To watch yon western gold-ting'd braid
Into the gathering twilight fade ;
And while gay songsters merrily,
Attune their songs to liberty,
To quaff the rich nectarious draught
Of health, the balmy breezes waft.

Spirit of life and love ! impart
Thy soothing measures to my heart ;
Oh, let me thy sweet influence taste,
Preside thou o'er the rural feast ;
Touch with thy wand these duteous eyes,
Bid all thy sylvan beauties rise ;
And from thy richly-deck'd parterre,
Teach me to cull a garland fair
Of Poesy—do thou inspire
With music sweet my simple Lyre.

Oh, simple Lyre ! thy music oft
Hath stay'd the throbbings of this heart ;
Thy plaintive tones, so sweet, so soft,
Have often eas'd its painful smart ;
Have often brought me sweet relief,
When overwhelm'd with deepest grief.
The busy world may know thee not,
Nor care for thy unskilful strains ;
But oh ! whatever be my lot—
While memory her seat retains—
Till marks the sculptur'd stone the spot,
Where deep in clay lie my remains,
Nought shall on earth our friendship sever,
We'll journey on, united ever.

For thou, when other friends have ceas'd to smile,
Hast never fail'd the weary hour to guile ;
When others have unkind, inconstant proved,
Thy tender strains my inmost soul have moved.
However deep the sorrow of my heart,
I need but gently sweep my hand athwart
Thy tuneful wires, and my freed soul upspring
Into the realms of hope, on joyous wings.
In days gone by how oft thy music wild
Hath wrapt in dreams the visionary child ;
And now, e'en now, amidst life's cares and pains,
With tears of bliss I own thy magic strains ;
Thou charm'st the present and recall'st the past,
I love thee, and I'll love thee to the last.

A WINTER SONG.

Crackle and blaze,
 Crackle and blaze,
 There's snow on the housetops—there's ice on the ways,
 But the keener the season
 The stronger's the reason.
 Why ceiling should flicker and glow in thy blaze ;
 So fire—piled fire,
 Leap, fire, and shout—
 Be it warmer within
 As 'tis colder without,
 And as curtains we draw and around the hearth close,
 As we glad us with talk of great frosts and deep snows,
 As redly thy warmth on the shadowed wall plays
 We'll say winter's evenings outmatch summer's days,
 And a song, jolly roarer, we'll shout in thy praise ;
 So crackle and blaze,
 Crackle and blaze,
 While roaring the chorus goes round in thy praise.

Crackle and blaze,
 Crackle and blaze,
 There's ice on the ponds and leaves on the ways,
 But the barer each tree
 The more reason have we
 To joy in the summer that roars in thy blaze ;
 So fire, piled fire,
 The lustier shout,
 The louder the winds shriek
 And roar by without,
 And as red through the curtains go out with thy light
 Pleasant thoughts of warm firesides across the dark night
 Passers by hastening on shall be loud in thy praise,
 And while spark with red spark in thy curling smoke plays
 Within the loud song to thy honour we'll raise,
 So crackle and blaze,
 Crackle and blaze,
 While roaring the chorus goes round in thy praise.

Greenwich.

W. C. BENNETT.

BOTANY.

CHAPTER I.

"O Botany! the ardent glow
 Of pure delight to thee I owe,
 Since childhood's playful day,
 E'en then I sought the sweet perfume,
 Exhal'd a long the ban!s of Froome,
 Admir'd the rose's opening bloom,
 And nature's rich array."

SARAH HOARE.

THE design of these chapters is to awaken, if possible, a taste in the members of our Institution for the study of nature, and by this means to impress on their minds ideas of the power and wisdom of the Supreme Being, to teach them to "look from

Nature up to Nature's God." Indigence and daily labour is no bar to a knowledge of Botany ; some of the best Linnæan botanists of the present day are to be found among the operatives of Manchester. Among the various branches of natural history none possesses more advantages than that of Botany : it contributes, by offering an inducement to air and exercise, health of body and cheerfulness of disposition ; the artisan, after his day's toil was completed, would find his health improved by the search for objects necessary to prosecute his plans. To quote again the above authoress—

"The search repays by health improved,
Richly supplies the mind with food
Of pure variety,
Awak'n'g hopes of brighter joy,
Presents us sweets that never cloy,
And prompts the happiest employ
Of praise to Deity."

This study, too, might become an excellent substitute for some of those trifling, not to mention those injurious and pernicious, objects which too often occupy the leisure hours of the working man.

In order to facilitate the discovery of the names of plants various systems have, from time to time, been devised, and various organs of the plants have been fixed on for the purpose of classification : amongst all these the system of Linnæus is justly considered pre-eminent ; this system is founded on the organs of re-production, and, as a dictionary, it is at present invaluable. Sir J. E. Smith observes that the application of the Linnæan system in practice is, above all other systems, easy and intelligible. Even in pursuing the study of the natural affinities of plants, this botanist affirms "that it would be as idle to lay aside the continual use of the Linnæan system, as it would be for the philologists and logicians to slight the convenience, and indeed necessity, of the alphabet, and to substitute the Chinese characters in its stead." "If we examine," says Decandolle, "the artificial systems which have been hitherto devised, we shall find the most celebrated of them, that which was proposed by Linnæus, to possess a decided superiority over all others, not only because it is consistently derived from one simple principle, but also because the author of it, by means of a new nomenclature, has given his terms the greatest distinctness of meaning."

This celebrated naturalist was the son of an obscure clergyman in Sweden, whose tastes led him to cultivate and adorn his residence with the choicest productions of floriculture. Young Linnæus soon caught the enthusiasm of his father, but owing to some disobedience of his parents' will, they placed him as an apprentice to a shoemaker : fortunately a physician, perceiving him to be a lad of genius, took him into his own house, where some of the works of the celebrated Tournefort were placed in his hands, which at once decided his course ; he soon attracted the attention of the most learned naturalists of Europe, who patronised and encouraged him to prosecute that interesting pursuit, which has immortalized his name.

To understand the Linnæan system, it is necessary that the beginner shall make himself acquainted with the names of the various portions of a flower, as given them by botanists. These parts are, first, the *CORLYX*, which is that outer green covering which usually surrounds the bud, and which, when the flower is expanded, appears beneath it : secondly, the *COROLLA*, which is the coloured part of the flower, and which generally attracts the most attention : thirdly, the *STAMENS*, which are the main organs ; they are those thread-like processes situated immediately within the corolla ; they consist of two parts, the filaments or threads, and the anther, which is situated on the top of them ; these (the anthers) contain the pollen or dust, which fructifies the embryo seeds, and is very readily perceived when the anther is arrived at maturity—without this, no seeds would ever vegetate or grow. Fourthly, in the centre of the flower, will be found the *PISTIL*, or female organ,—this is divided into three parts, the germ, which contains the rudiments of the seeds, the style, and the stigma which surmounts the style ; this last receives the fructifying powder of the male organ, which is conveyed by the style to the germ, where the seeds are impregnated.

Sometimes we find that the filaments are wanting, as in the poppy (*PAPAYER*), but this is not essential ; the style, also, may be wanting, and yet the flower will be termed perfect, as the absence of these is no impediment to re-production.

If the learner will be at the trouble to commit the above to memory, together with the following table, he will be at no loss to ascertain to what class any plant may belong : when he has proceeded thus far he may commence to learn the orders or sub-divisions of the classes, which will be given hereafter :—

No.	Classes	No. of Stamens and their Disposition.	Examples.
1	Monandria...	One Stamen	Glasswort, Marestalk.
2	Diandria....	Two Stamens	Speedwell, Lilac.
3	Triandria....	Three Stamens	Crocuses, Grasses.
4	Tetrandria....	Four Stamens, of equal length.....	Devil's Bit, Ladies' Mantle.
5	Pentandria....	Five Stamens	Primrose, Buck-Bean, Potatoes.
6	Hexandria....	Six Stamens, of equal length.....	Dock, Daffodil, Lily.
7	Heptandria....	Seven Stamens	Horsechestnut.
8	Octandria....	Eight Stamens	Heath, Fuchsia, Willow-herb.
9	Enneandria....	Nine Stamens	*Flowering-rush, Laurel.
10	Decandria....	Ten Stamens	Saxifrage, Pink, Sweetwilliam.
11	Dodecandria....	Twelve Stamens, or more, under twenty.....	Houseleek, Mignonette.
12	Tocosandria....	Twenty Stamens, fixed on the Calyx.....	Thorn, Apple, Pear, Plum.
13	Polyandria....	Many Stamens	Buttercups, Poppy, Water Lily.
14	Didynamia....	Four Stamens, two long and two short.....	Mint, Thyme, Foxglove.
15	Tetradynamia....	Six Stamens, four long and two short.....	Wallflower, Stock, Cress.
16	Monadelphina....	Filaments united at bottom	Geranium, Mallow.
17	Diadelphina....	Filaments in two sets	Pea, Broom, Furze.
18	Polyadelphina....	Filaments in three or more sets	Orange, St. John's Wort.
19	Syngenesia....	Anthers united, Flowers compound.....	Dandelion, Daisy, Thistle.
20	Gynandria....	Stamens upon the Pistil.....	Orchis, Tway-blade.
21	Monoclea....	Stamens and Pistils in separate flowers on same plant.....	Alder, Birch, Cucumber.
22	Dioclea....	Stamens and Pistils distinct, upon separate plants.....	Willow, Hop, Poplar.
23	Polygamia....	Stamens only, others with Pistils, others with both.....	Maple, Ash, Fig.
24	Cryptogamia....	Re-productive organs scarcely visible.....	Ferns, Mosses, Funguses.

* The Flowering-rush is the only plant, indigenous to Britain, belonging to this Class.

In selecting the above EXAMPLES I have confined myself to plants of British growth, except where I considered that such plants were not generally known : I have then chosen such exotics as I believe few people are unacquainted with.

Good Samaritan Lodge, West Derby District.

W. H.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE OLD GENTLEMAN.

Most of my readers, especially those who dwell in country towns or villages, will at once understand the title I have given to this article, when I bring to their recollection scenes that have gone on in their presence, or within the scope of their experience. Every country town and every country village has its old gentleman. He is not a man who possesses an immense amount of money, nor one who may be noted in the public affairs of the town, but he is mostly a gentleman who has retired from a profession or business ; sometimes a half-pay captain, sometimes a retired tradesman, possessed of just sufficient to live decently and respectably. The old gentleman of any country place may soon be noticed, for his morning's stroll is either to the bridge at its entrance, up and down the principal street, in the village church-yard, or school, chatting with a labourer over his garden gate ; in fact doing everything it is customary for those to do, who bear the name of "people-with-nothing-to-do." Should the town possess a reading-room, there is to be seen the old gentleman some part of the day, either reading or dozing over a newspaper ; and it is an amusing sight to see the old gentleman enter one of these rooms ; all seem to pay the utmost deference to him, and he acts as if he expected they should do so ; no doubt his having been accustomed to it for a great length of time, makes him look for deferential attention from all with whom he may associate. No sooner has he arrived at the door of the reading-room than he pulls off his hat, quietly takes out his pocket-handkerchief, wipes his face and

forehead, and then leisurely walks to his accustomed seat, which is some retired corner of a retired window ; the hat is then placed on the table before him, his stick at the back of his chair, after which he composes himself to the reading the state of the stocks, in which his money may be placed. Then satisfied with having dozed over his regular time, the old gentleman enters into conversation with some of his fellow-idlers, or if there be no one else, with the person who may have charge of the room.

But it is not merely the old gentleman's mornings that I wish to notice. The question is, "How are his evenings spent?" and it is to the answer to the above question that I wish to draw the attention of my readers most particularly. In every place in this wide world there is want and misery ; sharp piercing want may soon be found, and when it is found, misery is generally its companion. But as there are different species of animals, and different people and minds, so there are different degrees or species of want ; the wretched, dirty, and loathsome views of want of large and populous towns, form one species, the want of the country forms another. I do not intend to deny that you may find want and cleanliness in towns, far from it ; but the wretchedness of town want, is nothing compared with that of the country, even with cleanliness accompanying it. Town and country want are as distinct as two things can possibly be. Those who dwell in large towns have the means of relief nearer at hand, and more bountifully held forth than the poor of the country ; nay the poor of large towns expect to be fed with food regularly provided especially for their use and of the very best kind, which expectation far be it from me to attempt to destroy ; but in the country, the poor have to be satisfied with that species of relief known as "odds and ends," or in plainer style, as "scraps," and soup is made from boiling the beef bones once or twice a-week ; and if it were not for the old gentlemen of our country places, miserable indeed would be the condition of some of our peasantry. But, thank God ! there are such men in existence, who, possessing sufficient for themselves, lay by some of that sufficiency regularly for the use of the poor. And it is astonishing how the old gentleman finds out the objects of his charity, he performs his acts of benevolence so secretly. Being personally acquainted with one of these old gentlemen, I think I found out his method of discovering deserving want. I noticed that of an afternoon, when he took his stroll, after pretending to take a walk he has suddenly diverged from the path to some retired spot where, perchance, stood one or two of the poorest cottages ; he would here give the relief he intended, and whilst seated in the cottage, he would enter into conversation with the good woman of the house, in the first place about her own family and affairs, then about those of her neighbours ; now, as I know the poor of a country place know all about each others' matters, I presumed that the old gentleman used this method to acquire his information. I may be wrong, but I never could see any other way in which he got to know so many poor people. And thus it is in most country places, for they have generally each an old gentleman ; and when we see one of this kind of men strolling in a village, country town, or open fields, and notice the many curtsies that are made by the women, and the caps doffed by the men of the poorest order, we shall not be far wrong when we apply to him the words of the poet Goldsmith :—

"His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain :
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ;
The ruin'd spendthrift now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allow'd ;
The broken soldier, kindly bid to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away ;
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch and shew'd how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow
And quite forgot their vices in their woe :
Careless their merits, or their faults to scan,
His pity gave, ere charity began.

C.

THE LUCK OF LYNHURST.

My mind misgives,
Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
Shall bitterly begin its fearful date,
With this night's revels.—*Romeo and Juliet.*

Lynhurst Court is one of those curious black and white mansions which still remain in Cheshire and Lancashire, and are, I believe, peculiar to those counties. It is situated on the side of a hill, on the northern border of Lancashire, and commands a beautiful view of the distant country. A curious maze of yew hedges and terraces forms the pleasure-ground on the southern side of the house, and beyond rise the splendid oak woods, for which Lynhurst has long been celebrated.

On the north some venerable yew trees divide the grounds from the old churchyard, and the grey tower and now broken churchyard, cast their long shadows over the turf, and give a calm and subdued character to the otherwise cheerful landscape.

The house has, of late years, changed proprietors many times; vague traditions people the old walls with supernatural visitants, and the fate of the last of its ancient possessors still casts a gloom around the scene of his faults and of their punishment. The very buildings seemed to speak of decay, and neglect, and desolation; and their mossy stones, and ivied roof, and forsaken galleries, seem yet to re-echo the sad exclamation of the last of the Cliffords—"Broken faith, broken fortunes!"

But at the time of which we write—All Soul's Eve some seventy years ago—all was light and gladness at Lynhurst. The old house belonged to Sir Ernest Clifford, whose family had for many centuries possessed it, and after a long absence he and his widowed mother had returned to it, and the family had assembled in the great hall to celebrate his coming of age.

Ernest was a gay, light-hearted creature, beloved by all, and almost adored by his mother, with a noble form and a fine manly face, though his bright blue eye had a restlessness of expression which, while it gave, at first sight, animation to his countenance, indicated to a closer observer a certain versatility of character which had never been repressed by his indulgent parent. But none felt inclined that evening to speculate coldly or harshly on Ernest's disposition; least of all the Lady Julian, whose soft eyes, as they rested often on her only son, spoke all the tenderness of a mother's feelings: and as the remainder of the party assembled round the fire, after the departure of the greater number of the guests, to drink Ernest's health in the crystal cup which had for many generations been used on all such occasions, and which was emphatically called "The Luck of Lynhurst," a happier group could not be well imagined.

Family tradition recorded that a cup of water had been presented on his knees by the young heir of the then Lord of Lynhurst to Queen Margaret of Anjou, as, exhausted in body, but unsubdued in spirit, she prepared for flight, after the fatal battle of Northampton.

"Well hast thou done thy devoir true knight," said the lion-hearted queen; "lay up this goblet among the records of thy house. So may thy children's children, like thee, preserve their loyalty to their prince, and faith to their knightly vows, and the blessing of heaven will never depart from thine house."

The large blue eyes of Frances Gerard beamed with pride as she listened to Lady Julian's account of the devotion of their ancestors to the unfortunate Margaret in her greatest need—for she, too, was of the house of Clifford.

Mrs. Gerard was the only daughter of the late Sir Thomas, and during his lifetime no year passed without a part of it being spent by her at Lynhurst.

Since his death Mrs. Gerard had mourned over the early grave of her beloved husband. Frances becoming, in some sort, the sharer of her mother's griefs, had feeling and reflection beyond her years. Her buoyant spirit cheered and gladdened all within her gentle influence, while the beauty of her young fair face and fragile form had procured for her the name of the Snowdrop of Sedgely.

The childish intimacy of Frances and Ernest deepened into love, when, after a separation of some years, they again met in the old haunts of their happy childhood;

but Mrs. Gerard knew the depth of her child's feelings, and the careless light-heartedness of Ernest. She wished, therefore, some proof of the strength of his attachment, and forbade for the present any engagements between them.

"Frances is only seventeen," she said, "and Ernest has to return to Oxford, and afterwards to travel; let us speak on this subject again two years hence."

Ernest submitted with difficulty.

"Two years!" said he; "it is a long time to look forward to."

"Prove yourself worthy of her, Ernest," said Mrs. Clifford gently but seriously, "by the way in which this long interval is spent."

"Be it so, then," answered Ernest. "This day two years let us meet again here. Promise me," he continued, in a low, deep, voice to his cousin—"promise me not to forget All Souls Eve. I feel as if my whole life hangs upon that day."

He clasped her unresisting hand, and drawing a diamond, his own gift, from her finger, he added solemnly—

"I will write our compact upon this old cup; what shall be the word?" "Faith," whispered Frances.

"F. E.," continued Ernest eagerly—"your initial and mine. It is a good omen that the letters united should form that word. Remember, dearest, that they can never more be separated till the luck of Lynhurst is broken for ever."

A year passed away. Ernest was still abroad, and his letters, had, for some time past, become fewer and more hurried.

Mrs. Gerard remarked with sorrow the nervous anxiety with which Frances awaited their arrival, and the look of disappointment with which she used to lay down his short and unsatisfactory epistles. Ernest had finally quitted Oxford about three months after the meeting at Lynhurst, and they had since heard from himself of his visit to some distant connections in Wiltshire, and of the happy fortune which had enabled him to assist his friend's sister, Theresa Lyttleton, in a situation of some danger. She had been run away with in a little carriage, in which she was herself driving two spirited ponies, and for some time she contented herself with guiding them, till finding that they were rapidly approaching a steep bank, at the foot of which was a small pool of water, she summoned all her energies, determining rather to overturn the carriage, and so arrest their progress, than be hurled down into the deep water below.

Her mother, who was an invalid, was too much occupied with the care of her little dog, and with her own fright and fears, to estimate the full extent of their danger; and and Theresa pulling the ponies' heads sharply round, and at the same time cutting them suddenly with the whip, succeeded with admirable presence of mind in her determination; and Ernest arrived in time to save both Mrs. Lyttleton and Theresa from the overturned carriage and struggling ponies. No one was hurt; but in the excitement of moments like these feelings of intimacy and interest spring up, which the usual intercourse of daily life fails to awaken; and Ernest, strong, as he believed, in his faith and attachment to Frances did not avoid this dangerous friendship, till by degrees the charm of Theresa's conversation, and the excitement of her high spirit and daring disposition, became more and more necessary to him.

He left Wiltshire abruptly; but it was winter, and his travels were deferred till summer, and in London they met again. Lady Julian's earnest endeavours were not wanting to withdraw her son from a course so dangerous to his future peace; but Theresa, young and imperious, delighted in her power, and gloried in exerting it. Ernest ceased to mention her in his letters, and his visit to Sedgely, was daily deferred, till he was obliged, he said, to start for the Continent without again meeting Frances.

Rumours of his undisguised admiration of Theresa Lyttleton had reached Mrs. Gerard, even in her quiet home, and though the subject was carefully shunned by Frances, her mother watched, with ever increasing anxiety, her pale cheeks and unquiet slumbers.

One day—it was All Souls Eve—she returned from her walk with a hurried step, and a face paler and more subdued than usual.

"Dear mother," she said, as she rested at her mother's feet, and her long bright tingle almost concealed her countenance—"I met old Ailes in the wood this evening; I stayed out later than usual; for I was thinking of this day last year, and of our happy party at Lynhurst. When I saw the old woman coming towards me, my mind misgave

me," she continued, forcing a smile; "for she has never quite forgiven my forgetfulness of her messages to Mrs. Mills, about the spinning; but she came towards me, and said very kindly, though in her own strange Scotch way—

"What ails my bonny bairn; for it is lang, lang since I hae seen the blink o' her bright een?"

Then she rambled on in the unconnected way you know she has ever since old James's death, muttering something about deceivers, and a great deal which I could not understand.

"Then turning suddenly round, she looked full into my face with her set eyes, bending her head low down, and putting her arms akimbo, till I felt, with all my pity and regard for her, as if she were a witch, coming to foretell some misfortune."

"Do ye hear me, Miss Gerard," she said, "or are your thoughts far awa' the noo? It's an auld woman wha speaks, and ane wha can never forget that she owes all to your mither, and your mither's house. I wad ask ye the news of Sir Ernest. They tell me he's no' to be at the hall this year. Forgi'e me if I am owre bold; but I wad ask ae question mair, and gie ye ae word o' warning. Is he your cousin only, my bairn, or far, far mair? I hae offended," she continued, "but answer me truly; for heaven's truth has aye been on your young lips."

"What could I say, dearest mother? You know it is long since we heard from him, and I could not speak of such things to Ailes, so I answered at last—

"He's only my cousin now."

"And she drew herself up to her full height, and looking keenly in my face, said—

"What ye tell me may be owre true, though ye dinna believe it yoursel'. Poor young thing," she muttered to herself, and she turned towards her own cottage.

"It is very foolish, dear mother; but her words and her face haunt me, and I feel as if evil were coming soon."

She laid her face on her mother's shoulder, and a tear stole down her pale cheek.

From that day she never spoke of Ernest; for her worst apprehensions were soon confirmed. Unaccustomed to self-control, he followed his impulses, which being generally good and noble had seldom been restrained, and thrown by circumstances much into the society of Theresa, he was not proof against fascinations which were indeed of no common order, but which, if compared with the pure, unselfish spirit and high principle of Frances, would have seemed dim and earthly, as the glow of a fire looks red and lurid when contrasted with the mild light of the evening star.

Another summer passed away, and Frances had long known that it was the last she should ever see.

The day was closing, but the October sun still gleamed faintly through the casement of the dying girl.

Frances seemed better; the much dreaded day—the second anniversary of All Souls Eve—was well nigh past, and earthly sorrows had long given place in her mind to the peaceful hope of a better world, and the joys which had once brightened her path here, grew faint before the gleam of eternity, which is, we humbly believe, sometimes vouchsafed to brighten the death-path of the pure in heart.

"Dear mother," she said, sit by me; you look pale and exhausted. You have watched me too long, too tenderly, and when I think how often I have failed in my duties to you it makes my heart sink, though I know you have forgiven me long ago. If I had told you all, trusted you with all, I should have borne it better, perhaps, but there are things of which one can hardly bear to speak. Now that all is passed, and that I can look back upon my life, and see it, as it were, in the solemn light of eternity—I can speak of it—all that I have thought and felt for years past rises up before me so clearly. One thing," she said, speaking slowly and with effort, "I must say, it is not since—since all that has happened only that I have felt ill. I used before often to think that I could not live long; and the night at Lynhurst—the night of Ernest's birth-day, when we had been so happy—I felt it then; and as I knelt in my own little quiet room a solemn awe crept over me, and something (do you think it was presumptuous in me to believe it was something from heaven, dear mother?) which told me that all this happiness would not last long; and as I looked out on the old yew trees beneath my window, I thought how many generations they had seen pass away, and I prayed to Heaven that my heart's treasure might be laid up there. Was it not strange that I, whom you used to call your merry child, should

have been so full of solemn thoughts at such a happy time ? But in the midst of all our amusements the thought of that still moonlight night never quite left me, and I have often thought that the sorrows and disappointments which have come upon me since then were sent in answer to my prayers ; and Mr. Evans did not think it wrong in me to believe so. I know, dearest mother, it will comfort you afterwards to remember that I have felt weak so long—that my illness was not caused by any earthly hand ; and Ernest's nature, too, is good and noble ; the day will come for him, too, when it will be a relief to him to hear it."

Mrs. Gerard could not interrupt her, she had suffered too long and too much to give way to violent emotion even when she saw her beautiful, her only child fading away ; but as she knelt by her bed-side, and listened to her faint voice, there was deep resignation, though her drooping form, and the heart-broken expression of her pale face, forcibly suggested the idea that the mother and her child would not long be parted. The faithful nurse who had watched over Frances in her childhood, now came to her bedside. She brought the few last autumnal flowers, which the affectionate gratitude of the poor school children, who had shared in Frances's kind offices, daily supplied, and with them their anxious inquiry whether she was better, and whether they might sing their hymn—the last hymn which she had taught them—beneath her windows.

Frances was now calm ; the holy rite of which she had that morning partaken had strengthened her, and she leaned on her mother's shoulder, and listened to their young voices as they sang—

Lord have mercy, and receive us
Early to thy place of rest,
Where the heavens are calm above us,
Still more calm each sainted breast.

Tears of mingled sorrow and gratitude rolled down the pale cheeks of the mother, and she also at that moment felt that the prayers of her child had been heard.

The night came on grey and cold, with fitful gusts of wind, but Mrs. Gerard still sat by her daughter's bed—still with a low, clear voice, read her prayers for the sick, and cheered and strengthened her by the sight of her own calmness.

The usual hour for rest was long past, but their hearts were full, and Frances could not compose herself to sleep. She called her faithful nurse, and after thanking her for all her kindness and watchfulness, besought her always to remain with her mother ; then signing to her to leave them alone, she raised herself on her pillow and said—

"If it were possible, dearest mother, if indeed such wishes are not sinful, my last desire and prayer would be, that I might see *him* once more, that I might show him that crystal cup on which his promise was engraven—not to reproach him, but to raise his thoughts upwards from that early faith which has been broken, to faith in the mercy and compassion of heaven. It was your example, your words, dearest mother, that taught me that blessed faith, and my soul thanks and blesses you for it."

Her head bowed on her mother's bosom, and with that last wish and prayer her spirit had passed away. The midnight bell sounded as Mrs. Gerard with her own thin hand closed her eyes, and then knelt in silent agony in the chamber of death.

And how, in the mean time, passed the day with Ernest Clifford ? In all the wild joy of hopes fulfilled, he brought his young bride to his father's halls, all thoughts of care banished from his full heart by its excess of happiness ; and as the tall chimneys of Lynhurst Court rose from the midst of the oak woods, and he saw Theresa's gaze of admiration, he pressed her to his heart and welcomed her to her future home. Part of the evening was spent in exploring the old house. The tall turret and the great bell, which in 1646 had sounded to summon the brave peasantry to arm for their king, could not well be visited till day light, but they wandered through the long gallery, which tradition said had been graced by Queen Elizabeth, and where she had danced a minuet with the then Lord of Lynhurst, who, he it observed in passing, was, according to the picture still preserved of him, one of the handsomest men of his time.

The rooms which had been prepared for Theresa, and the suits of armour which still remained in the old hall, had all been examined and admired before the great bell warned them to prepare for dinner.

But whispers had already passed amongst the old servants, for Theresa's haughty tone and careless eye contrasted painfully with the gentle manner and kind look of Lady Julian, and a shadow even darkened the brow of Ernest as she pushed lightly by his mother's picture, which he had placed in her sitting-room, and said—"the costume of that day was insufferable; we will have it altered, Ernest;" but Theresa's bright smile soon effaced the momentary impression, and he led his fair bride into the dining-hall with a proud step and a happy heart.

Theresa's spirits rose as she looked at her husband's beaming eyes; but a thrill passed through her heart as she saw him turn suddenly pale, when the old steward presented her, according to custom, with the crystal cup, the luck of Lynhurst. She raised it to her lips, and smiled as she drank his health, then held it out to her husband; but the word *FE* caught his eye—a sudden pang shot through his heart as old times recurred to his mind, and the pale sweet face of Frances seemed to rise before him. With a deep sigh, almost a groan, he motioned to the astonished old man to take it away; but before he could seize the cup, it fell from Ernest's trembling hand, and "the luck of Lynhurst lay shivered into a thousand atoms at his feet."

"Broken faith, broken fortunes," muttered he in a low voice, for the mysterious connection between the crystal cup and the fortunes of the Cliffords had been strongly impressed upon his mind from childhood, and the pang of conscience had not yet passed away; nor did the horror-stricken countenance of Old Brindley re-assure him, till he caught the eager face of Theresa, who was half-alarmed at his paleness, half-amused at the tragical countenances of the attendants, and the reverence with which Brindley on his knees collected the fragments of the broken goblet.

"My dearest Ernest," she said, and the colour mounted to her temples, "are you ill? The luck of Lynhurst," she continued, re-assured as he gradually recovered himself, "is quite safe as long as you are well, and do not look quite so serious. But what could induce your ancestors to entrust such a treasure to such a very fragile receptacle, I cannot imagine; and here is Brindley inquiring what must be done with the pieces. Oh, keep them by all means—luck in any shape is not to be thrown away; and now I shall leave you, if you are really quite well again; and pray," she whispered as she opened the door, "don't be infected by their foolish superstitions, but let me see you look as you did before this ill-fated cup made its appearance."

Theresa drew her chair close to the fire in the large oak drawing-room, feeling for the first time in her life the loneliness of having no mother—no sister to whom to express her feelings—no one with whom she could laugh over the broken cup and Brindley's comical panic, she said; perhaps it would have been more correct if she had said no one from whom she could inquire the cause of Ernest's agitation, and the whole history connected with the goblet which had so shaken his high spirit and strong pride.

The wind rose and moaned mournfully round the house, and roared in the wide chimney, and she rang to ask for the old housekeeper, from whom she hoped, without direct inquiry, to learn some of the traditions of the family, and with whom she would at least have the satisfaction of hearing a human voice to dispel the gloom which was gathering round her; for Theresa had been ever accustomed to be watched and worshipped, and solitude is irksome to all who have not disciplined feelings and a reflecting mind.

"Mrs. Mills" she said, relaxing from the careless tone which had hurt the old woman's feelings in the morning, "I have a great curiosity to see Lady Julian's sitting-room; besides, we did not open half the doors which open out of that long gallery, and I believe all the old furniture remains at that end of the house just as it was many, many years ago."

Mrs. Mills lead the way, delighted to speak of Lady Julian, and see the softened manner of her new mistress. But the long passages and shadowy corners of the old house were not calculated to raise her spirits, and she determined to return to the drawing-room.

"This must surely be the shortest way," said Theresa; "surely this door must lead towards my rooms;" and opening it quickly, she started at finding herself in a large empty apartment.

"Not that way, not that way, ma'am," said Mrs. Mills—who, staying carefully to lock the door of Lady Julian's room, had not overtaken the light step of the young

bride. "Don't pass that way—that room is seldom used—it will chill you. You should not step into it on your first day at Lynhurst, my lady ; it is only used on sorrowful occasions—and it is called the Corpse Chamber."

Theresa started ; but the sound of Ernest's voice re-assured her he had been following her wanderings over the house ; and she went quickly back into the gallery to meet him, and returned with him into the drawing-room.

Ernest had recovered his composure, but not his gaiety—an unquiet conscience, once awakened, is not easily soothed ; and his depression infected, though at the same time it piqued, Theresa.

He shunned the subject of the goblet, however ; and kissing her tenderly, said he only grieved that anything should have saddened her first day at Lynhurst. Theresa retired to her room ; and, her maid dismissed, she sat for a few moments watching the flickering shadows from the fire, and looking at a door which she had not before noticed, and which she fancied must open into the Corpse Chamber ; but, making an effort to dismiss such ideas, she undrew the heavy crimson curtains, and laid her wearied head on her pillow.

The wind moaned fearfully, and the old yew trees groaned as they swung backwards and forwards in the storm. She almost thought she heard the great bell toll ; and, sitting up in bed, she listened attentively. At that moment the mysterious door opened gently, and a slight girlish figure, dressed in white, slowly entered the room. Her long fair hair fell over her face and shoulders, and in her hand she carried the cup—the crystal cup—now apparently whole ! She passed, or rather glided to the foot of the bed ; and while Theresa, with parted lips and hands convulsively strained together, felt frozen beneath her gaze, she shook her head slowly and seemed about to depart. At this moment Sir Ernest entered the room. The vision turned towards him, and the light of the fire fell upon her still pale face, and upon the letters on the mysterious cup.

"My God !" gasped Ernest slowly, "is my brain turning ? Frances forgive me," he exclaimed frantically : "one word, one word in mercy !"

She raised her arm slowly towards heaven with a gesture of warning, almost of supplication, and then vanished away.

Ernest strove to follow her—but his limbs seemed to fail him, and he staggered towards the bed, falling, rather than throwing himself, upon it. Theresa could not speak ; but she felt his arm fall heavily across her chest, and she heard the bell toll midnight. Breathless and exhausted, she lay still and in silence till the minutes seemed hours, and the arm seemed colder and colder, and weighed more and more heavily on her trembling heart. One dreadful idea shot like lightning through her mind, and she strove to raise the cold arm and to unlock the closed fingers ; but in vain—it was his death-grasp.

Many years have passed since that fatal night, and the ancient mansion of Lynhurst is now in the hands of a distant branch of the Clifford family ; yet the house itself, save from decay and neglect, is unaltered. The Corpse Chamber is still connected with the apartments of the family ; nor has modern refinement—prone as it is to put aside all thoughts of futurity, in order not to disturb the enjoyment of the present—dared, in this case to separate the funeral from the bridal chamber. Nay, more—it is believed in the neighbourhood that, when any season of trial or sorrow awaits the present inhabitants of Lynhurst, the same fair pale face and fragile form flits through the chamber, raising its hand towards heaven, as if the spirit of Frances Gerard still lingered round the old halls where she had first learned to know the passing nature of earthly happiness—commissioned, perhaps from above, to enforce the lesson which heaven is daily, by providences, and warnings, and sorrows, and blessings, alike teaching mankind, and which they, alas ! learn so slowly, *i.e.*, that our hearts' treasure should not be entrusted to the broken cisterns of earthly happiness, but raised and fixed on the unchangeable joys of an eternal world.

THE ENGLISHMAN'S HOME,

By ELIJAH RIDINGS, author of the "VILLAGE MUSE."

(Respectfully inscribed to Mr. John Bolton Rogerson, author of "A Voice from the Town," &c.)

LEAVING the man of figures, with his bags
 Of gold and silver, in his city mansion,
 For that he bade me do repulsive work,
 Homeward I sought my solitary way,
 And to the haunts of childhood I repair'd,
 Home of my fathers, where I first beheld
 The rising and the setting of the sun.
 I view'd the chamber where I first drew breath,
 And trembled as if in some sacred presence,
 And awe, and love, and reverence fill'd my soul.
 These feelings quieten'd, yet unsubdued,
 I sought the dining-room, with forms all round,
 Where oft full many a lonely hour I pass'd
 Seriously musing, feasting in rich dreams
 Of glory and renown in after years,
 Like many of good fame, the loved of humankind.
 I found the buttery-hatch, from which I took,
 As if all were my own, the bread and milk,
 Parental hands supplied ; and felt myself
 Once more contented, like the unquiet child,
 Lull'd to repose upon its mother's bosom.
 The hams well-cured, fitches of bacon, too,
 Hung pendant from the ceiling of the kitchen,
 Beautiful pictures, though without a frame,
 More cheering to the eye and heart of man
 Than any done by old Italian master :
 The flake of cords, laden with oaten cakes,
 Dry, crisp, and brown, as autumn's falling leaves,
 Ready to drop into the reaching hand :
 Then, the brown beer, broach'd from an earthen bottle,
 Pour'd till the brimful jug threw down a foam
 White as the linen bleach'd on the green sward,
 With grateful cheese from Cheshire's royal vale.
 Ah ! this is my old home, my valued friend ;
 These, these are freemen's blessings, the sweet fruits
 Of patient industry, and social love,
 And here I them enjoy once more—once more.
 Musing in silent, sylvan solitude,
 Remote from strife, and wretched vice and pain,
 Safely afar from the tumultuous waves
 Of the "still-vest Bermoothes" of the town,
 The restless, unsubiding human sea,
 To live in quietude and calmly die,
 Is the fond hope of every gentle mind.
 Pray, come, and see me in my humble home,
 With honeysuckle climbing up the door
 And window-frames, that breathe the richest fragrance
 To each passing zephyr ; with hawthorn hedges
 Circling their green and interwoven branches,
 Whose wholesome berries nourish tiny birds ;
 And all above this pretty, rural scene,

The cherry and the apple-tree beseeem
 To bow and bend and supplicate the hand
 To ease them of their bountiful excess.
 Or, come, and find me in the garden busy,
 Or, satisfied with out-of-door enjoyment,
 Seeking the best, the choicest company,
 Amidst my books, the precious fruit of ages,
 That speak to me in letters of pure gold,
 Forth from the awful, venerable past,
 And wake to vocal melody the song,
 Descending down like the pure light of heaven,
 With its beneficent and welcome glow.
 Thy gentle VOICE FROM TOWN hath audience here,
 And thy pure verse will ever be esteem'd
 By those who honour Akenside's rich song ;
 Who learn true wisdom from an Armstrong's strain ;
 Which, flowing gently, free from rhyming gyves,
 Clear as the stream, in unimpeded course,
 Seeketh the ocean of the human mind.
 With my dear native tongue thy muse is link'd,
 In this secluded bower ; and with the song
 Of autumn's ling'ring choristers, delights
 The cultured taste, and fancy delicate :
 No gorgeous assemblage of mere words,
 Profusely in disorder glittering,
 Mock gems and spangles valueless themselves,
 With trope on trope, and simile on simile,
 And sugar'd verbiage, like the Hybla bee,
 When drown'd in its own too delicious sweets :
 This illegitimate exuberance,
 The artificial fashion of the time,
 Admired by none but superficial minds,
 Pure taste eschews, and classic purity
 Shrinks from aghast, and shuns corruption there.
 Mine is no classic scene of ancient Rome,
 But a sweet garden-spot, a cottage-home,
 In good old England's famous sea-girt isle :
 I cannot shew to thee the *Alban Mount*,
 Nor *Sabine Hill*, nor point, with learning's pride,
 Unto the glorious *Coliseum's Walls* ;
 But I can stand upon my native soil,
 And say, "*This is my home, indisputably mine,
 The cottage of a free-born Englishman,*"
 Where the oppressor dare not cross the threshold,
 Nor king, nor lord, nor priest may ever pass,
 Except protected by the good old laws,
 Ancestral wisdom gave us as a dower,
 And guarantee of justice unto me,
 As well as them, the highest in the land.
 The human beings in this cottage scene,
 Were brothers, sisters, altogether twelve,
 Besides their parents honour'd and beloved.
 Some were but nesh, and young, and innocent ;
 Aye, innocent as the fresh dawn of morn,
 Ere the young day be stain'd with worldly dyes :
 Many had cheeks that blush'd like garden-roses,
 Yet one pale face was tinged with melancholy.
 How polish'd, how refined, how amiable !
 The choice companion of a gentleman,*

* The late William Cantrell, Esq., of Alderdale Lodge, Droylsden.

Long the delight of bowery Alderdale,
 I must not think too deeply, nor in sorrow
 Dwell o'er the fond and charming name of Mary,
 Or this poor page will soon become as wet
 As May-flowers sprinkled with the morning dews,
 Or as the handkerchief I saw her ply
 To catch the tears she shed above his grave :
 More on this theme I cannot, may not say,
 And but a few alone can understand.
 And o'er this humanizing home of love,
 One fix'd, unaltering countenance severe,
 Look'd with a sort of magisterial power,
 Parental, yet not mild, perchance to govern
 Wisely, a family so numerous ;
 But there were smiles maternal to subdue,
 And soften with the sweetest sympathy,
 The harsh and rugged features of the scene—
 Mild as the looks of the chaste maid of night.
 And now and then would music's soothing sounds,
 Come, like sweet voices from a higher sphere ;
 And then the pure historic page was open'd,
 And one distinct and silvery voice was heard
 Reading the language that can never die,
 Unto my mother, busy at her wheel.*
 Those days are gone ; the listener and the reader
 Are no more ; and many long to follow,
 Glad to be rid of an unrighteous world.
 Many have been o'erjoy'd to see her face :
 I have beheld the big tears trickle down
 The reverend cheeks of age, when but her name
 Was casually whisper'd in sweet converse ;
 And loving words, in blessings multiplied,
 Were copiously shower'd upon her name,
 And mine, too, also, for her own dear sake,
 The pure maternal stock of a choice few,
 Too gentle for a life of pain and vanity.
 Oh ! let me live in unambitious peace,
 Surrounded by the nurslings of my care,
 Earn but a little to suffice, and store
 Another little, for a rainy day ;
 And like the noble Falkland read good books :
 When the last moment of life's term is come,
 May men like thee smile on my quiet death,
 And give my bones their final resting-place,
 Far from the bounds of old Mancunium's city.

September 3, 1847.

THE ROAD TO JOHN SMITH'S.

(A Yankee Sketch:)

SOME few years since a gentleman travelling in the state of Arkansas on a collecting expedition, had an occasion to call upon a 'customer,' whom we shall call John Smith. Being as he thought in the neighbourhood, but not knowing precisely the whereabouts of the aforesaid John Smith, he accosted a copperas-striped specimen of the old North Carolina state who was rather listlessly at work in front of a cabin, hewing an axletree for an ox cart from a pine sapling.

* Alluding to my brother, Thomas, reading history to my mother.

Traveller—Good morning, sir, will you have the goodness to direct me to John Smith's ?

N. C.—Certainly sir ; if there is anything in this world I do know, it is the way to John Smith's. Why, John Smith and me came out together from North Carolina. We cut out that new road leading across that branch and over that hill. We—

Traveller—but sir, will you have the kindness to direct me to the place where he lives.

N. C.—To be sure I will, as I was saying if there is any thing in the world I do know, it is the road to John Smith's. Why, sir, John Smith and me married sisters. and he has got the smartest wife in all these parts. She—

Traveller—No doubt of it, sir, but I want to see him, and have nothing to do with the good qualities of his wife. Will you direct me ?

N. C.—Of course I will, as I said before, if there is anything in the world I do know, it is the way to John Smith's. But as I was observing, his wife can spin her six cuts a day, besides attending to family fixings.

Traveller—She may spin sixty for all I know or care, but that has nothing to do with my question. I wish to find her husband, will you tell me where he lives ?

N. C.—Will I tell you where John Smith lives ? Well that's a good one, I tell you again, that if there is anything in the world I do know, it is where John Smith lives. Why sir, as I said before, we came from North Carolina together. And he has a yoke of the truest pulling oxen in all these parts. His negro man Jim is the smartest—

Traveller—My dear sir, it's growing late, and I wish to get on, if you can direct me, why don't you do it ? I ask you again, will you tell me the way to John Smith's ?

N. C.—Have'n't I told you a dozen times if there's anything in the world I DO know, it is where John Smith lives ? Have'n't I told you we came from North Carolina together ? But speaking of his boy Jim—he can pick out his hundred weight of cotton in a day, and shell out a 'tun of corn for mill' at night and no mistake. Besides, sir—

Traveller—Zounds, sir, what have you to do with Jim or his cotton ? I have asked you a question, which I will ask again. Is there or is there not, such a man as John Smith living in this 'section,' and if you know the way to his house will you point it out to me, if you please ?

N. C.—And zounds man, have'nt I been telling you all the time, that there is such a man as John Smith living in these diggins—and if there is anything in the world I DO know, it is the way to his house ? I tell you again we not only came from North Carolina together, but cut out the new road together leading across that branch and over that hill. Why, sir, John Smith has the smartest little daughter you ever saw. She has only been to school two years, and has got as far as 'amplification.'

Traveller—Confound his daughter, and her amplification, too. I think you have got that far yourself. For when I ask you a plain question which you might answer in half a dozen words, you spin me a long yarn about roads, wives, negroes, oxen, and little girls. Now do, that's a good fellow, just talk a little more like a man of this world, and show me the road to John Smith's ?

N. C.—Don't you confound John's *darter*, mister, she's my niece, and a smart one she is too. Why you are as tetchous as a skinned eel ; and won't let a body direct you while they are trying to do it with all their might. To be short with you, as you seem to wish it—I tell you again, if there is anything in the world I DO know it is the way to John Smith's. I tell you again we came from North Carolina together—we bought land together, and at a dollar and a half an acre, we bought three hundred acres a-piece ; we cut out that new road leading across that branch and over that hill together. John Smith's land lies just across that swamp, but he *don't live there now*. You see this land here, sir, it is just about the finest *track* you ever saw in your born days. Just look at them tall sweet gums down by the pond—twig that 'cimmon, aint he a whapper, at least three feet across the stump. You see—

Traveller—I see I am not likely to get an answer out of you to-day ; so I may as well keep on. I ask you now, and for the last time, will you, or will you not, direct me the way to John Smith's ?

N. C.—I tell you now, and for the twentieth time, if there is anything in the world I do know, it is the way to John Smith's. But I must tell you about his fine blooded mare and Timoleon filly. She took the puss last Saturday was a fortnight, at the Big

Deer Lick course, like falling off a log. She's a holy critter I tell you, and throws it down a little thicker on the grit, and shoots ahead a leetle faster than the fastest kind of lightning.

Traveller—Good day, sir. And may old Nick take John Smith, his wife, daughter, negroes, and sundries in general; and you and your '*amplification*' in particular. (Puts spurs to his horse in a fit of absolute despair of obtaining a direct answer to a simple question.)

N. C.—The same to you sir. And may old Nick take you and your hoss too. Why I never seed such a man. He kept asking, and asking, and I kept telling and telling—and he would'nt listen a single bit. Why, he would'nt even wait till I told what John gave for his mare, besides a hundred other little things, that would have been news to him, and made the time pass off agreeable. Well, let him go ahead. But if he goes the road he's started on in such a hurry, he won't get to John Smith's, and that's some comfort, any way. (Resumes the hewing of the axletree.)

THE PHILOSOPHY OF DRINKING.

Bacchus first introduced the vine into Italy, and soon afterwards entering into partnership with Apollo, they laid their sapient heads together, and produced a liquor which speedily attracted the attention of a "discerning public," and ultimately of the whole world. The birth of rosy wine was hailed with the most enthusiastic delight; and old and young, rich and poor, alike saluted the ruby lips of the young bantling with the most affectionate ardour. Care, a wrinkled and bilious-visaged old dame, who rocked the cradle, fell fast asleep, was consequently discharged, and never again allowed to appear in the presence of the darling. Like Mrs. Johnson's "American Soothing Syrup," wine proved not only "a real blessing to mothers," but their numerous offspring imbibed the fermented and exhilarating juice with a gusto that was surprising. In the process of time it was universally called the "milk of old men." Bald-headed philosophers, whose "*capillary* attractions" had slipped, like an avalanche of snow, from the summit of their erudite noddles, and now adorned their chins, waxed eloquent, their languid muscles being duly lubricated with the loquacious liquor. Long before the invention of spectacles, these far-seeing mortals discovered that the transfusion of a certain quantum of the "blood of the grape" enabled them to see—double! Here was an advantage! and they consequently absorbed large quantities for the benefit of their fellow-men. They sincerely believed that they had found the true "*pabulum animi*," and boldly became bibulous and—bottle-nosed. But I fear that I am growing too poetical. How natural is the simple act—how simple the natural act—of drinking! Before the glorious invention of wine, that one dissyllable alone was sufficient to convey the meaning of imbibing a certain measure of milk, or a "yard of pump-water;" but in these glorious days of "Hock and soda-water,"—Lafitte, Chateau Margot, Champagne d'Ai, Burgundy, &c., &c.—the very vocabulary is enlarged; *exempli gratia*,—

DRINKING !

that is the root (how few are able to *decline* it !)

Boozing,
Bibbing,
Fuddling,
Swilling,

Guzzling,
Tippling,
Topping,
Lushing,

Cracking a bottle,
Sucking the monkey,
Sluicing the ivories, &c.

And then, again, in those early days (so remote, that even "Early Purl Houses" were unknown) the meanest capacity understood that when a man had drunk his fill, he had "slaked his thirst," and moistened his parched lips; there was then (O ye teetotalers!) no inebriation. Even had a man had the "fee simple" of a whole pump, he never made free with it, or was found lying under it, or attempting to "light his pipe at it." Now, in this age of rapid progression and "public spirit," our philoso-

gists and lexicographers have a most enviable opportunity of enriching the language by the addition of many words, of which the venerable "Drunk" is the patriarch and legitimate progenitor.

As thus : Drunk—

Bacchi plenus, Sacrificing to the rosy god,
(N.B.—These two terms are generally kept stereotyped by the printers of the morning papers.)

Fuddled,
Muddled,
Elevated,
Merry,
Sunny,
Moony
Maudlin,
Muzzy,
Spoony,
Funny,
Tipsy,

Inebriated,
Tosticated,
Queer,
Overtaken,
Lushy,
Snuffy,
Overcome,
Top-heavy,
Reclining,
Slewed,
Wound-up,

Half seas over,
Three sheets in the wind,
Groggy,
Sewed up like a sand-bag,
Losing his perpendicular,
How came you so ?
Not able to see a hole in
a ladder,
Drunk as a fiddler's dog,
Drunk as Davy's sow, &
"The worse for liquor,"

which last phrase is customarily used by the police, when they accidentally discover a genteel, well-dressed medical student, or a lawyer's articulated clerk (both "honourable men,") lying quite at home in a gutter, and poking his latch key at the grating of the gully-hole, in the vain endeavour to "let himself in."—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

LEAVES FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF A WANDERER.

No. 1.

LA BELLE FLEURISTE.

By MRS. E. S. CRAVEN GREEN.

"And thou leavest me, Henri, mon ami !"

"Only for a time, sweet Anais !—ere thine orange tree is in blossom Henri will return. Dost thou doubt me, dearest ?"

"Ah no, Henri ! I dare not doubt thee—thou wilt return !"—And the sweet lips of Anais trembled as they timidly returned the impassioned kiss of Henri.

The young painter and his humble love, the fair and timid Anais, occupied the mansardes of opposite houses in a lonely street in Paris. It was impossible that the eyes of the artist should not be allured by a face so simply and touchingly beautiful as that of his fair neighbour, and that he should not desert his easel to gaze upon her as she occasionally appeared at her open lattice to compare the delicate work of her white hands with the living blossoms placed in a simple earthen vase beside the case-mint.

Anais was a FLEURISTE, and her exquisite taste led her to copy nature rather than to combine the impossible and the gaudy. It was quite natural that the artist should admire La Belle Fleuriste, and the young orphan herself—ah ! when was the eye of woman blind to admiration ?—they loved, and one short month of halcyon bliss had scattered roses on their path, when a cruel necessity called Henri from Paris. They parted, and to Anais how dear became that orange tree whose blossoms were to be the heralds of his return !

With what rapture did she inhale its perfume, as the snowy buds showed a gleam of silver through their veil of green ! They opened and disclosed their golden spangles glittering in their crystal hearts !—alas they *withered*, and Anais wept for she was still alone !—

* * * * *

The beautiful Lady Julia Elmcourt was vain, capricious, and haughty, even beyond her "pride of place," but she was immensely rich, and Lord Arlingford was her adoring

slave. His extravagances and dissipation in London and on his continental tour had materially embarrassed his estates, and the elegant *roué* bent humbly beneath the golden-fetters which his fair tyrant cast around him.

Supremely handsome in his person, and *recherché* in his manners, Lady Julia certainly showed her taste in her selection of Lord Arlingford as a *parti*. She had a strange pride in becoming the sole object in the eyes of one whose fascinations were supposed to have broken so many hearts, and for whom she supposed so many of her dearest friends had sighed in vain. Perhaps *that* was one of the most powerful reasons that dictated her choice, for

"Gloriana triumph'd o'er her peers"

"I will see you to the carriage, dearest Julia, though you will not admit me. Ah! how cruel you are—may I venture to gaze upon your beauty at a distance?"

"No, indeed, my Lord, I forbid you visiting the opera to-night—I shall go alone, and I will have no *surveillance*. You should have remembered that I dislike Parma violets. How could you think of presenting me a bouquet of such flowers? You must have heard me express my dislike for their peculiar perfume."

Lord Arlingford knew this was a mere display of caprice, as she had lately worn the despised flowers *en guirlande* in her hair (artificial it is true, but art had so delicately copied nature that the deception was scarcely perceptible) however he looked very penitent, and was permitted to hand the haughty beauty to her carriage. Just as they were leaving the apartment the servant in waiting presented a note, Lady Julia looked at it on the salver and said peevishly, "Ah! that tiresome fleuriste!—there is no reply."

Lord Arlingford handed her into the carriage, but as the door was closing a timid voice exclaimed, "Ah, Madame! but the smallest portion of my account—I am perishing." The rattle of the wheels drowned the rest, and, with a disdainful bow to her lover, the proud beauty was borne away to the opera.

But that voice! ah! when before had it thrilled upon the heart of Arlingford!—he gazed around, an emaciated figure slowly retreated with tottering steps. It past from sight—ah! Memory and Conscience awoke in the *roué's* heart—he pursued that shrinking form, now ardent, now wavering in his purpose, till in an obscure street the trembler fell! To raise her, to gaze upon her features was the work of a moment—and Henri, the artiste, looked once more upon Anais!—But, oh how changed! Famine and despair had darkened that fair brow and cast livid shadows on the sweet lips that once glowed beneath his kisses!—

"Anais, Anais!" he cried, "awake—forgive me—oh forgive your repenting Henri!"

Slowly did the sufferer awake to consciousness, but the new thrill of rapturous recognition was as fatal as the withering sorrows that had so long preyed upon her heart.

"I find thee, Henri! but, alas, too late! Long have I sought thee. I scattered orange blossoms on the grave of my child and wandered over the wide seas to find thee! I toiled to support life, for I still hoped to meet with Henri. Ah! that proud Lady, how often has the work of my wasted hands and failing eyes adorned her gorgeous robes, her perfumed hair! but she forgot the dying fleuriste was perishing for bread—ah, Henri was I not forgotten by thee!—my eyes grow dim, I cannot look upon thee; nay, weep not, dearest, I feel it is sweet to slumber thus—the night cometh, but on thy bosom once more shall Anais sink to rest!"

Her head drooped heavily on his shoulder—there was a strange shuddering thrill, a trembling sob, and La Belle Fleuriste was no more!—

THE OAK AND THE IVY.

'Twas springtide; I saw them in beauty and pride,
The oak was a bridegroom, the ivy a bride;
Tall trees stood around them, some fairer than he,

But she twined round him only, so faithful was she ;
 No neighbour with theirs, mingled tendril or spray,
 No stranger might part them, so loving were they ;
 Though fragile the ivy, how mighty the oak !
 The tempest, I ween, will be foil'd in its stroke.

'Twas winter : I saw them, 'mid trouble and strife,
 The oak was a husband, the ivy a wife ;
 The arms of the warrior were bared for the fight ;
 For whirlwinds rush'd o'er him, and storms in their might ;
 But he loved his own ivy, and stood to the last,
 Tho' the whirlwind was sudden, and lengthen'd the blast.
 Then the frost, like a serpent, stole after the storm,
 But the ivy her mantle threw over his form ;
 His branches the snow and the icicle bore,
 Yet the blight of the winter-wind touch'd not his core.
 Thus lived they, thus bore they the trials of life,
 The oak was the husband, the ivy the wife.

Again I beheld them, the storm-cloud was nigh,
 But the oak stood up proudly, defying the sky ;
 The ivy clung round him, 'mid thunder and rain,
 The bolt fell, and lo ! he was riven in twain.
 In vain she weeps dew-drops, in vain twines around
 The stem of the loved one to close up his wound ;
 His branches are blasted, all blacken'd his core,
 The ivy's a widow, the oak is no more.

The elm stands beside her in beauty and pride,
 Say, will she embrace him, once more be a bride ?
 Ah ! no, oh ! no, never, her leaves are all dim,
 She has bloom'd, she will fade, she will perish with him ;
 The spring-tide returns, and the forest is gay,
 But the bride and the bridegroom, alas ! where are they ?
 Oh ! see where they moulder, the sere leaves beneath,
 In life undivided, embracing in death.

Halifax.

W. C.

CHATTERTON'S ELINOURE AND JUGA.

ON Rudborn's bank two pining maidens sate,
 Their tears fast dropping in the water clear,
 Each one lamenting for her absent mate,
 Who at St. Alban's shook the murdering spear :
 The nut-brown Elinoure to Juga fair
 Did speak awhile, with languishment of *eyne*,
 Like drops of pearly dew glisten'd the quivering brine.

ELINOURE.

O ! gentle Juga, hear my last complaint !
 To fight for York my love is deck'd in steel ;
 O ! may no sanguine stain the white rose paint ;
 May good St. Cuthbert guard Sir Robert *weal* :
 Much more than death in phantasy I feel :
 See ! see ! upon the ground he bleeding lies !
 Infuse some spirit of life, or else my dear love dies.

JUGA.

Sisters in sorrow, on this daisied bank,
 Where melancholy broods we will lament ;
 Be wet with morning dew and evening dank ;
 Like blasted oaks in each the other bent,
 Or like forsaken halls of merriment,
 Whose ghastly ruins hold the train of fright,
 Where boding ravens croak, and owlets wake the night.

No more the bag-pipe shall awake the morn,
 The minstrel-dance, good cheer, and morris-play,
 No more the ambling palfrey, and the horn,
 Shall from the forest rouse the fox away :
 I'll seek the forest all the life-long day :
 At night among the church-yard glebes will go,
 And to the passing sprites relate my tale of woe,

When murky clouds do hang upon the *leme*
 Of the wan moon in silver mantle *dight*,
 The tripping fairies weave the golden dream
 Of happiness, which flieth with the night :
 Then, (but the Saints forbid !) if to a sprite
 Sir Richard's form is changed, I'll hold *distraught*
 His bleeding clay-cold corse, and die each day in thought.

ELINOURE.

Ah ! woe : lamenting words ; what words can shew :
 Thou glassy river ! on this bank may bleed
 Champions, whose blood may with the waters flow,
 And Rudborn stream be Rudborn stream indeed !
 Haste, gentle Juga, trip it o'er the mead
 To know or whether we must wail again,
 Or with our fallen knights be mingled on the plain.

So saying, like two lightening-blasted trees,
 Or twain of clouds that holdeth stormy rain ;
 They moved gently o'er the dewy *mees* ;
 To where St. Alban's holy shrines remain :
 There did they find that both their knights were slain ;
 Distracted, wandered to swollen Rudborn's side,
 Shriek'd their death-boding knell, sunk in the waves and died.

NOTE.—We copy the above beautiful and pathetic Elegy from the "Town and Country Magazine, 1769." As it has not found a place in any of the popular collections of "Beauties or Specimens of the English Poets," it may be properly admitted into the Magazine of the I.O.Fs. for 1848. Knox, Hazlitt, and others, describe (the latter somewhat disparingly) several of his poems ; but this has been passed over, although it breathes the true spirit of the olden minstrelsy. Surely there is more remaining of this "unfortunate boy," than the *golden slippers* of him, who did nothing remarkable but destroy himself, and leave only them behind him to tell his story. The volume before-mentioned contains several pieces from Chatterton, under various signatures, dated Bristol.

R.

FOUR DISTINCT CREATIONS OF ANIMALS.

The application of the laws of comparative anatomy to the study of fossil bones, may be regarded as the grand discovery of Cuvier. As in the case of every remarkable accession to science, preceding authors had made some progress in the same field of research. Towards the end of the sixteenth century Bernard Pallissy had ventured, in opposition to the universal opinion, to maintain that fossil bones, impressions of plants, and fossil shells, were not freaks of nature, but the remains of real animals and plants. Scilla and Leibnitz maintained the same doctrine; but the first great step was taken by Pallas, who, in his memoir on the Fossil Bones of Siberia, published in 1769, established the important fact that the elephant, the rhinoceros, the hippopotamus, animals which inhabit only the torrid zone, must have formerly dwelt in the most northern regions of the world. The same illustrious naturalist subsequently described a rhinoceros which had been found entire in frozen ground, with its very skin and its flesh preserved; and at a later period, in 1806, an elephant was discovered on the shore of the icy sea, and in a state of such preservation that the very dogs and bears devoured its flesh. This last discovery overthrew the theory of Buffon, that the earth had cooled gradually, and that the animals upon its surface had emigrated from the north to the south. Pallas supposed that an irruption of the sea had come from the south-east, and transported the animals of India to the north of Europe; but this hypothesis also disappeared before the discoveries of Cuvier.

At the first public sitting of the National Institute, in 1796, Cuvier read his memoir "On the Species of Fossil Elephants, compared with Living Species," in which he demonstrates that the fossil elephant differs from all living species, and that it is an extinct species, now lost. He adds, that he will soon establish the same truth in reference to the fossil species of the rhinoceros, the bear, and the deer; and in the following prophetic passage he foreshadows all his future discoveries:—"May we ask why we find so many remains of unknown animals, whilst we can find none which we can rank among the species which we know? We may see how probable it is that they have all belonged to the beings of a world anterior to ours—to beings destroyed by revolutions of the earth, and to beings which have been re-placed by existing species."

How startling must have been the announcement of this probability, even to the most speculative geologists of the Institute! How alarming to the most liberal and free-thinking divines! How unintelligible to ordinary minds the process which was to be employed! And to Cuvier himself, who alone understood it, how arduous must have seemed the physical labour, and how exhausting the mental toil, by which such grand conceptions were to be realised, and their reality impressed upon a prejudiced and a sceptical age! Those who have seen the fossil deposits themselves—the accumulated or scattered fragments of the bones of various species—may form some estimate of the difficulty of the process by which a single bone was to be formed out of its parts, by which two bones were to be determined to be of the same species, and a complete skeleton of each separate species re-constructed out of pieces which belonged to no other animal. Before the genius of Cuvier, however, all these difficulties vanished. Fragment sprung into union with fragment—bone claimed kindred with bone—and, as if by the wand of an enchanter, new species of animals rose up like sudden creations—exhibiting to the astonished sage the forms and the attributes of once living beings, which the eye of man had never seen, and which his wildest fancies could never have conceived. The phoenix emerging from its ashes was scarcely less a miracle than a mammoth starting from its bones, a megatherium replaced upon its legs, or a gigantic megalosaurus resuscitated from its antediluvian bed.

After mentioning how the various exuviae of a former age were accumulated in the cabinets of Paris, Cuvier thus describes his occupation in restoring them:—"I at length found myself, as if placed in a charnel-house, surrounded by mutilated fragments of many hundred skeletons of more than twenty kinds of animals, piled confusedly around me. The task assigned to me was to restore them all to their original positions. At the voice of comparative anatomy, every bone and fragment of a bone resumed its place. I cannot find words to express the pleasure I experienced in see-

ing, as I discovered one character, how all the consequences I predicted from it were successively confirmed: the feet were found in accordance with the characters announced by the teeth; the teeth in harmony with those indicated beforehand by the feet. The bones of the legs and thighs, and every connecting portion of the extremities, were found set together precisely as I had arranged them before my conjectures were verified by the discovery of the parts entire. In short, each species was, as it were, re-constructed from a single one of its component elements."

In this manner did Cuvier re-establish 168 vertebrated animals, which form fifty distinct genera, of which fifteen are entirely new; and, reckoning the additions which have since been made, there is reason to believe that the species of extinct animals are more numerous than the living ones.

But Cuvier carried his generalization still farther. He found that the differences of structure between fossil and recent animals increase with the age of the deposit in which the former are found, and that these differences mark the age of the deposits themselves. As the primitive rocks exhibit no traces of plants or animals, he concluded that there was a time when no living beings existed upon the earth; and that, before the creation of man, the world had been inhabited by at least *three* different generations of animals, which had been successively created, and successively destroyed.

In the earliest age of the creation, plants and animals are found in the same strata; and it can scarcely be doubted that vegetable bodies had preceded the creation of the animals that were to devour them. The stately pine, the gigantic equisetaceæ, and the lofty palm waved in the primeval forests, and the sea and the land were inhabited only by a small number of the marine mammalia, and scarcely any of the terrestrial mammalia. The principal inhabitants of the globe were fishes, molluscous animals, and a race of reptiles not less extraordinary by the singularity of their structure than by their gigantic proportions. These reptiles were the *Megalosaurus*, upwards of seventy feet long; the *Ichthyosaurus*, above thirty feet in length; the *Plesiosaurus*, an animal combining the trunk of an ordinary quadruped, with a neck like the body of a serpent, the head of a lizard, the teeth of a crocodile, and the paddles of a whale; and the *Pterodactyle*, the most extraordinary of extinct animals, uniting the characters of a bird, a bat, a reptile, and a quadruped.

In the *second* period the terrestrial mammalia increase in number, and we have along with them numerous *Pachydermata*, or animals with thick skins, such as the Paleotherium and Anoplotherium, and other genera of aquatic animals, which dwelt on the margin of lakes and rivers. In the first of these extinct genera the species vary in size, from the rhinoceros to the hog. In the second, one of the species resembles a dwarf ass, with a broad tail like that of the otter; another has the light and elegant aspect of the gazel; and a fourth is only the size of the hare. These and other species, nearly fifty in number, were discovered by Cuvier in the fresh water formations of Montmartre, near Paris.

In the *third* period lived the *Mammoth*, the *Mastodon*, the *Hippopotamus*, and those huge *Sloths*, the Megatherium and the Megalonyx, the giants of the natural world, the grandest and the last specimens of that extraordinary population over which man never swayed the sceptre.

Among these various races of living beings, no quadrumanous animal, no ape, has been found; and, what is more instructive still, no traces of man—no fragment, either of his works or of his bones, has yet been discovered. Hence we arrive at the remarkable result, that these three periods have been succeeded by a *fourth*, in which the Almighty planted man upon the earth, and created, as his subjects and his servants, those races of living beings which occupy the surface of our globe, and inhabit the depths of its oceans. The period of the mammoth and the mastodon was succeeded by that of the lion and the tiger.

But not only has Cuvier referred these various animals to different periods of time, deduced from the strata in which their bones have been deposited, he has proved, by an accurate comparison of the bones of one period with those of another, that the animals of any given period were not descended by natural birth from those of the preceding period, but were new creations, fresh from the hand of their Maker. Hence he deduced the extraordinary result, that the creatures of each successive period had been destroyed by some sudden catastrophe; and that the earth, thus

swept of its animal life, was again re-peopled by new races of beings, rising in the scale of creation, and terminating in intellectual and immortal man.

The brief history of animal life is pregnant with the deepest and most varied instruction. In his ignorance of the real phenomena of the subterranean world, the philosopher had concluded, and concluded justly, that in the physical aspect of the globe there was "no appearance of a beginning and no prospect of an end;" but this gloomy dogma, tipped with atheism at each of its extremities, is, like all its kindred propositions, now exploded for ever. The records of faith now stand on the same level with the records of reason. Truth, brought down from on high, harmonizes with truth excavated from below; and the humble Christian who refused to surrender his cherished volume to the taunts of reason, now holds it with a firmer grasp, and scans the series of creations which science has revealed, but as the harbinger of that latest exercise of divine power which gave birth to man, and placed him over a new animal world.

But the confirmation of the Mosaic account of the creation is not the only, or even the chief, result of geological discovery. The commencement of organic life in plants and animals of the first period, and its higher and progressive development in different orders of beings leads us back to that beginning which was so long veiled from human reason; while the successive destruction of successive creations carries us forward to the terminus of our own period—to that "day of the Lord, when the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, and the earth also, and the works which are therein, shall be burned up."

Although the same inspired writer, who thus predicts the final destruction of the existing world, has assured us that this dread catastrophe shall be followed by a new heaven, and a new earth; yet it has been left to our reason alone to draw the conclusion, that new forms of animal life will adorn the valleys of our renovated globe; that the lion, which lies down with the lamb, will not be the offspring of our forest king; and that the sainted race, among whom there is to be no more weeping, and no more death, will not share the tenancy of their sinless abodes with those ferocious natures, which, in a state of trial, God requires for his agents, and man for his slaves.

Should this, the apparently last period of animal life, be one in which man is to exercise his faculties in the investigation of his Maker's works, the fossil geology of the world we now inhabit will exhibit deposits not less interesting than those which embosom the gigantic framework of mammoths and mastodons. How interesting will be the excavations in which the buried cities of modern Europe will re-appear in their ruined grandeur; how strange the discovery of submerged navies embalmed in their ocean beds; or the foundered ship, with its imprisoned skeletons; or the battlefield, with its prostrate warriors; or the hallowed cemetery, crowded with the relics of youth and age, and crushed beneath their tablets of marble, and their monuments of bronze.—*North British Review*.

PROVERBS.

Although proverbs are *saws*, I think it will be admitted that they ought not to be *see-saws*, or saws which cut both ways, and (as far as they are rules of human life) lay down clashing principles, and lead to conflicting lines of conduct. Although all men are not stuffed with proverbs like Panza the First, King of Barataria, most men have a few favourite ones, and are considerably, though sometimes unconsciously, influenced by them. Care should therefore be taken in framing a code of morality or prudence out of these antique materials, that its laws should be rather more distinct and consistent with each other than the laws of England. Saws that cut both ways are not wise saws; at least some understanding ought to be come to as to which side of the maxim the truth is to be found at.

Let us begin our illustrations with "Out of the frying-pan into the fire," which originated, we must suppose, in certain foolish eels, who, with all their experience of

hot situations, were not so used to the pan as to feel themselves comfortable in it, and, in their impetuosity to leave it, sprang into the burning coals themselves. Now this was of course an indiscretion in the said eels; not that they forgot the proverb "Let well alone," for it was anything but *well* to be fried alive as they were, not being consenting parties thereto, as the lawyers say, but let us put the case that these unfortunate fishes had heard, marked, learned, and inwardly digested a saying which is in men's mouths every day, namely that "when things are at the worst they mend;" might not they, or their descendants, fairly justify thereby the fatal leap from the hot pan into the hotter fire, and argue that they took it with their eyes open, confidently expecting that when things were at the hottest they might be expected to cool? There is reason to think that men as well as eels have "leaped from the frying-pan into the fire," on the principle that they must be worse in order to be better, for "when things are at their worst, they mend."

The proverb "Let well alone," above incidentally quoted, is itself to some degree a source of error, for it seems to lay down that nothing is to be "let alone" but what is "well." This inference is certainly not a logical one, but it is not the less likely to be drawn on that account. The truth is, that there is a large class of cases in which "let *ill* alone" would be as wise & saw as "let *well* alone." *Ill* is better than *worse*, and is always to be "let alone," when it is impossible to remove the *better*. "Let ill alone" would have met the case of the eels to a turn. To be sure they would probably have been fried and eaten all the same; but then they would not have entailed on their race for ever a proverbial reputation for indiscretion.

We are not going to repeat the well-known repartee to the adage "The early bird gets the worm," but we would fain ask, whether it be perfectly reconcilable with "Better last at a feast than first at a fray."—We recommend the former proverb to birds, and the latter to worms. Here the feast and fray are one and the same thing, like the banquet of the Centaurs and Lapithæ, and the wisdom of the worm is to keep snug in his hole.

"In the multitude of counsellors there is safety;" but let the council be held in a kitchen and the proverb is at fault, being flatly contradicted by "Many cooks spoil the broth".

"Shutting the stable after the steed is stolen," is a sneer not very consistent with "Better late than never," and the Scotch adage "Better ane wit bought nor twa for nought."

"Take care of the pence, let the pounds take care of themselves." May not this be "penny-wise and pound-foolish," the error of all cheese-paring, pippin-squeezing financiers, from Chancellors of the Exchequer downwards?

One of Poor Richard's best sayings is this—"If you would have your business done, go yourself; if not, send another." But beware of extending this to law-business, for it is also written—"The man who is his own lawyer has a fool for his client."

"The d—l's luck to you" is a proverbial wish amongst the common people, when they bear an ill-will; yet when the best fortune imaginable befalls a man, he is proverbially called a lucky "d—l."

"A wonder lasts but nine days" nevertheless the seven wonders of the world have lasted the same number of centuries, and there is the Annus Mirabilis which must have lasted 365 days at least, and 366 if it was leap year.

"Slow and sure" says a profane adage;—"That which thou doest, do quickly," says a divine one.

We are cautioned against having "too many irons in the fire," yet we are admonished to have "more than one string to our bow."

"Honesty is the best policy;" notwithstanding which we hear every moment of "politic knaves." The phrase ought surely to be "impolitic knave," if "honesty be the best policy."

Again we are warned against being misled by appearances and outward show: but let us meet a worthy man in a knave's company, the first observation is—"Nos-citur à sociis"—or "Tell me what company you keep, and I will tell you what you are."

By the by, did anybody ever know a charitable application made of the proverb last quoted? When roguery is found in honest society, or a blockhead met walking

arm in arm with a sage, did you ever hear the "*Noscitur à sociis*" applied? I never did. The damage might prove fatal to a Johnson: but is never of the slightest service to a Boswell. A Pistol, a Thersites, a Parolles, or a Bully Back, never gains heroic repute by a casual association with a Fluellen, or an Ulysses; or a Fluellen would run no small risk of losing all military glory, were he seen at the same mess with any of these pinks of cowardice. Is this "measure for measure?"

"Welcome is the best cheer." Pray accommodate this to "Fair words butter no parsnips!" I take the latter proverb to be far the sounder of the two; at least I trust it will ever be deepest impressed upon the minds of the amphitryons. Welcome is very good in its way, but it is not, nor never will be, a turbot, or a saddle of mutton, or a glass of wine, aye or so much as—butter for parsnips!

There is just now before me an old collection of the proverbs of several nations, and I find in immediate juxtaposition, maxims which seem to pull quite different ways, like cross-grained dogs in the same leash. "Harm watch, harm catch," is followed by "Provide for the worst, and the best will provide for itself." "Reprove others, but correct yourself," is succeeded by "Once a knave, and ever a knave;" "He who will thrive, must rise by five," by "More haste, worse speed," and "Stay awhile, that we may make an end the sooner." We read that "Idleness is the mother of mischief," and directly after meet "anything for a quiet life!"

There ought to be held a general council or congress of the wise men of Europe, to revise, harmonize, and codify proverbs. As things are at present, one might as well follow a Will-o'-the-wisp, as shape his course by these most flickering and uncertain lights.

Let us imagine a dialogue between Tom the father and Jack the son, on the subject of early rising,

"Leap up, Jack," cries the sire, "The early bird gets the worm."

Jack answers—"Look before you leap, father."

Tom replies—"He that would thrive, must rise at five."

The son rejoins—

"A thousand pounds, and a bottle of hay,
Will all be one at doom's day."

The father meets him with—"Better die poor than live poor, my son."

"True," observes sleepy Jack, "but enough's as good as a feast."

"Use legs and have legs," cries Tom.

"The d—l's a busy bishop," answers Jack, "as they say in Scotland."

"Early to bed, and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise."

"You forget," replies the sluggard, "that a rolling stone gathers no moss."

"You ought to remember," rebuts the industrious father, "that procrastination is the thief of time."

Jack is ready with a Scotch proverb—"Fools are fain of flitting."

"No advice equal to a father's," observes thrifty Thomas, his quiver nearly spent.

"There I have you on the hip, again," concludes the son, for they say in Spain—"There's a fig at Rome for him that gives another advice before he asks for it." And, having so said, Tom goes to sleep again.

BREVITIES.

Fortune is painted blind, that she may not blush to behold the fools who belong to her.

Fine ladies who use excess of perfumes must think men like seals—most assailable at the nose.

Some men get on in the world on the same principle that a sweep passes uninterruptedly through a crowd.

People who affect a shortness of sight must think it the height of good fortune to be born blind.

He who loses, in the search of fame, the dignity which should adorn human nature, is like the victim opera-singer who has exchanged manhood for sound.

Lounging, unemployed people, may be called of the tribe of Joshua ; for with them the sun stands still.

Fanatics think men like bulls—they must be baited to madness ere they are in a fit condition to die.

There is an ancient saying—"Truth lies in a well." May not the modern adage run—"The most certain charity is at a pump."

Some connoisseurs would give a hundred pounds for the painted head of a beggar, who would threaten the living mendicant with the stocks.

If you boast of a contempt for the world, avoid getting into debt. It is giving to gnats the fangs of vipers.

The heart of the great man, surrounded by poverty and trammelled by dependence, is like an egg in a nest built among briars. It must either curdle into bitterness, or, if it take life and mount, struggle through thorns for the ascent.

Fame is represented bearing a trumpet. Would not the picture be truer, were she to hold a handful of dust ?

Fishermen, in order to handle eels securely, first cover them with dirt. In like manner does detraction strive to grasp excellence.

The friendship of some men is quite Briarean. They have a hundred hands.

The easy and temperate man is not he who is most valued by the world ; the virtue of his abstemiousness makes him an object of indifference. One of the greatest charges against the ass, is—he can live on thistles.

The wounds of the dead are the furrows in which living heroes grow their laurels.

Were we determined resolutely to avoid vices, the world would foist them on us—as thieves put off their plunder on the guiltless.

When we look at the hide of a tiger in a furrier's shop, exposed to the gaze of every malapert, and then think of the ferocity of the living beast in its native jungle, we see a beadle before a magistrate—a magistrate before a minister : there is the *skin* of office—the sleekness without its claws.

With some people political vacillation heightens a man's celebrity—just as the galleries applaud when an actor enters in a new dress.

If we judge from history, of what is the book of glory composed ? Are not its leaves dead men's skin—its letters stamped in human blood—its golden clasps the pillage of nations ? It is illuminated with tears and broken hearts. I.

ON THE WIND.

There's a voice in the wind that is soothing and pleasant,

That speaks to the heart of a future repose—

That breathes in our ear like a friend that is present

To share in our musings, our mirth, and our woes.

There's a voice in the wind that is mournful and gushing,

That tells of the joys that have fled long ago,

When the fountains of Hope were, impetuous, gushing

Like arrows shot forth from the closely bent bow.

There's a voice in the wind that engenders emotion,

When thinking on scenes we may visit no more—

That spreads o'er the bosom, like foam from the ocean,

When, driven by storms, it beats fierce from the shore.

There's a voice in the wind that encircles the senses,
 And people's each dream with the forms of delight—
 Makes Fancy, reality seem—and enhances
 The fears that surround the dread hour of the night.

There's a voice in the wind which, in sweetness, is singing
 The murmuring music which sighs o'er the grave,
 Whether formed in the church-yard where flow'rets are springing,
 Or cradled beneath the wild billowy wave.

There's a voice in the wind that is doubly endearing,
 That speaks of a dwelling more lasting than this,
 When the soul shall rejoice at its Saviour appearing,
 And enter with him the bright regions of bliss.

City of Lincoln Lodge.

B*

THE MONKS OF LA TRAPPE.

Of all the reforms introduced into religious establishments up to the time of the Revolution, the severest, without doubt, was that imposed by the Abbé de Rancé on the order of St. Bernard, in the monastery of La Trappe. The severe discipline which he established there dates from a period in which public morals began to relax in their severity, and to grow less rigid ; yet, notwithstanding, this institution had, all at once, a wonderful success. The 18th century undermined all the opinions and ideas upon which monastic institutions rested, and yet, by an unaccountable inconsistency, the Trappists (the most rigid and the least useful order of all) is the only one which the present age has tolerated ! A great interest is attached to all these monasteries, especially in France. The gloomy and terrible reform of the order of La Trappe had its origin in a love affair ; this effect, so different from its cause, resulted from the tender passion ; and if we trace the history of this order, which has occasioned the shedding of so many pious tears, we shall discover tears of love at the source.

Every body knows that in his youth the Abbé de Rancé (descended from a high family in Brittany, possessing several livings, a man of wit and talent, a poet, and plunged in the vortex of the gay world at the commencement of the reign of Louis XIV.) was anything but an anchorite. The most celebrated of his gallantries was his *liaison* with Madame de Montbazon. Their mutual passion, too ardent to be concealed, was cherished without scruple, but, at the same time, without notoriety ; and the world at length looked upon it with that respect which serious sentiments generally inspire.

One evening, after four days' absence, M. de Rancé rushed with eager joy to the hotel de Montbazon, in order to have a *tete-a-tete* with his mistress ; he was surprised, on penetrating through a secret passage which led to her apartment, to find a dead silence pervading the house. He walked on in a state of astonishment, and having hit himself several times against the darkened walls, he at length reached the chamber of the Princess, the sanctuary, as it were, of the Temple. The bed was overturned, all the furniture was thrown about, in disorder, and a solitary lamp was burning upon an arm-chair, by the light of which de Rancé discerned upon the floor an open coffin, from which a portion of a winding-sheet was seen.

Horrible to relate, the body which this coffin contained was headless ; the head had been separated from the trunk, and placed at the feet of the deceased, in order that the corpse might be got into the coffin, which was somewhat too small in its dimensions. Now the head had rolled out of the leaden coffin, and it was only upon kicking against it with his foot that the wretched de Rancé became aware of his mistress's fate. She had died suddenly the evening before. No one knows what afterwards took place in the chamber of the deceased, but M. de Rancé was found lying

near the coffin in a state of insensibility ; his lips, hands, and bosom were stained with blood, and he still pressed to his breast the lifeless head of his adored mistress. * * *

A short time after this event the Abbé de Rancé dismissed his servants, sold his property, and resigned all his benefices, except La Trappe, whither he retired in the capacity of a regular monk. In 1663 he assumed, at Notre Dame de Persegne, the habit of the order of Cîteaux, and in the same year the monastery of La Trappe was reformed by the labours of this rigid anchorite, who terminated by a series of works worthy of St. Basil, or of St. John of Alexandria, a literary career, which he had commenced by a very excellent translation of Anacreon. * * *

After several hours' walking we came to a bridge of five or six planks, situate in a woody defile, and thrown, in a most picturesque attitude, across a foaming torrent called the Lison. This extremely fantastical structure is adorned in the centre with a heavy cross of nutwood. Its appearance is so wild that it forcibly reminds the spectator of those bridges in the Pyrenees and in Italy, which are drawn by the imagination of poets and painters to serve as the theatre of the adventures of brigands. Above this gorge the road ceases, and the tourist becomes lost amidst a clustre of trees, rocks, and thickets for the space of a league. The valley here becomes surrounded by very lofty and grey-headed crests, and the traveller is almost at a loss to comprehend how he has managed to penetrate into this solitude, in the midst of which are situate two or three houses of a rustic and at the same time a religious appearance. These are inhabited by the Trappists of Malans.

On arriving in sight of these houses, an unexpected spectacle burst upon our view. Along a terrace situate on a slight declivity were scattered a number of monks, who, in white robes and with shorn heads, were digging up the ground with pickaxes. Some, in an attitude of meditation were looking up at the clouds ; others were sitting down and reading, whilst a few more sat with their heads resting on their elbows, the former being covered with an ample cowl. They walked about, and passed and re-passed, slowly and silently, like so many ghosts, without exchanging a single word. These persons, with their strange costumes, and in the midst of a gloomy country, called to the mind ideas of another state of being.

As we wished to visit the monastery we accosted a monk dressed in a brown robe, who did not answer a word. We then addressed another clothed in a white robe, who replied to us in most laconic style, and without looking at us at all. Following the instructions which he gave us we rang a little bell, rustically suspended between two pieces of wood. Whilst the porter was coming to open the door we had time to examine the structure of the cloister, by the side of which is a mill-wheel, turned by a water-course, and used to grind the corn of the convent. The church is unfinished ; in the meadow, which is very irregular, and covered with briars, vegetables, and stones, the monks have built a house of refuge for Christian travellers.

It is the nature of human things to appear only beautiful when looked upon in a certain point of view. We discovered the truth of this axiom on a closer examination of that which, when looked at from afar, had inspired us with respect. The friar who opened to us the door of the monastery had the lean and placid countenance of the Chartreux of Lisieux. He was habited in a robe of white wool, in front of which a wide band of black cloth depended from his head downwards. His head was newly shaved, and his neck had deeply stained with dirt the cowl which was thrown back over his shoulders. Moreover, we saw reason to believe that the discipline of the monastery prohibits the monks from ever washing their hands. Whilst the "father-porter" was conversing with us in the yard, surrounded by his lay-brothers (individuals dressed in brown, the white robe being only worn by the priests, the deacons, and those who have pronounced indissoluble vows,) our guide suddenly ceased to speak, and on turning round to find out the cause of his silence we saw that he had disappeared. The other monks had also vanished, and we were surprised to find them almost beneath our feet on their knees, or rather upon their four paws, in the attitude of Nebuchadnezzar after his metamorphose. The tinkling of a little bell, which swung in a belfry in the middle of the roof, had caused them thus to fall prostrate. We remained aghast, not daring to stir for fear of trampling on a monk, and surrounded on all sides by the poor anchorites, who grunted out their orisons in a most singular manner. The reverse side of the hill was also covered with monks in the same position : they looked like a flock of sheep.

The discipline of the Trappist monks is exceedingly rigorous, although many ridiculous errors have been spread abroad respecting their mode of life, &c. A strict silence is enjoined; the monks never converse with each other, and only speak to strangers out of the house. This makes manifest the absurdity of the formula, "Brother, we must all die!" which the public generally believe is addressed by one monk to another whenever they chance to meet. The porter, Friar Pâcome, replied, on an inquiry about this matter, "It would hardly be worth while to infringe upon our rules for the sake of uttering a sentence which teaches nothing to anybody."

Equally false is the notion that the Trappists dig every day a portion of their grave. Friar Pâcome observed on this head:—

"In a few years' time the grave would become a well. To dig a grave every day is the means of hardening the mind against the thoughts of death, rather than of causing it to reflect seriously upon such things. The custom very often deadens the imagination, and it is not all grave-diggers that are saints."

In the cemetery every hillock is surmounted by a wooden cross and stone pot, containing the holy water. On conducting us towards the house brother Pâcome requested us to keep a profound silence.

When M. de Rancé reformed La Trappe he proscribed manual labour, and ordered that the monks should exclusively subsist on the produce of their industry. As every day of their life is a *jour maigre*, they do not fatten any flocks or herds. Nothing can be more scanty than their meals. Upon an iron table, placed on tressels, with the pulpit of the *lecteur* at the further end, were ranged a number of earthen pots filled with water, with porringers to correspond instead of glasses. Other porringers were placed in front of wooden spoons, and each monk had, besides these articles, a red coloured plate, in which was a bunch of grapes, imported from a country where they never ripen, and speckled all over with an unwholesome and greenish blue. The soup exhaled a sour smell of roots; the bread was black, and seasoned only with certain fibrous vegetables, without any sauce whatever.

Upon the white walls were written pious maxims in praise of sobriety and fasting, precepts as meagre as the larder of the monastery is empty. The very stomach heaves at the aspect of so much austerity and suffering.

Occasionally at evening prayers the superior says:—"My brethren, let us pray for the soul of the mother (or the sister) of one amongst us, who is dead." Each monk then takes his part in the mournful ceremony; they pray, they tremble, but he whom death has thus deprived of his relation remains for ever ignorant of his misfortune. What frightful uncertainty; and what horrible nights must the wretched monks pass!

The Trappists have no sort of recreation. M. de Rancé forbade study, as the source of disputes and relaxation, so that these ignorant monks, badly fed and condemned to perpetual sufferings, are as brutalized and as useless to their fellow-creatures as the inmates of a madhouse. Nothing in these gloomy and savage practices, and in this dark and bigoted idolatry, resembles the primitive law of Jesus Christ. Thus to degrade and imprison the creatures of God is not, assuredly, the proper way to glorify the Creator. Moral suicide will never cease to be a suicide. In vain did we seek in the faces of these poor monks for the traces of violent passions or great misfortunes. Their physiognomies were vulgar, hard, stupid, and ignoble; even devotion appears wanting; and their heads have, for the most part, an almost disgusting character.

CHEMISTRY IN COMMON SCHOOLS.

Why not introduce the study of chemistry in all our common schools, at least the rudiments of chemistry, and especially the meaning of chemical terms? Why should not a boy, a farmer's boy, be taught the meaning of oxygen and hydrogen, as well as that of the word water?—When he is now told by the papers or books he reads, that *water* (the meaning of which term he understands very well) is a fluid composed of certain proportions each of oxygen and hydrogen, (terms he knows nothing about), he is at a loss. His education has left him with the idea that water is a simple element,

as the ancients thought it was ; and he also complains of the use of these hard words, when the fact is they are not harder than any other words to learn to or speak ; but they are new to him, and hence he thinks them hard. All farmers should understand the rudiments of chemistry at least, and as much more as they can command ; no one can be a good farmer without this knowledge, except by accident. It is in vain for writers on the subject, to try to use language that can be understood by those who have not learned the meaning of chemical terms. The word oxygen, for example, has no common term that would be understood more readily by such people, neither has hydrogen, nitrogen, carbon, &c. See what a list Webster makes in defining these terms.—“*Oxygen*—in chemistry, oxygen or oxygen gas, is an element or substance so named from its property of generating acids ; it is the respirable part of air, vital air, or the basis of it ; it is called the acidifying principle, and the principle or support of combustion.” “*Hydrogen*—in chemistry, a gas which constitutes one of the elements of water.” “*Nitrogen*—the element of nitre ; that which produces nitre ; that element or component part of air which is called azote.” “*Carbon*—pure charcoal : a simple body, black, brittle, light and inodorous.” Now, what information will one who does not understand the rudiments of chemistry, derive from these definitions ! None whatever. But if chemistry was made a part of common education, all these terms would convey a meaning to the reader of them as readily as do those of water, atmospheric air, and charcoal. It is not supposed, that the science at large could be taught in common schools ; for if it could, there would be no necessity for high schools. All that is intended by these remarks, is to recommend that the meaning of all *chemical terms* should be there taught. For example, the school teachers should teach the scholars the meaning of the word water thus :—*Water*, a compound fluid, the elements of which are by weight, eight parts oxygen, and one part hydrogen ; by measure, one part oxygen and two parts hydrogen. Oxygen and hydrogen are gases ; they are both colorless, having neither taste nor smell. Oxygen gas is heavier than atmospheric air, and it forms a portion of the air itself. It is essential to animal life and combustion. Hydrogen gas is the lightest of all gases, and hence is used in filling balloons ; being about sixteen times lighter than oxygen. Now if such instruction was given in schools, there would be no complaint of the use by writers, of hard names, hard words, &c., and farmers would know just as well what was meant by the words calcareous earth, gypseous earth, &c., as they now do of the meaning of marl, plaster of Paris, &c. I can see no more reason in restricting the education of boys to the common-place words of our language, in our common schools, than I do in confining them in their farming operations to the old common-place routine of practice. Their education should be such as to fit them for the profession they are to follow, let that be what it may. Chemistry and botany are as essential elements of an agricultural education, as any others whatever.—But how few are there amongst us who know even the meaning of the most common terms of either science.

VENTILATION.

Everybody knows—at least no one will deny—that air, pure air, uncontaminated and unmixed, is essential to health, and even to life ; and every one knows, or should know, that air which has once been breathed is not fit to be inhaled again, and that if breathed again repeatedly, it induces languor, headache, and, in the last degree, death, but in every degree disease. Yet few have acquired, to its full extent, the taste for pure air, and fewer still provide for the salutary enjoyment of it. In fact, pure water and pure air are the two essentials to the most important functions of healthy life—respiration and perspiration to the soundness of the skin and the lungs. Yet how many are there, who would be disgusted with a dirty skin or impure water, who are content to inhale foul and deleterious air, and then wonder that they have pulmonary complaints.

Ventilation is as essential to health and cleanliness as washing ; and we may define it to be the continual supply, to a close apartment, of such quantity of pure air as may be required for the consumption which is going on in it, and the continual

extraction from it of bad, impure, or used air. But it will be necessary first to state the nature of that composition which demands this supply, and of that deterioration which requires such a continual abstraction of the air which is deteriorated and injured.

As to the supply of pure air wanted for the lungs of a human being :—Each human being swallows or inhales about a gallon of pure air per minute, = 60 gallons an hour. Suppose, then, that each person were to inhale his supply from a reservoir of pure air, through a pipe applied to his mouth, so that none but what was perfectly pure could reach his lungs, it is plain that there should pass into every apartment 60 gallons an hour for each individual in the room—say, for ten persons, 600 gallons. The question comes next, how to get this air into the room, and to the mouths of the persons who want it. It will not do simply to open the door or window large enough to admit 600 gallons an hour, for you may open the door or the window, and yet find that the pure air will not enter, and will not find its way to the mouths of those who want it. You must not only let it in, you must compel it to enter—you ask how : we will proceed hereafter to consider that point.

The removal of used and deleterious air from the apartment is the other branch of ventilation. Part of the air we breathe we consume or incorporate with our body, the rest we throw back again into the apartment. This should not be breathed again, for it has a poisonous gas mixed with it—the same gas which the French so often use for the purpose of committing suicide—and of this we eject from our lungs some five gallons an hour. Besides this, our lungs eject a large quantity of steamy vapour, which contaminates the surrounding atmosphere. Further, our skins are continually sending forth air of the same deteriorated kind. The impure air which we thus eject contaminates that which surrounds us, and thus we defile as much in a minute as we actually use in an hour. While, therefore, we actually consume 60 gallons of pure air an hour, we injure or contaminate, by what we expire or exhale, 60 gallons per minute of the air which surrounds us. This must, of course, be removed.

Two processes are therefore necessary to the comfort and salubrity of an apartment : the ejection of 60 gallons per minute of damaged air—the supply of an equal quantity of pure air. Now there are two modes of doing this ; both sufficiently common and simple. First, keep the doors or windows always sufficiently open to let in the pure air ; and, secondly, always have a large fire, to draw the bad air up the chimney out of the apartment. These plans, when used together, are certainly effective ; unhappily the cure is, generally, at least, as bad as the disease. Here, then, is the source of all the difficulty of ventilation. The air *must* be changed—rapidly changed—but subject to this essential condition, that it be so changed as not to expose the body to injurious draughts of cold air by that act of change. Such is the problem to be practically solved.

The means of effectually solving this problem are well ascertained, simple, and perfectly definite. There is no difficulty about ventilation except in explaining how it comes that it should be any matter of mystery, art, or craft, and why a supply of pure air should not be as effectually provided for as the supply of pure water.

For, in the first place, it is manifest that a large opening should be provided by which air should enter into a house ; and let us conceive this opening to be on the lowest floor of the house : let us suppose this opening to be simply a window of a small closet or apartment, which we may call the *stove room*, and let it contain, as its name denotes, a stove of such power as rapidly to heat the whole air in the apartment to a pleasant temperature, say 60° ; then it is plain, that if this chamber communicate directly with the hall of the house, all the air which enters the window of the stove room will pass freely into the house, and perfectly fill it with warm pure air, because the ordinary open fire of each room produces a draught up the chimney which is ample for the abstraction of the injured air from ordinary dwelling-houses, and if there be only a free entrance by the stove room of air into that room, and then to the rest of the house, no cold air will enter anywhere, because the very fact of an unimpeded admittance being given by the stove room to the external air, will determine the whole current in that direction, and in that direction alone. By that circumstance the usual currents of cold air through the chinks of windows and of doors to supply the fire are prevented ; and the only air that does enter the doors is from the hall, which being supplied by the stove chamber, is, of course, warm.

In a room, however, which is crowded, the still further precaution must be taken of adding, besides the chimney, a large orifice, to lead the air upwards out of the room, either into a second chimney beside the common chimney of the room, or into a ventilator in the top of the house. There is no further mystery—except that the openings for ventilation should be large enough. We recommend that the opening should be of the size of the sum of all the windpipes of all the persons in the room, that is, of an area of about two square inches for each person, and for 600 persons an area of pipe 40 inches in diameter would be about enough; certainly, for ventilation, no less would, in ordinary circumstances, suffice.

The secrets of ventilation, then, are these: let the air enter the house freely by a large aperture, like a common window, and capable of regulation in the same way. Let it enter a stove room, and be there completely warmed, then let it pass freely through the whole house, and enter all the apartments either at the doors or by express channels. Take off the used air by the chimney and an open fire; or, for crowds, provide larger and express openings—there is no more to be done. Houses that we have seen ventilated in this simple, unpretending, unmysterious manner, are the best ventilated we have ever entered. It is too often the fate of the mysterious little pipes, funnels, tubes, and valves by which ventilation is frequently symbolized, rather to indicate ventilation than to effect it.—*Athenæum*.

PAGES FOR THE MANY.

WOMAN.—There is a spell in woman. No man, not utterly degraded, can listen without delight to the accents of the guiltless heart. Beauty, too, has a natural power over the mind; and it is right that this should be. All that overcomes selfishness, the besetting sin of the world, is an instrument of good. Beauty is but melody of a higher kind; and both alike soften the troubled and hard nature of man. Even if we looked on lovely woman but as on a rose, an exquisite production of the summer hours of life, it would be idle to deny her influence in making even those summer hours sweeter. But, as the companion of the mind, as the very model of a friendship that no chance can shake, as the pleasant sharer of the heart of heart, the being to whom man returns after the tumult of the day, like the worshipper to a secret shrine, to revive his nobler tastes and virtues at a source pure from the evil of the external world, and glowing with a perpetual light of sanctity and love; where shall we find her equal?—*Croly*.

POTATOES.—On examining a thin slice of potatoe under the microscope, its structure will be beautifully seen. It will be found composed of different layers, of which the external one is often highly coloured, and contains a certain portion of a deleterious substance, which is found in most plants of the natural family to which the potatoe belongs. But the great mass of the tuber is composed of a substance occupying the place, and possessing the structure, of the pith of a young branch. Under the microscope it is seen to be almost entirely composed of cells of irregular form and size, which are sometimes filled, and sometimes contain conglomerations and clusters of beautiful little oval grains. When a potatoe is boiled, then each of the almost innumerable cells of which it is composed becomes a little vessel full of jelly, and if there be not a great quantity of starch in the cells, it may be gelatinized without bursting them. But if the number of grains or their size be very great, the cellular structure of the potatoe is ruptured on all sides by the expansion of the little masses of jelly, and the appearance of meanness is produced. Hence we see that mealy potatoes are the most valuable, and waxiness is an indication of deficiency of starch or nutrient matter.—*Quarterly Journal of Agriculture*.

HUMAN NATURE.—We may inure ourselves to the contemplation of any idea, however appalling or alarming it may appear at first sight, without a shudder and almost without a regret. The convict, under sentence of death in the condemned cell, and his ears ringing with the din of the hammers erecting the scaffold, does not experience such acute mental agony as the world are apt to suppose. We all have the certainty of death, at some date more or less near, before our eyes; and yet this conviction does

not trouble our mental equanimity. The convict who is doomed to die, is only worse off than ourselves inasmuch as the precise day, hour, and moment of his fate are revealed to him; but his death, which is to be sudden and only of a moment's pain, must be a thousand times preferable to the long, lingering, agonizing throes of sickness which many of those who pity him are eventually doomed to endure before their thread of existence shall be severed for ever! Yes—we can bring our minds to meet every species of mortal affliction with resignation, and even with cheerfulness; and there is no sorrow, no malady, no pang, which issued from Pandora's box, that did not bear the imprint of hope along with it.—*Reynolds*.

RELATIONS OF CELEBRATED MEN.—I have observed, by the way, that, in general, men are the less mourned by their families, in proportion as they are the more mourned by the community. The great are seldom amiable; and those who are the least lenient to our errors, are invariably our relations.—*Bulwer*.

INFLUENCE OF COLOUR ON HEAT.—The property of absorbing heat depends much upon the colour of the substance, and as a general rule the dark colours, viz. those which absorb most light, absorb also most heat. Dr. Franklin laid pieces of cloth of different colours on snow, and during a given period in which the sun was shining on them, he noted this in the different depths to which, by melting the snow which was under them, they sunk. Hence appears the importance of having a white dress in summer, that by it, with the sun's light, the heat also may be repelled; and a white dress in winter is good, because it radiates little. Polar animals have generally white furs. White horses are both less heated in the sun, and less chilled in winter, than those of darker hues.—*Arnold's Elements of Physics*.

THE BLUE VIOLET.—This beautiful flower is known to all who have breathed the pure air of British fields. They could not pass along our hedge-rows in spring without inhaling its fragrant perfume, though its tiny head is so completely hid beneath its humble foliage that it seldom meets the eye of the careless passer-by. Yet although unheeded,

Gentle gales,
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
These balmy spoils.

Let us entreat our friends who would seek for the purest and most healthy pleasures, to rise with the sun, and accept the invitation of Elliott to

Walk where hawthorns hide
The wonders of the lane;

and then—but Howitt, in all his freshness, shall tell you what delight you will meet with:—"All unexpectedly, in some embowered lane, you are arrested by the delicious odour of violets, those sweetest of Flora's children, which have furnished so many beautiful allusions to the poets, and which are not yet exhausted; they are like true friends—we do not know half their sweetness till they have felt the sunshine of our kindness; and again, they are like the pleasures of our childhood, the earliest and most beautiful. In March they are seen in all their glory—blue and white—modestly peering through their thick clustering leaves." Barry Cornwall places the violet before the rose in the following lines. True it is that modesty, of which quality it is the universal emblem, is more to be desired than beauty, but we must ever acknowledge the rose as the queen of flowers—

It has a scent as though Love, for its dower,
Had on it all his odorous arrows tost;
For though the rose has more perfuming power
The violet (haply 'cause 'tis almost lost,
And takes us so much trouble to discover)
Stands first with most, but always with a lover.

It is interesting to notice how widely the violet is distributed over this blooming world. They spring at the foot of the Alps, and bloom on the very summit of the Alleghannies;—their sweets are borne upon the spicy gales of Araby the blest; and they put forth their cerulean flowers in the Persian garden of roses. Humboldt gathered them in the valley of the Amazon, and on the sides of the lofty Andes. The most lovely flowers are the most simple, and plainly the favourites of nature, for they are most

widely diffused. It was a thought as delicate as it was beautiful, which suggested the modest violet as a poetical reward. A golden violet was announced as the prize to be decreed to the author of the best poem in the Provencal language, in 1324—

And in that golden vase was set
The prize—the golden violet.

MANY FACTS IN FEW WORDS.—A legal stone is 14lbs. or the eighth of an hundred, in England, and 16lbs. in Holland. The fathom, 6 feet, is derived from the height of a full-grown man. A hand, in horse measure, is four inches.

An Irish mile is 2240 yards; a Scotch mile is 1984 yards; an English, or statute mile, 1760 yards. An acre is 4840 square yards, or 69 yards, 1 foot, $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches each way. A square mile, 1763 yards each way, contains 640 acres.

The Persians give names to every day in the month, just as we give them to days of the week.

The human body consists of 240 bones, 9 kinds of articulations or joinings, 100 cartilages or ligaments, 400 muscles or tendons, and 100 nerves, besides blood, arteries, veins, &c.

The foot of a Chinese female, from the heel to the great toe, is only 4 inches long.

In marching, soldiers take 75 steps per minute; quick marching, 108; and in charging, 150 steps.

A chestnut tree on Mount Ætna is 190 feet round, close to the trunk.

The mahogany tree is full grown in 200 years. Cypress trees are known to be 800 or 900 years old.

There are no solid rocks in the arctic regions, owing to the severe frosts.

Fossil bones of the lizard, 24 feet in length, equal to the dragons of antiquity, have been found in Bavaria.

The surface of the sea is estimated at 150,000,000 square miles, taking the whole surface of the globe at 197,000,000 square miles. Its greatest depth is supposed to be equal to the height of the highest mountain, or four miles.

Of 100 parts into which the surface of the earth may be divided, Europe contains 7, Africa 21, Continental Asia 33, New Holland, &c., 8, South America 15, North America 16.

Pews.—If there be two places in the world, where perfect equality among mankind should obtain, they are the church and the grave. There is a nearer approach to this equality in the Catholic than in the Protestant house of prayer. In the *former*, the rich and the poor, sit, stand, or kneel on the same level. In the *latter*, rank and wealth box themselves up with much care, and, I fear, pride, as at the theatre or the opera; "*Odi profanum vulgus et arceo*," it is not written on the door of each pew, but it is engraven on the hearts of the inside passengers. A few narrow aisles are left for the indigent, as though they were travelling to a destination totally different to that of their neighbours in the boxes! A great cry is made about "Church extension;" but it ought to be preceded by the removal of a great evil—"Pew retention." True, the church is often unable to accommodate the congregation; and why! Because one-third of the holy edifice is filled with wooden cribs, or stalls, as in the Haymarket, for segregation of the great, and exclusion of the poor! What! Go to heaven in company with rags!—No, no. We had rather travel, even in an opposite direction, in company with robes and feathers.—*Dr. James Johnson's Tour.*

How do you SPELL TURNER?—"Mr. Reed," said a Mr. Turner one day to a friend with whom he was conversing, "I have just been thinking that your name is about as changeable as any I know. Why, how many ways of spelling it are there! Reed, Rede, Read, Reid, Reade, Wrede, Wreade, and I don't know how many more! Ha! ha! well I am glad my name isn't Reed."—"Not quite so fast," said Mr. R., "you have little to boast of in your own name. I am inclined to think you will find it undergoes as many vagaries as my own—if not more."—"Impossible!" ejaculated Mr. Turner, "T-u-r-n-e-r; how otherwise pray, would you spell Turner!"—"We shall see," said Mr. R. "In the first place you spell it thus—Thurner."—"But on what ground do you use the Th?"—"For the same reason that you have these letters in *Thames*, *Thomas*, &c. If *th* represent the sound of *t* in *Thomas*, why not in *Turner*, or rather *Thurner*?"—"Well, that is but one change; what others can

you show me?"—"Oh, several. You are not perhaps aware that the sound of u, as in Tur, is represented by each of the vowels in our alphabet, as well as by several combinations, thus millar, ber, fir, attorney, cur, parlour, earnest, &c. &c. Thus we may legitimately spell your name Thurnair, Thirneur, Thurnour, Thearnour, Thorner, Thornur, Thornir, Therner, Thernear, Thernour, Thernur, Thernar, Thernir Thournir, Thourner, Th———"Hold!" said Mr. T. in astonishment, "I see you are never going to end. How many more changes are you going to ring?"—"To tell you the truth," replied Mr. Reed, "I scarcely know how to end, for I haven't shown you a twentieth part of the changes your name might undergo. But how would you like it spelled thus—Thologyrrh?" "That's far too much like Dutch for my liking," said Mr. T.; "but by what process do you arrive at such an outlandish combination of letters to represent Turner?" "By a very simple one," continued Mr. Reed; "In the word *Colonel*, the combination *C-o-l-o* is made to represent 'Cur,' and by a parity of reasoning, *T-o-l-o*, or *T-h o-l-o*, will represent 'Tur.' In the word *gnaw gn* is the representative of the sound of *n*; and why not use it for the same purpose in your own name? As in *myrrh*, the combination *yrh* stands for the sound *er*, so *gnyrrh* will, of course, be 'ner.' Thus we get T-h-o-l-o-g-n-y-r-r-h—Turner. Ha! ha! I'm glad my name isn't Turner!"—*Norfolk News*.

SINGULAR ANECDOTE.—Several years ago, a charity sermon was preached in a dissenting chapel in the west of England. When the preacher ascended the pulpit, he thus addressed the hearers:—"My brethren, before proceeding to the duties of this evening, allow me to relate a short anecdote. Many years have elapsed since I was last within the walls of this house. Upon that evening among the hearers came three men, with the intention of not only scoffing at the minister, but with their pockets filled with stones for the purpose of assaulting him. After he had spoken a few sentences, one said, 'D—n him, let us be at him now;' but the second replied, 'No, stop till we hear what he makes of this point.' The minister went on, when the second said, 'We've heard enough now—throw!' but the third interfered, saying, 'He's not so foolish as I expected—let us hear him out.' The preacher concluded without being interrupted. Now, mark me, my brethren—of these three men, one was executed three months ago at Newgate, for forgery; the second, at this moment, lies under the sentence of death, in the gaol of this city, for murder—the other (continued the minister with great emotion)—the third, through the infinite goodness of God is even now about to address you—listen to him!"

EFFECT OF MANUFACTURING PRESSURES.—Manufacturing pressures tend to increase improvements in machinery. Driven to threadbare profits, the manufacturers seek every means of reducing the cost of production; and hence it has occurred, that during the last five or six years there has been more improvement in machinery than had taken place for 25 years before that period. We believe we are correct in stating that some eight or nine years since, the maximum capability of the spinning mules did not exceed the power of turning above 640 spindles. There are self-acting mules now in use that will turn upwards of 2,000 spindles! A mill of the present day, with improved machinery, is capable of turning off a given quantity of work at about one-third less expense than it could have accomplished seven years since; in other words, a factory which in 1836 required an outlay of £600 per week wages, can now throw off the same quantity of work for £400 per week. We heard of one respectable manufacturer declare that if his forty-inch cotton was made fast to a vessel at Liverpool, and the vessel allowed to make the best of her way to Canton, he could make the cotton as fast as the ship could sail away with it, or he would consent to have nothing for it. Now, allowing the ordinary voyage of four months and calculating the number of miles the ship would sail, it would require *twenty-four millions of yards of cloth* to keep pace with the ship, or about 8,330 yards per hour, working the whole time night and day. The same machinery would in seven months make a belt round the earth 40 inches wide. Now we would ask, if one manufacturer can do this, what could the whole machinery of England accomplish? Could it not make sufficient cloth in a few years to cover the whole surface of the inhabited part of the globe? These calculations may appear ridiculous; but should not the facts we have stated operate as an awful warning to prepare for the threatening storm?—*Poor Law Guide*.

THE EXPENSE OF WAR.—Give me the money that has been paid in war, and I will purchase every foot of land upon the globe; I will clothe every man, woman, and child, in an attire that kings and queens would be proud of; I will build a school-house

upon every hill side and in every valley over the whole habitable earth ; I will build an academy in every town, and endow it ; a college in every state, and fill it with able professors ; I will crown every hill with a church consecrated to the promulgation of the gospel of peace ; I will support in its pulpit an able teacher of righteousness, so that on every sabbath morning, the chime on one hill should answer to chime on another, round the earth's broad circumference, and the voice of prayer and the song of praise should ascend like a universal holocaust to heaven.—*Stebbing*.

THE COOK AND THE COACHMAN, OR A MESMERIC MISHAP.—A cook in a gentleman's family having heard mesmerism much spoken of, and many strange stories told of it, took it into her head she would be Mesmerised, and for that purpose applied to a noted professor in a country town. Being a very hale and healthy subject, the surgeon had some difficulty to produce Mesmeric sleep, but he eventually succeeded.—Her first words were perfectly natural, but in a faltering tone the fair one said—“Coachman ! oh ! take your cold feet away !”

COMPARISON OF SPEED.—A French scientific journal states that the ordinary rate is, per second—

Of a man walking	4 feet.
Of a good horse in harness	12 “
Of a reindeer in a sledge, on ice	27 “
Of an English race-horse	43 “
Of a hare	38 “
Of a good sailing ship	14 “
Of the wind.....	82 “
Of sound.....	1038 “
Of a 24-pound cannon-ball	1300 “

MYSTERY AND CONFUSION.—A mother and daughter being together in this county (Westmoreland), were brought to bed on the same day, each of a son. In the bustle of the moment both babes were placed in a cradle, and, to the confusion of the mothers, when the youngsters were taken from the cradle, the nurses were unable to tell which was the mother's and which was the daughter's son ! A matter which, of course must remain a mystery.—*Kendal Mercury*.

THE ORIGIN OF BEARDS.—Van Helmont tells that Adam was created without a beard, but that after he had fallen and sinned, because of the sinful propensities which he derived from the fruit of the forbidden tree, a beard was made part of his punishment and disgrace, bringing him thus into near resemblance with the beasts towards whom he had made his nature approximate. The same stigma was not inflicted upon Eve, because even in the fall she retained much of her original modesty, and therefore deserved no such opprobrious mark. Van Helmont observes also, that no good angel ever appears with a beard, and this, he says, is a capital sign by which angels may be distinguished—a matter of great importance to those who are in the habit of seeing them. He marvelled therefore that men should suppose the beard was given them for an ornament, when angels abhor it, and when they see that they have it in common with he-goats. There must be something in his remark ; for take the most beautiful angel that ever painter designed, or engraver copied, put him on a beard, and the celestial character will be so entirely destroyed that the simple appendages of a tail will cacodemonize the Eudæmon.—*The Doctor*.

Presentations.

June 16, 1847, two splendid silver watches and appendages, value L8. 8s. 0d. each, to P.P.G.M. Samuel Barker, C.S. and P.P.G.M. Thomas Hyde, by the Members of the Duke of Sutherland Lodge, Pain's Lane District, and raised by voluntary subscription.—August 11, the Members of the Loyal Mechanic Lodge, Leeds District, celebrated their twenty-first Anniversary, at the house of Mr. James Dawson, the Leopard Inn, Briggate, Leeds, on which occasion a Purse, containing Twenty Sovereigns, was presented to P.P.G.M. Jonathan Taylor, for his valuable services rendered to the Lodge and Order.

Death.

September 2, 1847, P.V. J. S. Thornley, Surgeon to the Rock of Truth Lodge, Newton Heath District, after a long sickness, chiefly caused by his over-exertions in his medical practice to the poor in his neighbourhood, who are bereaved of a true friend, and it will be long ere he is replaced, for it may truly be said that the poor were never refused his advice and medicine whenever they applied to him—he was the steady and true Samaritan in the District, and has left a wife and small family to mourn his loss, along with the public in general.

THE
QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.
NEW SERIES..

ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL

APRIL.

[AMICITIA, AMOR, ET VERITAS.]

1848..

LEGALIZATION OF THE MANCHESTER UNITY.

COPY OF A BILL INTRODUCED INTO THE HOUSE OF LORDS, FOR
LEGALIZING THE ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS, MANCHESTER
UNITY.

An ACT for the more effectual Protection from Fraud and Misappropriation of the Funds of certain Charitable, Philanthropic, and Provident Associations, and for the Relief of the Members thereof, from the provisions of an Act made in the 39th year of the reign of His Late Majesty King George the Third, entitled "An Act for the more effectual Suppression of Societies established for Seditious and Treasonable purposes and for better preventing Treasonable and Seditious practices;" and likewise another Act passed in the 57th year of the reign of His Late Majesty King George the Third, entitled "An Act for the more effectual Preventing of Seditious Meetings and Assemblies."

Whereas, large and increasing numbers of the Working Classes have for some time past associated themselves together for the purpose of making provision for themselves and families, by contributing subscriptions, or otherwise, against sickness, misfortune, and death, and for the relief of the Widows and Orphan Children of deceased Members; and whereas, accumulated funds of such Associations (owing to the absence of legal protection) have been subjected to great and serious losses from fraud and defalcations; and whereas, it is expedient to encourage habits of providence and forethought amongst the Industrious Classes: May it therefore please your Majesty that it may be enacted, and it is hereby enacted by the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons in this present Parliament assembled,

That it shall and may be lawful for any number of persons to unite for the purpose of making provision, by means of Contributions, Subscriptions, Donations, or otherwise, against the several contingencies of sickness, unavoidable misfortune, or death, for pensioning or relieving old or decayed Members, and for relieving the Widows and Orphan Children of Members deceased. And it shall and may be lawful for the Members and Officers of such Associated Body or Society from time to time to establish and maintain Branches thereof, for, and at the convenience of the respective Members; but for so long only as the business transacted at the meetings, of such Society, or any of the Branches thereof, shall be confined exclusively to the objects herein set forth.

And be it further enacted, That it shall and may be lawful for the Members of such Societies, so constituted as aforesaid, to nominate, choose, and appoint proper persons as Trustees, Treasurers, Secretaries, or other Officers for conducting the business of such Societies, and to correspond and meet together from time to time to make, alter, rescind or frame new Rules for the necessary government of, and for conducting the business of, such Societies, or the Branches thereof, provided always, that such New or Amended Rules shall not contain any matter or thing contrary or in violation of the Laws, Statutes, or Customs of this Realm, or be directed to the furtherance of any political or seditious object whatever.

And be it further enacted, That it shall and may be lawful for the Members of any such Society, or any of the Branches thereof, to require, and for the Officers, Secretaries, Treasurers, and Trustees, to give security for all such sums of money, or other the property of any such Society, or any of the Branches thereof, as may from time to time be placed in the hands of or under the control of such Officers, Secretaries, Treasurers, and Trustees, in Trust for and on the behalf of the objects of such Society, or any Branches thereof. And all such securities being in writing, and duly stamped and attested according to Law, shall be deemed good and valid security, and admissible as evidence in any of her Majesty's Courts of Civil and Criminal judicature.

And be it further enacted, That if any Trustee, Treasurer, Secretary, or other Officer holding property in Trust for and on behalf of the Members of any such Society as aforesaid, or any of the respective Branches thereof, shall become Insolvent or Bankrupt, then it shall and may be lawful for the remaining Officers for the time being, or for any one of them, to prove as a Creditor or Creditors against the Estate of such Insolvent or Bankrupt, for and on the behalf of the Members of such Society, or any branch thereof, and such proof of shall be allowed; and it shall not be lawful to seize, sequester, or appropriate any portion of the property of such Society, held in trust by such Insolvent or Bankrupt, Trustee, or other Officer, on behalf of or for the purposes of such Society, for the payment of or in part liquidation of any private debts not connected with the objects of the Society, or not contracted in furtherance thereof. And if any Trustee, or Treasurer, or other officer holding moneys or other property on behalf of the Members of any such aforesaid Society, shall become Insane, or leave the kingdom, or die, or refuse, or become incapable to act, then the remaining Trustee or Trustees, or other Officers, or the Trustee or Trustees appointed in place of such Trustee or Trustees, Treasurer, or other Officers so becoming Insane, or leaving the kingdom, or dying, or refusing or becoming incapable to act, shall in each case so occurring, take or cause to be taken, such proceedings as are provided by the several Statutes now in force for the protection of Friendly Societies, and the remedies therein contained shall be and are hereby made to apply for the purposes of this Act.

And be it further enacted, That if any Officer, Secretary, Treasurer, Trustee, or Member of any Society constituted in accordance with this Act, shall obtain undue possession of, misappropriate or withhold from the other Members of such Society, or any Branch thereof, the whole or any portion of the funds or other property of such Society, or any Branches thereof, and shall continue to withhold such property after due demand shall have been made for the restoration of the same by some one or more of the Members or Officers duly appointed by and on behalf of the remaining Members of such Society, then it shall and may be lawful for any one of her Majesty's Justices, acting in and for the County, City, Borough or Place in which such particular Branch Society may hold its meetings, and after depositions shall have been made, or affirmation on Oath by such duly appointed Officer or Member as aforesaid, to issue a warrant for the apprehension of such Officer, Treasurer, Trustee, Secretary, or Member, as shall have been charged with obtaining undue possession, misappropriating, or withholding the whole or any portion of the Funds of such Society, or Branch Society, and upon full proof given of the same before him the aforesaid Justice, and upon the refusal of the party so charged to make reasonable restitution or compensation for the funds or other property of the Society, so withheld, misappropriated, and detained. When he the said Justice shall have full power to proceed against the offending party, according to the several Statutes now in force for the protection of Friendly Societies, provided nevertheless, that nothing herein contained shall prevent the said Society from proceeding by indictment or complaint against the party complained of, and

provided also that no party shall be proceeded against by indictment or complaint if a previous conviction shall have been obtained for the same offence before a Justice of the Peace as hereinbefore recited.

And be it further enacted, That in any proceedings to be hereafter commenced, or taken under the provisions of this Act, in and before any Court of Civil or Criminal jurisdiction, and against any Treasurer, Trustee, Secretary, Officer, or other Member of such herein recited Charitable Society, Provident Association, or any Branches thereof, for obtaining undue possession of or withholding, or misappropriating the whole or any portion of the Funds or other property of such Charitable Society, Provident Association, or any Branches thereof, it shall and may be lawful to receive in evidence the printed rules of such Society, Association, or Branches thereof, for the time being in force, and the Books, Minutes, and other documents of such Association, relative to any portion of the matter then in question.

And be it further enacted, That the word Society in this Act shall be construed and is hereby declared to mean any Branch or portion of such Society; and the words Treasurer, Trustee, or Trustees, or other Officer or Member, shall be construed and hereby declared to mean the Treasurer, Trustee, or Trustees, Secretary, or other Officer or Member of any Branch or Branches of such Society.

The above Bill was brought into the House of Lords by Lord BEAUMONT. It was read a first time and ordered to be printed. His Lordship has since given notice that he will move the second reading immediately after the Easter recess, and, should it pass the second reading, he will move for the appointment of a Select Committee of the House, to whom are to be referred all the Petitions which have been presented to their Lordships' House praying for the legalization of the Unity. From the kind manner in which petitions have been received, and the compliments which have been paid to the Unity at large by different Peers who have presented petitions, we come to the conclusion that the Bill is certain to be passed.

Legalization of the Unity has long been a question upon which have been divided the best and most influential members of the Order. But recent occurrences have convinced all that we must become legalized to a sufficient extent to protect our funds, and to prevent bad and designing men from appropriating them to selfish and improper purposes. As the law stands now the Society has no legal existence. The Bill introduced by Lord BEAUMONT has been framed for the purpose of giving us a legal existence, and to invest us with sufficient power to appear in a Court of Justice and prosecute all evil doers. It does these things most successfully, without infringing upon the rights and privileges of individual lodges or members, and the consequence is that it has met with the universal support of the whole Unity. Lodges and Districts, who have hitherto been strenuous opposers of legalization, because they thought that it would interfere with their power of governing their individual funds, have now

withdrawn their opposition and agreed to send in petitions praying that the bill may pass into a law. By the unanimity thus produced we shall not only be able to induce the Legislature to extend to us the benefits prayed for, but it will at the same time enable our Executive to snatch the Unity from that gulf of trouble and despair into which the late commotions had precipitated it. Nothing can be so destructive to the well-being of a society as discord and divisions within itself. And if we were asked to point to one argument more powerful than another, that the Unity is based and organized upon principles which enable it to accommodate itself to the wants and necessities of its members, we would point to the intrigues which it has defeated and exposed, and to the shocks which it has encountered and withstood. A legal title is all that we now require to carry to a successful issue the end and aim which we have in view; and as that is already placed within our reach a little perseverance and exertion will soon enable us to shout that it is ours.

ADDRESS,

THE EDITOR TO HIS READERS.

The duties of the Editorship of the Odd Fellows' Magazine have suddenly and unexpectedly devolved upon a new Editor, under a new regime. Mr. John Bolton Rogerson's connexion with this publication has now ceased, and it becomes the pleasing task of a new candidate for your favours and your attention to endeavour *namelessly*, at present, to win your good opinions. He believes that the publication through which he now speaks is capable of being an engine of great power and usefulness as well as a source of amusement to the Members of the Order—but he hopes, ere long, its circulation will not be confined to its limits. There is no necessity why it should be so, since it is easy for Members of the Order to obtain two or more copies instead of one, and get two subscribers besides themselves. Increased circulation will enable the Editor to secure increased merit in his Contributors, and ultimately to *pay for good original articles*.

Upon this plan alone can the Odd Fellows' Magazine take that high position as a literary work, which the Organ of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows should claim. That this idea shall pass from theory to practice the Editor sincerely hopes will be *the intention of his readers*.

As to his own intentions the Editor will express them in as few words as possible. They will affect the correspondence of the Magazine as well as his own compositions.

1st.—He intends that every article which shall hereafter appear shall be written *with a purpose*—to elevate—cheer and refine.

2nd.—He intends to write *for* the masses—not *down to* them—because he believes that THE PEOPLE would be more worthy of good opinion if we would believe instead of doubting them.

3rd.—He intends only to superintend the literary department of the Magazine, (without any reference to the government or disputes of the Order) and to this part of the Magazine will be devoted all except about the three first pages and the two last. The first three pages will be devoted to such articles as the Directors may think fit to admit on the *Politics of the Order*, and the two last to *Presentations*, &c.

4th.—He intends to secure as talented a corps of correspondents as possible, and will, in the next number, lay a detailed plan before his readers for securing good original articles.

5th.—He intends to have the Magazine ready on the first days of January, April, July, and October—*without fail*.

6th and lastly.—He intends to preserve his incognito till some increase in the sale of the Magazine shall prove the confidence of the Order in his management and talent. To the *very* curious he may say that he has no objection however to reveal his name (which is not unknown in popular literature) to every one of those of his readers who will secure *one hundred new Subscribers* for a year.

A few Words the Editor would say to his future Correspondents:—

Believing that this world is happy or miserable for us as we ourselves choose to make it, and that there is great truth in the Chinese proverb—that “happy *ones* make happy *tens*—and happy *tens* make good *hundreds*”—he hopes each of his Correspondents, who write for these pages, will remember the true dignity of authorship, and write, even the humblest scrap, in its true spirit,—to minister to the happiness and consolation and welfare of his fellow-men. Thus, let the POET remember that he stands among partial men for a perfect man—his mission is like that of the prophet,—universal: that he represents truth and beauty which it is his *necessity*, if he be a true Poet, to teach in music of syllables. A Poet is not a mere skilled workman of metre, or an industrious stitcher-together of melodious syllables. Let the Writer of Romance bear in mind that “FICTION hath a higher aim than fact.” The sculptor’s chisel shapes figures, whose unexceptionable beauty excels any single form in nature; and upon which when we look we long after the good and beautiful—the better life; and so the writer of fiction should delineate after the ideal, the higher and better and more perfect, than that which is existent. Every writer—as every leaf of every weed—has his worthy mission—let him think thereupon and earnestly strive to fill it, and his spirit shall then unfold itself in sweeter measures and more stirring words than he has hitherto believed himself gifted withal.

The Editor will conclude this address by stating, that as the channels of communication have not yet been opened to him, he has been compelled to rely upon himself and his immediate friends for contributions to this number—the publication of which has been first delayed and then hurried by unforeseen circumstances.

All communications to be addressed, pre-paid, to the Editor, care of Mr. HENRY RATCLIFFE, 5, Town Hall Buildings, Cross-street, King-street, Manchester.

LINES AMONG THE LEAVES,

BY S. G. PHILIPS.

Have ye heard the west wind singing, where the summer trees are singing ;
 Have ye counted o'er the many times it knows !
 For the wide winged spirit rangeth and its balad metre changeth
 As it goes.

A plaintive wail it maketh when the willow trees it shaketh,
 Like new-born infant sighing in its sleep,
 And the branches, low and slender, bend to list the strain so tender
 Till they weep.

Another tale is telling, where the clustered elm is swelling,
 With dancing joy, that seems to laugh outright ;
 And the leaves all bright and clapping, sound like human fingers snapping
 With delight.

The fitful key-note shifteth where the heavy oak up-lifteth,
 A diadem of acorns broad and high ;
 And it chants with muffled roaring, like an eagle's wings in soaring,
 To the sky.

Now the breeze is freshly wending where the gloomy yew is bending,
 To shade green graves and canopy the owl ;
 And it gives a mournful whistle which reminds us of the missal
 And the cowl.

Another lay it giveth where the spiral poplar liveth,
 Above the cresses, lily, flag and rush ;
 And it sings with hissing treble—like the foam upon the pebble
 In its gush.

A varied theme it utters where the glossy date-leaf flutters,
 A loud and lightsome chant it yieldeth there ;
 And the quiet, list'ning dreamer, may believe that many a streamer
 Flaps the air.

It is sad and dreary hearing where the giant pine is rearing,
 His lonely head, like hearse-plume waved about ;
 And it lurketh melancholy, where the thick and sombre holly
 Bristles out.

It murmurs soft and mellow midst the light laburnum's yellow,
 As lovers ditty chimed by rippling plash ;
 And deeper is its tiding, as it hurries, swiftly gliding
 Through the ash.

A roundelay of pleasure does it keep in merry measure,
 While rustling in the rich leaves of the beech,
 As tho' a band of fairies were engaged in Mab's vagaries
 Out of reach.

Oh ! a bard of many breathings is Wind in Sylvan wreathings,
 O'er mountain tops and thro' the woodland groves,
 Now fifing and now drumming, now howling and now humming—
 As it roves.

Oh are not human bosoms like these things of leaves and blossoms
 Where hallowed whispers come to cheer and rouse ?
 Is there no mystic stirring in our hearts, like sweet wind whirling
 In the boughs ?

Through that wind a strange tone waketh in every home it maketh,
 And the maple tree responds not as the larch,
 Yet Harmony is playing round all the green arms swaying
 'Neath Heaven's arch.

Oh what can be the teaching of these forest voices preaching ?
 'TIS THAT A BROTHER'S CREED, THOUGH NOT AS MINE,
 MAY BLEND ABOUT GOD'S ALTAR, AND HELP TO SWELL THE PSALTER
 THAT'S DIVINE.

ODE TO MEMORY,

BY THE EDITOR.

Oh, Memory ! how great thy power
 To cheer, delight, console ;
 To wile away the lonely hour
 In soft deceit of soul !

'Tis thine when voices sound again,
 As some endeared tone,
 To wake the murmurs of that strain,
 Long past, for ever gone.

Our thoughts around the festive hearth
 How often thou dost call,
 To some dear friend,—the soul of mirth,
 Now absent from it all !

The forest walk—the upland path,
 Each tree, each rock, each flower—
 Half of its sweet attraction hath,
 By virtue of thy power.

Thou art the garner of th' immortal mind,
 The past is stored in thee,
 For comfort or for curse designed
 To all Eternity.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE HOSPITALS.

By J. BAXTER LANGLEY, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, &c. &c.

CHAP. I.

"Hush! hush!" said the nurse in a low voice; "do not stir yet, Sir—~~for~~ for fear he should awake; and—I could not bear to hear him rave again in that dreadful way."

We waited a few moments and watched the face of the invalid sleeper, as he gradually sunk from the delirium of excited weakness to the placidity of deep repose. "Thank God," said I, "at last he sleeps and seems to be at ease. How did he pass the night, Nurse?"

"As usual; wandering in his mind, and sometimes speechifying so loud as to disturb all the other patients in the room. No. 14 has applied to be removed to the next ward on that account, Sir."

"What time did you administer the opiate draught?"

"He cursed and swore and refused to take it, Sir; he said that he believed I was an evil spirit, and that I was going to give him poison."

"I will administer it myself to-night," said I, turning along the passage.

The nurse called after me, that she hoped I should not be offended if she said she was glad of it, for she believed she had never been frightened till No. 10 frightened her, and she thought if ever a man was possessed with a devil he was.

The subject of this conversation, distinguished by Mrs. Anne Ogle, the nurse, as "No. 10," was a tall young man, about 22 years of age, with black curly hair, dark whiskers and moustache. His features were faultlessly classic but capable of great expression, and his dark eye added by its restlessness to the strange beauty of his face.

Though he lay in the ward of a charitable institution, and had been brought thither in a state almost of starvation, his lot had *not* always been among the poor and needy. For the following details of his sad history I am indebted to his diary, which is still in my possession:—

His mother, when very young, had been flattered and seduced by a nobleman of Scotland, who had, after two years' intimacy, forsaken her, having, however, settled a small pension, upon her on condition she never troubled him further. And so *her* faith in humanity was shaken; and as her child grew up it was not unnatural that she should have impressed upon his opening intellect the cold doctrines of her unbelief in the goodness of Mankind. She, however, sought comfort in the *forms* of religion, and tried to point her child to objects worthy of his trust and belief in the spheres of thought beyond the temporal scenes around her. One doctrine—*belief*, was taught at prayer night and morning—the other—*distrust*, was inculcated every hour by example as well as precept—and young Arthur from a child was a sceptic. Yet he knew his catechism well;—and the precepts of the Scriptures he had learnt by heart. These were impressed upon his *memory* at the Sunday School, where, by his manifestations of intellect, he attracted the notice of the Rector, who took his education under his own especial direction. Thus was his childhood. His boyhood came prematurely upon him and developed the traits of a determined and haughty character, inseparably combined with which was that dark unbelief which had been unwittingly instilled into him by his mother, and which was traceable in each of the petty game-dealings which he transacted in the play-ground with his fellows. Endowed with a mind of extraordinary capacity and strength, his pride stimulated him to use the powers of which he was conscious and he soon stood apart from his school-mates—proudly alone. About this period Arthur Dougal, being then about sixteen years of age, formed a boyish attachment with the daughter of his patron. She was older than her youthful Corydon, but was not displeased to receive his attentions and the simple poetry he composed for her. In after life, speaking of that attachment, he said, "She could have saved me—for she could have taught me to confide:—but she trifled with me—deceived me—and so faith left me for ever." That event seems to have confirmed his character for the rest of his life and to have dammed up the streams of kindly generosity and of tender sympathies, which however, at some moments, in spite of his pride, swelled up from his heart and overflowed the barriers. In the moment of his vexation and disappointment—his mother, hinting at the circumstance of his ignoble birth, told him that that

was the reason of Dora's scorn for him. "Was it my fault?" he cried in a paroxysm of rage. His mother's head was drooped upon her heaving breast—and no answer came. "I will bear this mystery no longer. Whose fault was it? Where is my father?"

No answer.

"Mother!" he cried, "answer me—for I *will* know—answer me before I seize the knowledge for myself! You do *not* answer me. One moment,——then—I have resolved."

Leaving his mother senseless in the chair he rushed up stairs to a secretaire, in his mother's bed-room, which he knew contained papers, &c. of a private nature. It was locked—but that did not check his progress—it was wrenched open in a moment. There lay the papers he sought. The first which met his eye was a letter, which lay open and bore evidences of having been recently read:—It was as follows:

——— Castle, June 18, 1814,

"DEAR SUSAN,

"I have got the cottage ready for you. Here, my dove! we will live unseen by the cold world. I rely upon your promise to leave Inverness on Saturday—oh happy day for me! I know, my love, how great a sacrifice you make for me—the devotion of my life to you will repay you. The carriage shall be at the turnpike at 10. Till then, my dearest, sweetest Susan—Farewell.

"Your's,

"WILLIE!"

By its side, soiled and tear-spotted, was another letter in a different hand.

"To Miss Susan Dougal.

"Lord * * * desires me to say that he has received your letter to his son, who is on the eve of marriage, and who cannot hold any further communication with you. His lordship is surprised that you are not satisfied with the pecuniary arrangements which have been made by Viscount * * * and directs me to say that should you attempt any further communication with the Viscount, or continue to annoy him, the income which has been settled upon you will be withdrawn at once. His lordship considers that allowance sufficient to educate the child, and refuses to make any further provision for it.

"Your obedient Servant,

"RALPH H * * * "

"Secretary to Lord * * * ."

"——— Castle, October, 1818.

For the first moment Arthur's feelings were those of crushed and humbled pride—in the next his rage became ascendant and he gnashed his teeth with fury. He would seek his father out! He knew him now. Yes he would go at once! There was money in a drawer and with it he would go. He seized the coin and filled with that one idea rushed out of the house.

The sequel may be briefly told. With difficulty he travelled from the village where his mother lived to ———. He sought his lordly father's presence and was spurned from his gate by hirelings. Then, with feelings of deliberate vengeance, he waited on from day to day for opportunity to curse that father and make him the object of scorn and contumely, as poor Arthur felt he himself had been. Fortunately for the Viscount the father and son did not meet, or murder had been done perchance. Still Arthur waited on—till at length the little money he had brought with him was nearly spent, and he was compelled to consider some means to obtain a fresh supply. He had become acquainted with some actors, who were then performing at a temporary theatre in the place, and upon several occasions went upon the boards in unimportant characters, at the request of his acquaintances. The manager saw talent in the youth and offered him a small salary per week which he accepted. After remaining a few weeks he learned that Viscount * * * was gone abroad and he then returned to his native village.

It required some courage to enter the well-known fields, and the recollection of the way in which he had left his mother without a word of Farewell now seemed so harsh and criminal, that the blush of shame rose upon his cheek when he thought of meeting her. He approached the church—he saw the house where Dora lived—and then he shrunk into himself when he remembered the shame of his birth. He lingered in

the outskirts of the hamlet till the evening and it was dark, when he stole to his mother's cottage. The door was fastened;—no light was to be seen;—the garden appeared neglected—the flag-stone at the door-way was unwashed, and every thing bore evidence of neglect, where previously all was care and attention. Each object about the place seemed to reproach him; and Arthur, overcome by sorrow and undefined dread, at last sunk down upon the steps and burst into tears. He sat there long—reviewing the past and resolving for the future. Those tears, drops from the fountain of forgiveness, were sweet and hallowing—washing away all sense of wrong, and giving a spring freshness to hopes which, in that trying moment, came to save him from recklessness. In the past he thought only of his mother's tearful care and suffering love—he remembered what she had done for him—and in the future she was the centre of his plans—to secure her happiness should be his single aim. Night passed on. Arthur sat on the door-step waiting his mother—but she came not. Morning dawned but no one stirred within the house. Had his mother ceased to ply her spinning wheel? Had he deprived her, by his rash departure, of all object of exertion? His ponderings led to no satisfactory conclusion, and uncertainty became each moment more distressing and unsupportable. The early labourers passed the garden gate and all the business-life of day came on. Arthur remained loitering about the house till the sun was high when he was recognised by a quondam friend, from whom he learned that his mother had died the week after he had left her. Her heart had been broken. Stung with burning agony he wandered about, scarce knowing whither he went, till his footsteps trod the grave-yard. Around a grave, the earth of which was newly turned, were scattered some faded wild-flowers of the season—simple tokens of that regard and affection which constitutes the poetry of death.

"That cannot be her grave"—he said musingly—"for none knew or cared for her." "Some public benefactor or Sunday School teacher, or some pretty child is buried there," thought Arthur as he approached. At the head of the grave was a low stone, newly carved, and on it was engraven his mother's name, with the date of her death. He sunk down upon the earth and, carried away by the passion of the moment, called upon her to come back again, if only to forgive him—and when he heard no answer to his hopeless and insane prayer—the stillness of despair came over his soul and, Cain-marked, he arose—denied Providence, and cursed his Maker.

His after-life I will only sketch. He went upon the stage, where he would have attained a high reputation, but for the irregularities of his life. He might have lived comfortably upon the income which had supported his mother, and which would have been continued to himself after her death, had he not determined to assume the name of his "noble" father, and to announce himself upon all occasions as "the son of the Earl of——." One hundred a year was guaranteed to him for life, on condition he would renounce the family name and use only that of Arthur Dougal—but this he refused to do.

Five years after his mother's death Arthur Murray (for that name will serve the purposes of my narrative) was in York, where he was the admired of all admirers. His conversation was brilliant, witty, and amusing, and nearly every day found him at the mess-table of the officers of the regiment which was stationed in that city. How he then lived I never learnt, but the impressions I formed of him at the time was that he was a gentleman possessed of a considerable income. During several years at intervals, comet-like, did Murray cross my path when I least expected him. No one knew whence he came or whither he went—but always the same witty and boisterously gay companion he was always welcomed—by strangers as a choice spirit and by old acquaintances as an amusing mystery. Upon one occasion a circumstance occurred which gave me a strong impression of the character of this extraordinary man. Murray having called upon me one afternoon told me, in his good-natured way, that he should be glad if I would let him make my lodgings his home for a day or two. I readily assented, but told him that on that evening I was going out to a tea-party.

"Where?" said Murray.

"To the Rev. Mr.——'s, the Unitarian minister," I replied. "Some philosophical people meet this evening."

"Ah!" said he, "just the thing I want—I am quite tired of purely literary matters—Classics I have worn threadbare—and the periodical literature is exhausted till next month. I'll go with you, if you have no objection. My friend, you know," he said, assuming the attitude of a person introducing another.

"Well—I don't know"—I hesitated.

"Oh, my dear boy," replied Murray, "quite the thing, believe me—no difficulty—I'll make every thing right. Let me see. I'm pretty well up with Astronomy—and Geology. I know Lyell's book pretty fairly. Chemistry—What books have you? I'll just skim through Reid's book"—and helping himself to the volume from a shelf, he reclined upon the sofa and became wholly absorbed in the contents.

I saw remonstrance was useless and rested myself content that Murray would at the least not disgrace me, though he was not exactly the character I wished to be considered a sample of my intimates. He accompanied me in the evening and presently dashed into conversation with his usual assurance. He was seated beside a mathematician, and with the air of a man quite at his ease canvassed the question whether, from the qualities of the lines forming the sides of the hyperbola, we could justly argue that two straight lines could for ever approach but never touch each other. Having impressed this gentleman with a sufficient idea of his mathematical genius and his perfect familiarity with integral calculus and the higher branches of analysis, Murray directed his conversation to a logician, with whom he talked a short time, producing in his mind a mingled sense of surprise and pleasure. He then rose and joined the knot of gentlemen who were standing near the fire-place, among whom I was a quiet listener. The subject of friendly discussion was—matter and mind, their differences and mysterious connexion,—Murray, in a few moments, was the Sir Oracle of the party, and touching upon Phrenology—Materialism—old theories and modern views, concluded what I may call an oration, by a brilliant disquisition upon the ultimate atoms of matter. He was the man of the evening, and had received a dozen invitations to dinner and tea when we rose to wish the host good night. He seemed to be really "all things to all men." During the evening I introduced him to a spinster, who was "anxious to know this exceedingly clever youth." Her acquirements being wholly antiquarian, she soon turned the dialogue in the direction of subjects upon which she could shine and at the same time test Murray's knowledge. The subject was the Round Towers of Ireland. I saw that Murray was unacquainted even with their existence—and was somewhat chagrined, but with consummate skill he drew the lady out, and gradually changed the subject for one with which he was familiar. As soon as we left the house he asked me if I had any works on the antiquities of Ireland, or knew where I could procure several volumes which he mentioned. I replied in the negative, but told him that there was at my lodgings a catalogue of a very extensive library in Leeds, where he might probably obtain all the books he required. He did not speak again till he had gone through the whole list of books and had taken notes of the names and numbers of particular works. He left York that night and I saw no more of him for several days. He entered my rooms before breakfast, and throwing down a roll of paper upon the table said, "There's an essay for you on the Round Towers of Ireland. Will you call upon Miss E——— this morning and say I wrote that the day after I saw her and should like her to peruse it!—With my respects you know. I can't stop to see her, for I have promised to speak at the Literary and Philosophical Society this evening on the varieties of the Willow-plant, and the probable existence of fossil traces of those leaves which have siliceous particles in their organization. By the bye—he said rapidly going towards the door—I'm going to play at Leeds to-morrow night—Claude—Hamlet on Thursday—Sir Giles Overreach—and King Dick on Saturday—Good bye!" The door was closed, and before I had recovered from my astonishment he was gone. I took the essay to Miss E———, who was engaged in the study of it for a week and then forwarded it to one of the leading Magazines, in whose pages it appeared the next month with the following notice: "We shall be glad to hear further from A. M———y, Esq. for whom a communication lies at our office."

Two years passed before I saw Arthur Murray again—and then I found him a patient in the Leeds Infirmary, under the care of the Senior Physician, Doctor ———— to whom I was clinical clerk. Our first meeting I shall never forget. Reduced to extreme weakness by a course of dissipation, followed by severe distress, disease had found a constitution ready for its attacks, and though he had only been complaining a few days he was at once pronounced incurable, and "Typhus fever and Phthisis" (consumption) were entered opposite his name in the "Case Book."

Having thus sketched out Arthur Murray's previous life, I will return to the point from which I digressed and proceed to the conclusion of this "sad eventful history."

A NEW CALENDAR.

BY THE EDITOR.

OUR festivals are becoming objectless. We want a new calendar for our hero-worship. In the early ages, in all time, particular days and seasons were set apart for celebrations which had all some special *object* of memorial and their characteristic festivities. The Sabbath, the Passover, and the Feast of the Tabernacles, were holy-days to the Jews, and found their analogies in the "*dies festi*" of the Romans—who had appropriate rejoicings at the seed time, the harvest, the vintage, and the first drawing of the new wine. The Greeks were similarly festive, and "the barbarous nations" were not without their commemorative orgies. Most of *our* holydays are, however, *now* objectless and purposeless, or worse, and are only retained because some cessation from labour in this work-a-day world is pleasant and health-giving. We have rejoicings over bloody victories, when ringing of bells and firing of cannon endeavour to keep alive unholy international feuds; and there are days consecrated to the memorial of the enthroning of a debauchee, who, with his court, polluted the morals of his country by precept and example. The time for these things is *passing* if not *past*. To rejoice is well; but it were better to be sad than to rejoice in evil. We want a new calendar for our hero-worship, with appointed days of rational festivity, when grateful joy should be offered up as the heart-reverence of England for her true great ones. Such offering—such rejoicing—would be twice blest, the thanksgiver being made the richer and better man by the contemplation of the great and good model whose birth or act he celebrated. During the latter part of the present century, the people have been eschewing the errors of the past in good earnest; but in their anxiety to eradicate "the tares," some of "the wheat" has been injured also. With our serfdom and servility we parted with our national festivity. We aimed at national riches, and despised national rejoicing, because we loved the merely practical and forgot the beautiful. Our present is the "transition state" from the merry and servile to the merry and wise; for it is, not enough for us to be a wealthy nation—we must be a happy people.

A new calendar must be fitted for our new catholicism. The work has already been commenced. Jerrold, Dawson, Burritt, Elliott, Mackay, and others—the high priests and deacons of the people—have lent their pens and voices to the work, and popular opinion has called for the reform. Among the high festivals in the new Almanack should stand as a "red letter day," the 23rd of April, the birthday of WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, and similarly distinguished should be the 9th of December, the birthday of JOHN MILTON. Poets, painters, musicians, historians, and men of great hearts, as well as those of great minds, should have their memorial days and celebrations—their niche in our temple of fame.

And what shall be the manner of those celebrations? Our festivity should have its *purpose* as well as its *subject*. If the memory we recall be worthy of emulation and the ceremonials of our hero-day be appropriate, the mind will be insensibly elevated towards the model it contemplates, and be assimilated to the good and wise and truly great.

A step has already been made in the right direction. On the 23rd of April, 1846, the birth-day of Shakspeare, was celebrated at the Manchester Athenæum by the delivery of an oration by George Dawson: and in other places similar proceedings have marked this day. Such may be the small beginnings from which great things shall arise. Let mere and shallow utilitarians smile. There are more things than are dreamt of in *their* philosophy. The highest truth is of the greatest utility. The pseudo-practical of utilitarians is only adapted to the now—but the universally beautiful and true is useful FOR ALL TIME!

Let us cast away from us all those things which are not *truthful*, and we shall then have more beauty around us—for beauty and truth, falsehood and deformity, are synonymous terms. The painter's pencil in its errors only ceases to produce pleasure, because it is no longer true to nature or his great ideal. The youngest tyro in the truth-seeking school knows that every intelligent man rejoices in gaining fresh knowledge, and is sad when he forgets. Without knowledge meditation can have no charms, for wisdom sets the mind with jewels—and he who has laid up for himself good store of knowledge finds beauty in his own soul, because there is truth; and he carries about with him that which renders him proof against all the storms of the external world. We need not fear then to part with cherished errors, nor to put a check upon the exploring mind that would seek in the caves of knowledge for those precious pearls

whose value is beyond price. Still in uprooting "tares" let us be careful to spare "the wheat." Be unflinching as ye may in the destruction of your own errors but deal gently with what appear to be the errors of your neighbours. Be valiant for the truth yet be kindly in your valour, for we should "honour *all* men."

Let us reverence truth even in our almanacks ; let us purge our calendar of false-honoured names, and teach those who may come after us to find their models in objects more worthy of their admiration than men of empty titles ; or than warriors who have waded to their pedestal of *notoriety*, (for it deserves no better name) through the blood and groans and curses of thousands of their suffering fellow-creatures.

The words of Douglas Jerrold are a motto ready for our hand—"The birth of a new poet," he has said "is an epoch in the world, and chronology would employ herself better by emblazoning in her records the advent of genius, than by recording the births and deaths of thousands of warriors and kings." Let us set about this reformatiⁿ at once.

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it.

YOUR OWLS DON'T LIKE THE LIGHT,

(Dedicated to the opponents of National Education.)

Slumbering, Nature lay,
In the calmness of earth's first night,—
Not a sight that gladdens the day—
Not a sound that blesses the light ;—
Westward the white stars rolled,—
Eastward the heavens grew gray,
Then stained with a rosy flush,
Then crimsoned with mounting day ;
But hark ! what screechings dire
The golden morning fright—
Hoots and shriekings vile !—
The owls don't like the light.

There's joy in the cock's shrill crow,
With which the morning rings—
There's gladness on every bough
Where the specked thrush, waking, sings ;—
Showers of rapture rain
From every cloud on high
Where, scaling the purple dawn,
The lark thrills up the sky ;
But, hark ! what screechings dire
The gladness of nature fright—
Hoots and shriekings vile !—
The owls don't like the light.

Look wherever you may,
In river or air or earth—
Life is in love with day—
Delight, 'tis all and mirth ;
Roses that hueless hid
Away in the dusky gloom,
Are blushing their praise to day—
All colour and faint perfume ;
But, hark ! what screechings dire
The general gladness fright—
Hoots and shriekings vile !—
The owls don't like the light.

Pansies in velvet pride
 Are matching the day's own gold—
 Lillies the sunshine woo
 With moon-light smiles and cold ;
 Buttercups throng each lawn,
 Cold with the daisies' snow,
 And primrosed woodland banks
 Hid violets laugh below ;
 But, hark ! what screechings dire
 The general gladness fright—
 Hoots and shriekings vile !—
 The owls don't like the light.

Trout each stream flash through
 And leap in the golden day—
 Bees and the wasp are out,
 Noisy of mirth and May ;
 Butterflies through the sun
 Flit and flicker and glow—
 Rooks are cawing above—
 Beetles droning below ;
 But, hark ! what screechings dire
 The general gladness fright—
 Hoots and shriekings vile !—
 The owls don't like the light.

Gladness the light of day
 To all but your owls may bring—
 Only for night are they—
 They—can they shout and sing !—
 All things else may hail
 With hymmings the shining sun—
 They at his glory hoot—
 They from his lustre run ;
 Hark to their screechings dire—
 Screamings for gloom and night—
 Hoots and shriekings vile !—
 Yours owls don't like the light.

W. C. Bennett.

THE EXECUTION,

and how it edified the beholders,

A SKETCH.

He staggered on upon the drop—oh who that saw his look
 Can forget it, as his place beneath the gallows first he took—
 Can forget the deadly shivering that shook him when his eye
 First rested on the heaving crowd agape to see him die—
 On the mass of upturned faces that had waited hours below
 And cursed the sluggish jail clock whose minutes crept so slow
 Though brutal jokes and laughter were bandied fast about
 To serve to pass the time away until he was brought out,
 Yet spite of slang and merriment and choice St. Giles's wit
 Of guesses how the dead man's clothes the hangman's form would fit—
 Though through the crowd from time to time the roar of laughter ran

As puns upon the dangling rope were tossed from man to man,—
 Though still fresh source of pleasure high for ever new was found
 In the murderer's words and doings that from mouth to mouth went round—
 And still with offered bets and oaths his best admirers stuck
 To their calm reliance on him that he'd die with honour—pluck—
 Though now and then some minutes yet more jollily were spent
 In laughing down some milksop fool who hoped he would repent—
 Though Turpin's rides and Sheppard's feats, rehearsed with pride and glee,
 Taught young aspirers to their fame how great they yet might be—
 Though now a pocket picked—a row—a women's fight, or so
 Served to keep the crowd in humour still the time was damned as slow.
 And when before their straining eyes the dead man staggered there
 With shouts and yells of gladness they tore the shuddering air;
 A thousand tongues took up the roar—a thousand rolled it wide—
 Ten times it sank and rose again flung back from side to side;
 Thon silence fell upon the crowd—a hush as of the dead,
 You might hear the platform creaking beneath the hangman's tread—
 You might hear the paper's rustle where the painter's hand would try
 To seize a fine convulsion—a striking agony—
 You might catch the poet's mutter of his rhymes in murmurs faint
 As he strove in taking measure the wretches fear to paint—
 Of one reporter's pencil a scratch you might not lose
 As smiling he his tablets gave a crownsworth good of news;
 Still on the glaring multitude unbroken stillness lay
 Till with a shriek for mercy the felon tried to pray,
 Then sudden from the soundless crowd burst up a scoffing yell
 Their scorn of this, his utter lack of manly pluck to tell,
 Nor ceased it when the quivering wretch first felt the hangman's touch
 And swooned from out his agony, for nature's strength too much;
 But fiercer rose the mingling roar of curse and yell bestowed
 Upon the craven dastard who so poor a spirit showed;
 And gin-shop pals and jail-birds who had looked with pleasant pride
 To see how to the very last the law he still defied—
 Who'd boasted how with bow polite the cheering crowd he'd greet
 And how, his friend, the hangman with jeer and jest he'd meet—
 That high in gallows' annals would live his honored name,
 A spur to all who'd tread his steps, like him, to finish—game—
 Now damning deep his agony and blasting his despair
 The fiercest yelled—the thickest filled with howls the reeling air;
 Nor many a damn and many an oath, to roar were hundreds slow
 'Gainst him whose chickenheartedness stole from them half the show—
 Ay hundreds swore 'twas cursed hard that out of half the fun,
 They'd waited there five hours for, at last they should be done;
 And women who'd for windows paid, were sure 'twas never right
 They should turn the man off fainting and spoil their paid-for sight;
 But through the ghastly hell of sound—of curse and howl and yell,
 The hangman lifts the senseless wretch from where he fainting fell,
 And down the clammy forehead—and down the ashen face,
 The cap is drawn, the tightened noose is settled in its place;
 Now God have mercy upon him upon whom men have none!
 A swinging form—a quivering corpse—a stillness—all is done;
 A minute more, the sunshine is merry once again
 With the buzz of talk and laughing of those who still remain—
 With the settling by noisy knots of idlers through the street,
 Of which shall be the gin-shop to finish off the treat;
 Some, deep in plans of crimes to do, are lounging off to find
 Fresh gallows' food, to virtue, to awe the public mind,
 And lovers of the good old times and gibbet, walk off loud
 In praises of the moral good the hanging's done the crowd.

A DANISH STORY-BOOK.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

THE DAISY.

Now listen ! Out in the country, close to the roadside, is a country-house. I am sure you have often seen it : in front there is a little flower-garden, and white palisades with the points painted green. Close by, in a ditch, amid the most beautiful grass, grew a little daisy ; the sun shone on it just as bright and warm as on the splendid flowers in the garden, and so each hour it grew in strength and beauty. One morning, there it stood full blown, with its tender white glistening leaves, which encircled the little yellow sun in the middle like rays. That in the grass it was seen by no one, it never thought about—it was so contented ! It turned towards the warm sun, gazed upon it, and listened to the lark that was singing in the air.

The little daisy was so happy ! as happy as though it had been a great holiday ; and yet it was only a Monday. The children were in school ; and while they sat there on their forms and learned, the little flower sat on its green stem, and also learned, from the warm sun, and from all around, how good God is ; and it was just as if the lark uttered all this beautifully and distinctly, while the other felt it in silence. And the flower looked up with a sort of reverence to the happy bird that could sing and fly, but it was not dejected at being itself unable to do so. ‘Do I not see and hear ?’ thought she ; ‘the sun shines on me, and the breeze kisses me—oh what rich gifts do I enjoy !’

Within the palisading stood many stiff, stately flowers : the less fragrance they had, the higher they held their heads. The peonies puffed themselves up, in order to be larger than the roses ; but it is not always the size that will avail anything. The tulips were of the most beautiful colours ; they knew that very well, and held themselves as straight as an arrow, so that they might be seen still better. They did not deign to cast a look on the little flower without ; but the flower looked at them so much the more, and thought, ‘How rich and beautiful those are ! Yes the beautiful bird certainly flies down to them—them he surely visits ! What happiness to have got a place so near, whence I can see all this splendour !’ And just as it was thinking so, ‘*quitteroit !*’ there came the lark from on high ; but it did not go to the peonies or tulips ; no, but down in the grass to the poor daisy, that for pure joy was so frightened that it did not even know what it should think.

The little bird hopped about in the grass and sang : ‘Well ! how soft the grass is ! and only look what a sweet little flower, with a golden heart, and with a robe of silver !’ The yellow spot in the daisy looked really just like gold, and the little leaves around shone as white as silver.

How happy the little daisy was ! no one could believe it. The bird kissed her with his beak, sang to her, and then flew up in the blue air. It was certainly a whole quarter of an hour before the daisy came to herself again. Half ashamed, and yet so glad at heart, she looked at the flowers over in the garden : they had beheld the honour and the happiness that had befallen her ; they would surely comprehend her joy : but there stood the tulips as stiff again as before, looking quite prim, and they were, too, quite red in the face ; for they were vexed. But the peonies looked so thick-headed ! Ah ! it was a good thing they could not speak, otherwise the daisy would have heard a fine speech. The poor little flower could see very well that they were not in a good humour, and she was heartily sorry for it. At this moment a maiden came into the garden with a knife, sharp and polished ; she went among the tulips, and cut off one after the other.

‘Ah !’ sighed the little daisy, ‘this is really terrible ; now it is all over with them.’ Then the girl with the tulips went away. The daisy was glad that it was standing out there in the grass, and was but a poor little flower—it was quite thankful : and when the sun set, it folded its leaves, went to sleep, and dreamed the whole night of the sun and the beautiful bird.

On the following morning, when the flower, fresh and joyful, again stretched out its white leaves, like little arms, into the light and air, she recognised the voice of the bird ; but what he sung was so melancholy ! Yes, the poor lark had good reason to be so : he had been taken prisoner, and was now sitting in a cage, close to an open

window. He sang of the joy of being able to fly about in freedom—sang of the young green corn in the field, and of the beautiful journeyings on his wings high up in the free air. The poor bird was not cheerful : there he sat a prisoner in a narrow cage.

The little daisy would so gladly have helped him ; but how to begin, yes, that was the difficulty. It forgot entirely how beautiful all around was, how warm the sun shone, how beautifully white its leaves glistened—oh ! it could only think on the imprisoned bird, for whom it was incapable of doing anything.

Then suddenly there came two little boys out of the garden, and one of them had a knife in his hand, large and sharp, like that with which the girl had cut the tulips. They came straight towards the little daisy, who could not imagine what they wanted.

‘Here we can cut a nice piece of turf for the lark,’ said one of the boys, and began to cut out a square all round the daisy, so that the flower stood in the very middle of it.

‘Pull up the flower,’ said one boy ; and the daisy trembled for very fear ; for to be pulled up, why, that was to die, and it wished to live, as it was to be put with the turf into the cage of the imprisoned lark.

‘No ; let it stay,’ said the other ; ‘it looks so pretty.’ And so it remained, and was put into the cage with the lark.

But the poor bird bewailed loudly his lost freedom, and fluttered against the iron wires of the cage. The little flower could not speak, could not say one consoling word to him, much as she wished to do so. Thus passed the whole forenoon.

‘There is no water,’ said the imprisoned lark ; ‘they are all gone out, and have forgotten me. Not a drop of water to drink ! my throat is dry and burning ! within me is fire and ice, and the air is so heavy ! Oh, I shall die ; I must leave the warm sunshine, and the fresh verdure, and all the beauty that God has created !’ And saying these words, he pressed his beak into the cool piece of turf to refresh himself a little ; and his eye fell on the daisy, and the bird nodded to it, and kissed it, and said, ‘You must wither here, you poor little flower ; you and the green turf here have been given me instead of the whole world, which I had without ! Every little blade of grass must be to me as a green tree ; every one of your white leaves a fragrant flower. Ah, you only tell me how much I have lost !’

‘What can I do to comfort him ?’ thought the little flower ; but she could not move a leaf ; yet the fragrance which streamed from her delicate leaves was much stronger than is usual with this flower. The bird observed this ; and although he was dying of thirst, and crushed the green blade in his suffering, yet he did not even touch the little daisy.

It was evening, and no one came as yet to bring the poor bird a drop of water : he stretched out his delicate wings, and fluttered convulsively ; his song was a complaining chirp. His little head bowed down towards the daisy, and the heart of the bird broke for want and longing.

Then the flower was not able, as on the evening before, to fold its leaves together and sleep ; it bowed down ill and sorrowful to the earth.

It was not until the next morning that the boys came back ; and when they saw that the bird was dead, they wept many tears, and dug a pretty grave, which they decked with flowers. The dead body of the bird was put in a beautiful red paper box : he was to be buried royally—the poor bird ! *While he lived and sang, they forgot him, let him sit in a cage and suffer want ; now they showed him great honour, and lamented him.*

But the bit of turf with the daisy was thrown to the dust in the street ; no one thought of her, who, however, had felt most for the little bird, and had wished so much to comfort him.

LOVE AND NEGLECT.

AFTER THE PERSIAN.

By J. BAXTER LANGLEY, M.R.C.S. &c.

Late Secretary of the Manchester Athenæum.

A flower was growing in a garden, and the sunshine of spring time dwelt thereon ;
Its leaves were verdant, its shoots luxuriant, and its blossoms were fair to the sight ;
Its petals were turned to the beams, for their life was bound up in the continuance
thereof ;

But at night the blossoms drooped, and the leaves wept tears of dew,
Till the sun arose again, and forth came its beauties, as a bride from her chamber.
But, lo ! it fell upon a day, that clouds and darkness veiled the orb of light,
And chilling winds and frosts came harshly o'er the tender plant -
So the flower withered and faded, and had well nigh died.

And then the sunshine burst forth, but it withered the floweret the more ;
The sunshine came too late—the tender plant dried up and died.—
I saw it and considered :—" Type of my heart, oh flower, meet emblem thou !
For the sunshine of affection denied no longer hath its power
To quicken this sad heart, that has withered in the night-time of neglect !"

Athenæum, Manchester,

MODERN ASTROLOGY:

OR, A GLANCE AT AN OLD PHILOSOPHY WITH A NEW LIGHT.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAP. I.

"THERE is no error so gross but it has a particle of truth in it ;" and so in many of the dreams of the olden time—wild, fanciful, and useless though they have been considered—we are learning to perceive an undercurrent of truth. We have been taught to see how it can come to pass, that the utmost perfection of chemistry will be found to bring into reality the objects after which the alchemist vainly longed.

The "transmutation of metals" is only impossible if each metallic substance be composed of *ultimate* and individual atoms, each having the *peculiar* properties of the whole : but if, as Sir Isaac Newton believed, the ultimate atoms of *all* bodies in nature be *alike*, and the varied qualities and properties of metals, gases, &c. depend upon the *varied* groupings of the *same* ultimate form, then the transmutation of metals is *not* beyond the bounds of possibility—since we can conceive it within our power to separate and regroup the *ultimate* as we have separated and regrouped the *conglomerate* forms. The philosopher's stone may therefore be found hereafter, in the galvanic battery, or in some other invention yet undiscovered.

Let us however view the matter parabolically. The philosopher's stone may then be seen to be a *type* or symbol of those means by which England has attained her wealth. She has "transmuted her metals," and has turned all things into gold by her philosopher's stone—her *INDUSTRY*. Here we discover a great truth underlying the mysterious allegory in which the philosophers of old embodied the maxims which they desired to teach to their disciples. Thus far for the kindred between the chemistry and alchemy—the relation between the real and the ideal.

Fuller of metaphor and allegory were the more solemn dreams of the old philosophers, when they looked up into the arch of night and contemplated the motions of those myriad celestial orbs which, spirit-like and majestic, held on their silent way, so undisturbed by the storms and revolutions of our comparatively paltry globe, that their serenity—the attribute of irresistible power—inspired a religious awe, it was so

God-like. Then came the theory—for we cannot call it superstition—that these august sentries of the night, with their centurions the planets, ruled man's destiny from his cradle to his grave; affecting him *bodily* by their kindred nature to the substance of that earthly globe of which he is composed and is a part, and disposing him *spiritually* by the relationship which those spirit-forms who were supposed to habitate those bright spheres bore to the spiritual essence of humanity. It did not require an effort of imagination to fancy that destiny—inexorable fate—was symbolised by the constant, imperturbable stars, whose vast courses swept onwards through countless years, without apparent variation. The idea was caught by the poet and published by his verse: it was accepted by the enthusiast for its beauty, and adopted by the philosopher for its semblance to truth. Not then had man's eye become armed with the mighty powers which in its later time possessed; nor had his mind discovered those axioms upon which it rested its foot, and—assisted by the genius of Newton and Laplace—stepped onwards into the vast profundity of that infinite abyss in which those myriad vault-lights held on their determined revolutions. This was Astrology. It had its uses and served its time, like all other appointed things, and perchance was not wholly error in its meaning and intention. For shall we say that the planets have *no* physical influence upon us? We have learned that one planet by approximating in its orbit to another retards and perturbs its revolution by the attraction of the lesser mass to the greater, and that this perturbation of the planet Uranus, or Herschel, directed the attention of astronomers to discover the new orb, Le Verrier, or Neptune. We have an evidence of physical effect, also, in the uprising of the waves towards the moon, and the double elevation of the waters, constituting spring tides, when the influence of the sun and moon coincide in the direction of their attraction.

The difference in the effects of the stars and planets may probably be only in degree. That the changes of other bodies possess some influence over our mental constitution we have sufficient evidence for our present purpose in the very word "lunatic," and the well-known fact that madmen are peculiarly affected by the changes of the moon.

But what have the stars to do with destiny and fate? Let us try to read the lesson which they teach us, now that we have gazed on their far-off grandeur through Lord Rosse's telescope.

Passing beyond that glorious galaxy of starry orbs in which we shine, and leaving the milky way, glittering like the diamond sand upon the floor of heaven, behind us, we come to a vast and dark abyss—a mighty void unpeopled by worlds—a chasm in the scene of creative operation; beyond which, in regions but lately explored by the human eye, are other mightier and more magnificent stellar universes, before whose immensity our own shrinks up into insignificance. In that awful void let us rest in imagination for a moment, and record the impressions of the gorgeous vision.

A peculiarity in the appearance of those continents of suns, now first given us to see, strikes us at once. Their forms are *irregular*, and can be explained by no known laws which regulate and apply to all other stellar systems. The idea of *change* is forced upon us by their aspects, which bear the stamp of a process developing—but which may take myriads of ages for its completion. And now from that abyss in space to which our imagination has carried us, let us turn and look back upon that little system of ours—that handful of gold-dust in which the largest stars shine but as minute points to our far-off vision. That which we had deemed so regular, so permanent, so still; those solemn stars and mysterious constellations; that gorgeous planet-dotted vault, which the Chaldean saw and noted on his chart in the early dawn of terrestrial intelligence, believing it for ever unchangeable; all—all are in enigmatic motion, the causes and laws of which are beyond the reach of philosophy to explain or of speculation to conceive. Stars which we in our limited ideas had called "fixed," and groups of lights whose position in the heavens we had deemed eternal, are moving in mysterious maze, like the leaves which are the playthings of the autumn wind. We are awed; but while our power of explanation is prostrated, we feel that those abiding laws which tend to enlarged happiness and intense enjoyment upon our little sphere cannot be limited to it alone, but that all this formlessness is only the evidence of *CHANGE*, the progress of some glorious development.

On our mind-wing flying back to the milky way, and resting upon some star in our own universe, stranger scenes amaze us as we watch the group we call our solar system—a doubt of whose fixity and permanence would destroy our notions of security. Our sun, with his planet-spangled train, is not seen, as we had anticipated, the majestic centre of a stellar system, but is only a small portion of a great moving mass among the cloud of shining worlds. The stars behind him are growing smaller in the distance

and seem to approach each other in the vast perspective, while before him fresh objects burst upon his view, and indistinct groups become defined and show their separate orbs as he flies onward towards them. Onward—with a velocity which mocks our imagination to fancy. Onward—with his attendant planets still rolling around him in their accustomed orbits. Onward he flies amidst the teeming millions of worlds which uncounted gleams on all sides—above, below, and around him. The period of time which must elapse before changes perceptible to unskilled vision will arise is vast indeed, and renders the history of our species as a drop in the ocean—as an atom to the world—when we look at it comparatively: so inconceivable is the immensity of the travelled distance. Yet unnoticed these things are infallibly taking place; each moment are these stupendous movements going on!

Our astrology points to a distinct moral: let us read the mighty parable. It tells us that upon all things is impressed CHANGE; it shows that the most stable things are only in process of development—in a word it teaches PROGRESS.

CHAP. II.

In that graceful fancy of the Chaldean sage, who believed man's destiny to be foretold by the movements and positions of the heavenly bodies—in that graceful fancy, the "planets" were included in the category of "stars," but were termed distinctively, *stellæ palantes*,* or wandering stars, from their observed motion; while those orbs which we exclusively name "stars," and which were then supposed to be fixed, were held of equal dignity with the planets. In the vocabularies of the latter time, we have come to apply the word "planet" to those bodies only which are in comparative proximity to us, and of which, as they belong to our own small solar system, we have more satisfactory knowledge than of those stellar worlds whose enormous distance has hitherto limited our acquaintance with their nature and operations. But yet there is similitude enough in these heavenly bodies to justify the belief that they are all the offspring of the same great Cause, acting in a continuous mode, and that stars and planets are all formed upon the same august model. The little stars are vast worlds, and the vast earth is but a little star. Mercury, Venus, the mysterious Asteroids, Saturn, Jupiter, Uranus, and distant Neptune, must no longer stand apart in our vocabulary, but with ourselves, join in the bright crowd of lights that sparkle through infinity. All must be henceforth included in the table of stars.

To these let us apply our astrology, and try its consistency in the lessons which it may teach. Have they greater permanence and immutability written on their aspects than we have found elsewhere? No. Have they arrived at that perfection of which they may be imagined to be capable, and to which a mind impressed with the benevolent aim of all nature's laws must believe them to be tending? No. What then do we read in this volume of our mighty book of fate with the aiding lamp of the light of modern science?

In these neighbouring stars we have seen *clouds*, which must have an *atmosphere* to support them which is agitated by *winds*, whose currents wreath those vapour-masses like white bridal garlands around their parent orb, from whose surface they have been compelled by the agency of *heat*. Snows cap their poles, and advance and recede with the alternations of summer and winter. Stream-girdled mountains raise their giant heads, and from their sides pour down the waters which fill the lakes and oceans. *In all things our companion orbs are much as we are.* Our own forest-dressed globe, o'erarched with blue, is but a humble type of vaster orbs rolling on through their uncounted cycles around the same central star. That central star—our sun—whose radiant atmosphere, loosely robing his orb in its dazzling garment of unequalled splendour, gives eternal daylight to himself within, and to his satellites millions of billions of miles in the "vast deep" of infinity, is not excepted from this rule of similitude, but has dimly—though certainly—revealed evidences of his brotherhood to the planets around him. Since, then, these worlds are for the most part transcripts of our earth, let us turn to our parent star, and seek to find in her bosom the lesson which a similar proximity to her companion orbs would teach us.

As we walk over the surface of the earth, we find it furrowed by rivers, whose waters bear away to the ocean the solid particles which the rain has washed from the

*Hence the word "planet."

sides of the mountains. Frost rends the rocks, and the avalanche rolls them to the valleys. Moisture and the sun's heat corrodes every surface, and the winds and waters carry the dust, whither gravitation bestows it, upon the lowest levels of rivers, lakes, or seas. Day by day, hour by hour, ceaselessly this work goes on, and the mountains diminish in height, and the seas diminish in depth, and the lands diminish in breadth; for the solid and saline particles borne down by the ocean tributaries come not back with the rain drops which evaporation distills from the surface of the seas. Disturbing volcanic actions, however, interfere with the completion of these results, and as the old continent sinks under the levelling and submerging process in the depths of the Southern Pacific, new continents are pushed upwards by the heaving forces, and become the support of teeming life amidst the waves of the "broad Atlantic." Each scene fulfils a destiny, and then, some new sphere of created happiness having arisen, it retires, and beneath the coral beds or deposits which thicken on its surface, another is prepared to be in its turn the fitting area for more perfect forms of being, endowed with higher sensibilities, capable of more elevated pleasure, in a wider and worthier circle of existence. *For ever changing is the scene, but each change is an advance, the history of which is PROGRESS.*

Thus briefly have we read the leaf which contains the history of the present, but there are other writings in the volume: let us turn to the dim and almost erased records on the earlier pages of the annals of our star, and endeavour to extract a moral from the history of the past. It is "written by the finger of God on tables of stone." Some indistinct lines there are which speak of deadly heat, and darkness, and commotions, rending vast areas of the surface of the sphere, on which no living thing could be. Mountains were thrown up at once thousands of feet above the level of the plains, and awful chasms yawned, revealing the molten bowels of the globe. A picture hangs in our firmament which will assist us to form a conception of a star in this early state of progress. That picture is the moon. No atmosphere, no clouds, no rivers, no lakes, no seas, no life, no sound, are there: it is a world which has just passed through its first great convulsion-period, the first stage of preparation, and is a true picture of what our star has been.

In the sequent pages of our history more rest is signified, and we learn that water and life appeared upon the scene. The forms of existence were those of the most simple plants and of animals with the most limited powers of enjoyment, hence called by naturalists "the lowest types," "the most imperfect organisms," &c. Then chapter after chapter in the records teems with histories of the advent of new forms, and the development of nobler creatures, with enlarged spheres of relation to things around them, while many less perfect organisations cease to be registered in our *stems* book. The vegetable creation had its consummation in the most perfect exogenous plants and trees, and the animal series was completed by the development of man. *For ever changing was the scene, but each change was an advance, the history of which was PROGRESS.*

Lighted by the lamp of the past and the twilight of the present, let us speak upon the fate of our star in that future which is the object of our astrology. All things point onwards. The earth and its companion orbs will each day become the arena upon which higher and happier things will be eliminated; and when that vast cycle of centuries shall be completed, when (owing to the resistance of the interplanetary æther) the rapidity of our revolution shall be so diminished that the centrifugal force shall be overcome (as it certainly will be) by centripetal attraction, and our earth, with the other planets of our system shall be drawn into the sun—the sublimed intelligences of that far off but happy time will contemplate without fear that momentous change, in faithful hope and strong belief that *each change will be an advance, whose history shall still be PROGRESS.*

Verily man's fate may be read in the starry book of heaven. His course is onward—his tendency towards a harmony and completeness yet unknown, and his destiny—like the decreed futurity of the million orbs which are appointed to shine around him—is EVERLASTING PROGRESSION.

LOVE IN THE SOUTH.

BENEATH A BALCONY—MEXICO.

BY W. C. BENNETT.

Be mine—be mine—oh southern girl I woo thee
 Not with the torpor of the icy North—
 Be mine—be mine—the passion raging through me
 Is fevering life to frenzy and will forth—
 Oh that my veins mad pulses leapt through thine—
 That not in vain I throbbed—be mine—be mine !

There is no winter in thy blood—within thee
 Slumber the storms and glare of thy fierce skies—
 God !—to the love thou'lt feel that I might win thee—
 Lighting to fiery passion those dark eyes !
 With flush of flame that dusky brow of thine
 One tongue shall darken—girl—be mine—be mine.

Oh that my passion might in dangers woo thee !
 Speech hath no utterance for it—I would dare
 The shark-barred ocean deeps to win me to thee—
 Would tread the horror of the boa's lair ;
 Terror should flee my steps, lay love of thine
 The goal beyond it—oh be mine—be mine.

Ah, snaky memories burn and shiver through me,
 Hissing a very hell into my brain—
 Thoughts of a far fond wife are muttered to me,—
 Be mine—be mine—my soul they shield in vain ;
 One fiery bliss sucked on those lips of thine
 After what will—what will—be mine—be mine.

Small laughters—prattling tongues—father lisped to me—
 Drear haunting image of a fair true wife—
 One word—a breathe of thine shall all undo me—
 Shall into utter calm crush down this strife ;
 Hope here—all hope hereafter hence—all thine,
 My earth—my heaven—my all—be mine—be mine.

God !—God !—have I not dragged me from her beauty ?
 Have I not wrestled down this sin !—vain—vain—
 Crushed in strong passion's folds lie faith and duty—
 Beneath thine eyes' deep night I pant again—
 Land—name—home—wife—pride—God—all wholly thine,
 My thought hath lost them all—be mine—be mine.

Osborne Place, Blackheath.

LOVE IN THE NORTH.

A BALL-ROOM—ENGLAND.

BY W. C. BENNETT.

Does she love me !—listen—
 As I come through the door,
 Mark how her eyes will glisten,
 Dull the moment before ;
 Glance on glance she's darted—

Ever the door they've sought—
 Never till now she started—
 Never my eye she caught;
 Love may mask and pride it
 None its presence can guess—
 Ah whatmask can hide it!
 Does she love me?—yes.

Does she love me?—glancing
 Look how her eye glides round—
 Ah the spot where I am dancing,
 Point of her search is found—
 Turn I quickly, and turning,
 Surely her gaze I meet—
 Sinks her hot cheek burning—
 Drops her glance to her feet;
 Love is dumb who say it!
 Would you his sweet thought guess!
 Wordless he'll betray it—
 Does she love me?—yes.

Yes though she scorn to love me,
 Ay though her haughty will
 Others would rank above me,
 Yes, she loves me still—
 Pride would strive with passion—
 Nurture would nature tame—
 Hearts are not made by fashion—
 Love it is more than name—
 Hope, I hear her singing,
 Time the gladdener bless,
 Years all radiance bringing,
 Yes she loves thee—yes.

Osborne Place, Blackheath.

A MAY-DAY ORATION.

BY G. S. PHILIPPS,

You have wished me to write you an address, in celebration of the first morning in May, and I hasten to accomplish the pleasing task. I am not quite sure that I shall succeed either to my own satisfaction or to yours; but I abandon myself to the inspiration of the theme, and have no doubt that Nature, who never yet betrayed the heart that loved her, will accept the joyous offering which I hope soon to lay upon her Altar of Flowers.

I have risen early, and sit here in my solitary study, waiting for the descending Spirit of the Day. Beautiful over the hill tops; shine the silent, eloquent stars, and the whole heavens are clear and cloudless. I see from my window, the outline of the sloping landscape; the dim and shadowy trees are sleeping in the quiet pastures, and the white skeleton of the ghostly mill gleams thro' the thin mist which rises from the valley. And the valley itself—how sweetly it lies! The day-weary peasants are at rest in their peaceful homes, and a thousand mute angels are watching over them. Not even a bird is awake; and there is no sound abroad, save the gentle voices of the winds, which are singing in the trees of my garden.

Yet in a few hours, all this solemn pomp, and moon-pageantry of the night, will have vanished; and the disenchanted earth will leap and bound in the light of the returning sun. The sleeping husbandman will awake, and hasten with a merry and

thankful heart to the labor which gives him bread and health and strength, and all men will renew their occupations with joy and gladness.

Surely God is good, who gives us these delightful seasons of rest, and fits us for the duties and the happiness of life. Can we not believe then, that we are indeed his children, and love him also as our Father? By night and by day he prepares for us a perpetual banquet. He has given us too the whole earth for our patrimony, and in every ceaseless moment he bids us enjoy it. As I look now, over the picture of repose which lies stretched before me, I feel the blessedness of existence, and seem to breathe the very breath of God. Life is no longer a painful vapor, but a divine ethereal flood, which carries me away. I tremble as it were, with the echoes of a far-off music, which melts me into itself, and awakens within me new hope and love. This faith, that I also am a child of God, born to the incorruptible inheritance of thought—incarnate here for the conquest of a spiritual kingdom, whose dominion is without end or limit—makes me bold and adventurous, and in every inspired moment 'I clap wings to all the solid universe,' and go up to take my own amid the rejoicing of the spheres, who chant their battle anthems in the deeps of heaven.

And thus it always happens—when the soul is tuned—that some invisible fingers sweep the strings, and make them overflow with melody. We have only to look with a humble and loving eye upon Nature, and she folds us in her bosom—and becomes Poetry, Religion, and Music to us—and beseeches us to depart from her no more. It is at such times we come to understand the transcendent worth, the immense possibilities, of man. Glimpses of the Wonder-Wold burst upon us, and we see the meanness of our every-day aims and struggles, and long to fulfil our highest destiny. We discover that there is for us, a wider, nobler, and sublimer life, than that which we live in society—whereof this spiritual communion with Nature, so holy, elevating, and rapturous that no words can utter its beauty, is but the presage and the shadow. And for what object, think you, come down upon us these muffled whispers from the sky? Wherefore, when we forsake the petty pursuits of the day, and go forth to meet the Lord of the Earth, in the silence of the dewy eve, do all things seem to welcome us with smiles, and make us feel the greatness of that divinity which burns in the common heart of man?—that divinity which in all our dealings with each other—in all our institutions of Trade, Commerce, and Education, we have striven, alas! with such unceasing efforts, to destroy! It is to teach us that we were not designed for the development of sensual things alone—but for the supersensuous also! It is to wake us up, likewise, to the sublime consciousness of a vast Immaterial Existence lying beyond this belted orb, where God and his bright Intelligences dwell for ever; to quicken us with the great Thought that Nature and all visible things, are but shadows of Spiritual Realities—symbols of the Infinite—teachers and revealers of the highest truths to the soul: that the divine element, in which these realities are embosomed, is the true and proper element of the soul—the deep unfathomable abyss of Being, whence all material substances and forms are rolled like dreams and apparitions—upward!

Who has not experienced some such far-reaching vision as this?—and who has not felt the fire-breath of Inspiration kindle his blood and brain under the silent moon, when in rapt and pious mood he has walked alone to contemplate the greatness and glories of Nature?—and who also, whilst these flashes were upon him, has not beheld the uplifted curtain of God which shadows the Invisible, and read there sights and meanings which no tongue could proclaim!

It is a great work, therefore, to cultivate this happy communion with the 'over-soul' of creation: for it opens to us realms of untraversed and unboundable Thought. It is a check also, to the engrossing materialism of life, which now, for so long time, threatens to strike God from the world. Are not POETRY and RELIGION well nigh dead in the hearts of men?—these two being the noblest and highest of the chartered privileges of Humanity? Think—if you can compass it—how immeasurable the loss of these!—what a frightful ghastly skeleton, a mere frame-work of death, were man without them—and how essential and god-like, in these times, is the inculcation of those cheering, elevating, and solemn truths which they reveal! True, there are great actions and discoveries in this our day, elements of a high order of poetry and religion—but they want the flames of heaven to burn them into life. Bodies are they, not souls! If any work is now to be done, it is for a temporary Utility—not for the Soul and Eternity. The old Hebrew fire is quenched in the actor's bosom, and in the stead of lofty religious motive, we have a Patent Gold-Lever—alas!

Nevertheless, joyfully would I celebrate the physical triumphs of the human mind, the wondrous creations of machinery which have scattered over every continent and clime so many blessings—and gladly do I accept the facts, as tendencies, towards the final subjugation of matter, and the universal reign of Life, Wisdom and Love. I do not quarrel with these achievements—but hail them, on the contrary, as the Evangelists of God. Yet I would fain see this great truth of the soul recognized in all these battles with the elements—not darkened and trampled upon, as it now is, but proudly acknowledged as the burden of every song of conquest. Labour is a sacred office : not a curse, but a blessing ; so bountiful and grand that we cannot speak for it ! He who is fully possessed of this thought, sees men as gods, and regards the vilest drudgery as a heavenly employment. Every work, so that it be done as a duty, ennobles the worker ! But I am sad to think how death-like, and therefore how mean, is the actual service of the worker in this day. He is not filled with the lofty idea that it is his privilege to labor, and that out of his hard and iron hands go forth continually the means of comfort and enjoyment to depending millions—but, like a wretched and reckless slave, he sells his birthright for pottage, and is content to eat it with degradation for condiment, instead of the oil and wine which flow for ever from the consciousness of duty.

I am not ignorant of the plea of over-toil and under-wages, so righteously made on behalf of the poor man ; and willingly would I aid him to the uttermost of my faculty in adjusting that so sad and serious matter. But in the meanwhile, this other plea of endurance, and patient great-hearted submission, to an evil which unhappily *must* exist at present, is eloquent enough ! A more God-like spectacle than wronged men, struggling under the wrong, from a conviction that it is their duty so to struggle and work, doubting nothing for the issue—could never be witnessed by men or angels. A nation of such workers would become the bulwark of the world ; and all the morality and intellect thereof would take glad refuge under its shadow.

But although it appears to be a painful necessity, that man must first of all consume his energies in toiling for these physical comforts—and although the material seems destined to be totally conquered, before he shall wake up to the true idea and purport of his existence—yet I see no reason why we should not strive, in all our lives, to make the claims of society and the claims of God upon us, so to harmonize that we shall be slaves to sense no more, but become great and faithful to every attribute of our Nature. Inasmuch as the present time is the only available moment for us, we are to work and grow in it, notwithstanding the social doom. I doubt not it will be seen at last, that there was a real harmony between the Serfdom whereto man is now doomed, and that Freedom which is hereafter reserved for him. We will absolve ourselves, however, from these hard laws, by living out of their pale in a diviner atmosphere.

I would every one were convinced, that the soul requires of him at all times to be its special pleader to the world. We lack greatness, and the power of making our influence felt, against the prevailing errors of the age—because we conceive so *infinitely* of Individual importance ! Everything must be done *for us*, and we fear to annoy *ourselves* as the Doers, lest we stumble and fail. When shall we have faith enough to believe that the world was made for *us*, not *we* for the world. When shall we perceive that our true mission in this struggling orb is to cast our own light upon its darkness—to remake, to reform, and to urge onward with shoulder and brain, the slow revolving cycles of progression !

I know that in all societies there are two principles constantly at work, each aiding in its own way (however opposite they may seem) the great work of human advancement. The one is Conservatism—the other Disintegratism. This is restless, seeking, endeavouring : *that* calm and satisfied, with no better before it, no thought nor hope beyond the present and the actual. At no time where these principles are fully developed as now. Side by side they stand, measuring swords, menacing, defiant ! They shall fight their own battle to an issue. In the meanwhile let us who disintegrate, try also to make whole. Let us never forget that the material and the spiritual when rightly understood, are one. Let us strive to raise the sunken hearts of men, by demonstrating unto them their own faculty—by showing them, likewise, that in spite of toil and dust, of poverty, want, and wrong—there is a paradise for all in the solitudes of nature, and spiritual joys to be partaken there infinitely more grand and noble than any external wealth can give or purchase.

It is the highest office of Nature to feed the soul with beauty, and possess it with a wisdom that shall make her emblems plain. For above and around us—in the starry wilds of immensity, in the Earth-girdling ocean, and in the beautiful creatures of the dry Land—God has hidden own deep thoughts, and man is here to master them. Happy man ! who masters them aright—who feels how great and sacred a thing is this boundless Intellect which links him in fellowship with the Infinite Mind.

I know indeed of no idea, so entirely regenerative, so capable of working a change in the moral character of man, as that of the Sacredness of Human Nature. He who is filled with this majestic truth, regards life and its duties with new eyes—stands in new relationship to the universe—and feels how great is the responsibility of action. Awhile ago there was nothing but darkness and confusion before him, whilst pondering the question of existence, and infernal voices were ever bellowing in his ears 'Unclean ! Unclean !' He could not yet see how Truth could grow out of untruth and falsehood—how it bottoms all falsehood—and how necessary and healthy it is to know the falsehood as well as the truth. But now he wraps himself up in the Toga of Heaven, and walks like a new-born god with high and holy resolve : no longer dark, no longer dogged with these 'unclean' cries, but Lord of their meaning, and master of the noblest secret of his being.

It has ever appeared to me, that until men come to understand this truth of the sacredness of humanity, and to live in it, there must always be a stunted dwarfishness in the soul. He who would be acquainted first hand with God, must trust his own faculties—not go about forswearing himself like a Jew upon the Koran, but with humble brave effort, confide in the fact of life, and believe in the influences of God. Let him have this faith :—That he is an Instrument planted down here upon the solid earth, capable of making melodies in the ear of eternity for ever. Let him know that the days of inspiration are not fled and past, but floating *now* and present under every sun and moon : That wherever there is a man, there also is a God, speaking, influencing, guiding, and directing—speaking *thro* him and *to* him, with a mighty eloquent tongue, even as in the days of Isaiah ! O my friends, who can lift up his head under the vast concave of the heavens, gemmed with unnumberable galaxies of stars, all flaming there in those blue unfathomable deeps—who can cast his eyes over the wide landscape below, here dark with woods and there bright with sun-shadowed pastures and streams—painted all with such glorious coloring—and not feel the truth of inspiration, and not rejoice with the consciousness of immortality !

Would that all men were acquainted with those secret signs which enable the poet and the devotee to read the mute significance of creation—which introduce them as it were into the innermost temple of God, and lay bare the *meaning* of all this significance of the earth and heavens. There is indeed a Free-masonry in Nature—and he who loves her most, understands her truest. Yet no man can speak his knowledge ; it belongs to another state than that of sense—it is above sense, and yet how sweetly are the senses made to minister unto it ! When I walk abroad in the green fields, I am aware that God speaks to me. I am surrounded by Intelligences which make haste to deposit their secrets in my bosom : and, altho we have often met of old, yet they have always some new mystery to relate. There is no end of their teaching—and what is better than all, there is within us an unbounded power by which we expand and grow in the sunshine of every fresh revelation. Thus I see that there is an intimate union between the soul of man and every outward fact : a bond of relationship sealed with the blood of every reptile and creeping thing, and with the rays of every burning orb. God hath made nothing in vain. It is *we* who are blind and cannot discover the fitness of all the means and ends and sympathies—*else* we should pronounce the earth and the firmament an Epic Poem indeed, worthy the grandeur and grandeur of its author. As an object of thought every creature is sublime ; and there is nothing so mean and low, nothing so exalted and excellent, which has not its roots in the soul. I can see my own passions, *my own counterpart*, in the highest and most degraded forms—in the towering eagle, and in the fiercest beast of the wilderness. To raise the man, and sink the brute, or in other words, *to make the Animal subservient to the Moral and the Intellectual* is, to my mind, *the great aim of Life*. Who can speak for this wonderful and startling mystery which we name the life of man ! Copped and pent in the narrow prison-house of a six-foot body of bones and nerves—which the poorest scratch of a bare bodkin would let out for ever—it lives nevertheless in this vast and limitless immensity of Thought, and fills the whole

universe with its presence ! Consider what it is to grasp these two ideas of Time and Space ! Think of all the stupendous worlds which burn in God's garden of the heavens, *entering into this same human life*, and reposing in serene beauty and glory in the shining firmament of the Soul !—all conquered and detached—*having a separate existence* : a gorgeous dome, overhanging an invisible Theatre, wherein also all the kingdoms and thrones and swarming populations of the earth, have even now a real existence of blood and action ! The birth-pangs of this very earth itself, when the stars shouted for joy, and Orion—belted and crowned like a god—came forth with his flashing armour to join in the jubilee of heaven—are present to every imagination, and her travail pain vibrates thro' the untold millions of ages—and we also shout in triumph. The universe of Nature and Space, Time and Eternity, are thus dragged, as it were, into the soul's vassalage. Were there such empires as Babylon, Assyria, Persia, Macedonia ! Did swart Egypt with her gloomy pyramids, and pale Greece with her marble and moonlight statuary, and red Rome, with her bare and bloody arm, exist ! Are Europe and America, Africa and Oceana, with their savageries and civilizations—their literature, arts, and sciences—at this time afloat in the world ! Yet each and all of these, with their histories and passions, are even now living in every scholar's soul, and are become parts and parcels of their lives ! Yet there is no cram nor jostle there : all is quiet and solemn. The universe is yours ! and could the whole history of the universe be written and read—even in the minutest detail—there would still be the same serenity and infinity in the soul. *It cannot be filled.* Prize then the holiness and divinity of your nature. Your resources are as boundless as the realms of God ! Draw upon these resources. Rely, in unhesitating faithfulness, upon your own faculty. Suffer no man to cripple you with those base doctrines of superstition which teach the vanity of the Intellect : but go forth 'conquering and to conquer'—pondering much the mystery of life—and seeking earnestly to unfold yourselves for Immortality.

We must unriddle the earth. There is a hidden meaning in every object which surrounds us ; and Nature seems perpetually to cry unto us, her *speaking children*, to put a tongue into her dumb mouths. In my many wanderings over the old Forest of Sherwood I have been struck with these mute beseechings in the venerable oaks of that realm of romance and beauty. What was it they would say to me, those holy prophets and patriarchs of a thousand years ! The accumulate wisdom and thought, history and tradition of centuries, seemed always on the balance of utterance within them. They would speak to me ! they would *fain* speak to me, and have often looked as if they were stooping down to *whisper* what they could not *speak*. And then the old remembrance, that God, who had given them many things, had denied them this great gift of speech—has come over them with melancholy wings, and sorrowfully they have raised their bare and blanched heads on high, with a sigh and a moan, in uncomplaining endurance of their fate.

And the Moss and the Flowers too, at their weary feet—those silent teachers of every grace and goodness—what eloquence do they pour into every heart that beholds them ! Ye who deny that Man and Nature are *one*—indissoluble, undividable, each the exponent of the other—Answer me ! Whence comes this love of Flowers—whence springs that universal Sympathy—that likeness—that *undying identity and correspondence*—between the human affections, and these our gentle Sisters who nestle so holily in the bosom of the loving Earth ! I could call Flowers, the poetry which God writes in the fields to teach man the Religion of Love : they are so beautiful ! *We shall one day recognise in every form of life, the key to all our thoughts.* Mutually shall we explain our several mysteries, which will be no longer several, but the universal fact.

Already have we opened many of the sacred books of Nature, and expounded to the listening earth and heavens the hieroglyphical truths which they contain. This is the proper work of man : who can tell but it is the *end* of his work also ! He will be found to *be* Nature at last ; the Conscious Apparition of her concrete existence. What is the meaning, think you, of Science, Art, and Natural History ! Have these no bearing on the solution of the human riddle ! Do they represent no solid facts of the soul—are they no part indeed of the soul's all-comprehending history ! If we would read ourselves and Nature aright, we must seek to reconcile our own being with hers—not rest satisfied with demure complacency upon what is, simply because it is, but try to discover the 'wherefore' of it—to show how the outward fact effects the

inward idea and corresponds with it. A wide field here lies before us, over which philosophy has never yet trodden. We must not be disheartened to find ourselves, after all these ages, so solitary and forlorn in the creation—so incapable of answering the questions of surrounding existences, and of explaining the nature of their affinity with our own minds—but boldly begin to look, with new and earnest eyes, upon this unbroken problem of God. Hitherto we have been content with hunting out truths, and have named the classified fragments we have discovered—Science. Wise and good men have essayed also to prove the attributes of Deity from these fragments : and Geology, Astronomy, Chemistry, have been taken as the base of such arguments. They could see that these noble achievements of the soul covered immense spiritualities, and announced *without proof*, an omniscient, omnipotent, and all-benevolent Creator. And at this point all perception and enquiry seem to have ceased. But the wondrous flood of thought rolls on for ever ; and in each passing moment we are in deeper depths, whirled away in fresh eddies and fast rushing currents. I would speak for the suggestion which now flashes over me, and ask if these Sciences reveal to us a God—do they not reveal to us this still more astounding fact of a Soul, in which Science, Art, and God himself, have already an actual existence—which, like music imprisoned in the strings of an instrument, waited only for the outer circumstances, to conjure them into living melody and beauty ? Man is indeed a great mystery, and Nature is *his* Interpreter : and it is equally true that Nature is a great mystery, and man *her* great Interpreter. To make this paradox plain, we must demonstrate the mutual harmonies of Man and Nature—give to science a new direction—and show that the laws of the earth and sky are all emblematic of the laws of the Soul—are indeed, one with the soul.

Every man feels that he and Nature are parts of an infinite whole. The entire philosophy of Poetry and Religion lies folded up in this original intuition. The Poet and the Pietist, quick with this sublime consciousness, are open overmore to the floodings of God. They attribute their sensations to *organization—to genius—to grace*—they know not what ! but, at last, these sensations will be found to spring from their intuitive perception of their own identity with the beautiful creation. I cannot stop to illustrate my meaning fully, although what I have said may be liable to misconstruction. But we all of us seem to feel far better than we can reason. Instantly are we aware, in the presence of woods and landscapes, that there is an overteaching spirit appealing to us—making us sensible also of many things which we can neither fully understand nor fully utter. I believe that a prophet shall arise in some far-off generation, whose office will be to expound the Gospel of Nature, and make plain all her texts and chapters. Already is the germ cast for the production of this man—already doth the soul cry aloud for his coming.

We may not all alike see the fact : yet we are ever tending to show cause for our thought, and to *illustrate* it by *natural* objects. Ideality is the Resurrection-World of Nature—and it implies not only the affinity, but the identity, of the soul with Nature. Then again, in the expression of all our passions and affections, our loves and hates, we cannot forbear to make *comparisons* between them and outlying existences. And assuredly there is a lurking god in this, maugre its commonness and apparent triviality, struggling to bring us, by imperceptible means, into higher views of our own life and destiny.

I will not follow these ideas further, but proceed to speak of the general influences of Nature on the mind of man.

How manifold are the ideas which break in upon us, whilst contemplating the beautiful aspects of the joyous earth ! Under the shade of some venerable tree, by the side of the fast-rushing river, what thoughts of security and peace have visited us ! What an allegory also have we read there of Time fleeing away and Eternity ever coming—ever come—but never ending ! Have we not been admonished likewise by the quiet grandeur of *this deep-rooted tree*, to live in the present, and to abide by the laws of our own being ? Flow on thou shining river—follow thy own soul—be true to thy own nature ; and I also, growing upon thy friendly banks, will answer the purpose for which I was sent here, and bless God that I hear thee sing !

In all seasons there is something to learn and to love. Nature never wears the same face, and yet she is always alike. I have seen her weeping in the evening sky, and trailing her dusk garments over the landscape, like a mother sorrowing for her children—and then, conquering her grief, she has burst out into smiles, and summoned all the virgin stars to rejoice over her triumph and her hope.

And thus there is no passion, no grief nor joy, which nature herself hath not in common with man. He who would read nature aright must seek her meaning in his own heart. Deep, deep, are the sympathies of Creation, and we the centres of all things, have the roots of all things within us. God teaches us evermore through the visible symbols of Nature, and this highest lesson of the progression of the Soul is written in a thousand aspects—in the bud and blossom of the Rose, in the birth of Spring once more. For ever and ever must we be born again. We need not grieve for the old, we need not regret the past, but battling and conquering, we must march forward to the blessed grave with cheerful music and song.

I often think that men know not how happy they might be: how divinely they might live. One only thing is necessary to make this earth a blooming paradise. *It is love!—love of man—love of nature—LOVE OF GOD!* And believe me, whatever the sensual world may say, love is the sublimest height of the soul. Beyond it there is an infinite sky waiting to be filled with the trophies of this undeveloped attribute: this attribute, which not only links man with God, but makes him God indeed! And to this sacred condition may we all attain. Whatever is known, whatever is conceived of the perfection of the soul, is possible to be realized by every man who strives after it. The world of sense is already full: and we have lived for a sensual enjoyment long enough. Let us endeavor, therefore, after a more spiritual life. Let us sit down like angels, and burn with deep love: then will the spiritual life come unto us and we shall be blessed. Holy, holy, holy, is the Tabernacle of a Man! Upon the High Altar of the Human Heart no fires should be kindled but those of affection and joy. Why should we not solemnize this glorious Creation into a cathedral of the everlasting God, wherein we are to dwell in perpetual devotion, celebrating every conquest of Thought in festivals of divinest rapture! I would live like an Ascetic, under the stars, and listen to the moonlight anthems of the winds, in the depths of the silent forest: yet as I love my brother men, I would come forth at their call, with new words of hope for them, bidding them Hail. Solitude kindles the soul, and lifts it unto God. Let us embrace Solitude, therefore, like a Bride—a virgin Bride, dedicated in the wilderness to the service of the soul. Solitude teaches us to love. Dear virgin Bride, what joy is it to deck thee with the blue and crimson flowers of the fields, and to talk with thee of life, and death, and the beautiful spirit-world beyond them! Ah! if man is to be regenerated at all!—and who does not believe this glorious doctrine!—then it must be brought about by love—that only! I am well aware that we cannot change our modes of feeling all at once: and, perhaps, of ourselves, not at all. But we can wait until God does it for us. We no sooner put ourselves in this humble attitude of waiting, than we are already prepared for God; and when he descends upon us, power and light and life are born into the soul, all baseness is forgotten, and the new birth begins. Let us wait therefore: and know that ye who wait for love, love already!

Love is the first cause of all things—the beginning and the end of all things. It pervades the earth and the air, the sun and the moon and the stars. It is the great soul of life—the infinite element in whose depths the leviathans of the teeming universe rejoice and swim. We feel it in the sweet light of heaven; in the flowers of the pastures; and it makes music for us in the breath of the summer breeze. We are conscious of its presence in the quiet beauty of the woodland scenery; in the song of the happy birds; in the anthem of the hidden brook. Ministering spirits, above and around us, whisper its syllables in our ears: filling us at times with emotions so deep and pure and far-circling, that we seem to take all Nature into our vast and limitless bosoms. The thought and blood of the universe roll their tides through our pulses, until we become wild with the glorious enthusiasm of jubilant and undying life. We melt and are. All things are us, and we are all things.

It is inspiring to think how boundless is the capability of this divine essence which underlies the soul of man. When it is active within us what sights do we behold! what satisfactions are ours! what pure and incompressible joy floats us like an omnipresence, through the infinitudes of creation! And now on this first morning of the new-born world, when every flower in the earth's bosom, and every blossom on the trees and hedges, and every bird amongst the leaves, will soon invite us to go forth with love and mirth unto the banquet of Nature—can we not resolve that henceforth, we also will be renewed with the divine love?—and that despite the inanity of the selfish people who surround us, we will progress and progress through all the stages of this beautiful life?

We can understand nothing truly, until we are thus born of the Spirit of God. We can be neither Poets nor Prophets, nor even virtuous, until that fact transpire. I know how incessantly the toils and rugged facts of our external condition tug at our heart-strings, and, with might and main, endeavor to keep us down : but can we not strive to look upon them with these new eyes of love, and convert them into high romance ? Behold how love transcends all frightful forms—transfigures them even—and clothes them with radiance and glory ! It conquers for us the difficulties of life, makes rough places smooth, and turns the bitterest wormwood into fragrant honey-suckles and rosemaries !

Then what power is there in the loving man ! Almost, if not altogether, is he a God ! Who can speak like him ? Who think or feel like him ? The sole reason why life is so tame, so dull that one is pained to think of it, is this—that men are not lovers ! I am aware this doctrine would be jeered at by the world, but you, O my friends, who see with deeper eyes into the principles of truth, will understand what I mean—will know, as some one quotes from the wise and good Emanuel Swedenborg, ‘That in proportion as the affection which is of love groweth cold, the thought, speech, and action, grow cold also’—and some of you, like Swedenborg, will ‘perceive this, not from a *knowledge* that love is the life of man, but from *experience* of this fact.’

Yet in our reflective moments, when meditating on the facts of life, seen from this celestial height of love, we grow sad and desponding. Almost we doubt the very God who has given us these generous visions—who has admitted us into his counsels, and shown us his hidden truths. *Man, alas, is in ruins !* He does not see the light of this beaming love which bathes the creation. He does not understand the language it utters in the stones and the grass and the trees—and so we are ready to reproach God, and to despair of man ! Alas ! wherefore ? If love be truth—if it can renovate all nature, and conjure life and beauty out of the dust of dead worlds—surely it can renovate man also ! We have seen its workings in children, in insane persons, in criminals, in savages,—and shall we doubt its universal power over civilized humanity ? Can we not see that every light flashed upon us out of the abyss of God, is sent for a purpose—the purpose—the accomplishment of the great end of brotherhood and progression ? These revealings of the truths of the universe to individual minds are the seeds which God blows out of his Eternity, that they may be planted by Intellect here upon Earth and watered with the springs of eloquence, to give regeneration and the bread of life to the unregenerate and the spiritually dying. Can we not believe, then, that one living, vital, earnest soul which has held communication with the spiritual world, and has become quickened by the holy influences, may teach with such simplicity, such melody of words and utterance, what it has seen, and what it is, that men will listen to it and love it—that they will seek to *abide* with it, and to *be* it ?

Let us not at least forget, that it is alike our privilege and our duty, to work and live for the good of others. If we have been favored with any high revelation from God, let us proclaim it ! We are incessantly taught by these endless, varying seasons, that we must not suffer the world to go backward, but that we must turn it into a vineyard of love, wherein every new generation must toil for the benefit of the forthcoming myriads. Especially must we labor for the triumph of the Soul !—labor to subdue all things to the soul’s sovereign monarchy. By this grand effort we shall at last merge the earthly into the heavenly, and bring about that ultimate design of human existence—the union of Man with God !

The world cannot go backward ; it cannot so much as stand still. Always underneath its ribs are spirits toiling and laboring, and turning the wheels of revolution. ‘On, on for ever !’ is the battle-cry which the invisible destinies of man roar in the ears of Time. They who will not or cannot lead, must follow : and in the whirl of the sphere, institutions and thrones and empires crumble into dust.

Yonder, my friends, uprises at last, behind the rejoicing hills, the glorious god of day ! How long has he lived there, in those unapproachable wilds ! What life has he been to the worlds which burn around him ! He comes to visit us once more, exhorting us also to be life to each other. O, would that I could write down, and imprison in words, the unutterable thoughts, alas ! with which this mighty object fills me at this moment.

A while ago there were stars, and the dim twilight watching over a sleeping world. The Moon too was there in the glittering firmament, all sad and solemn, going her appointed way ; and whilst I have been musing here alone, some invisible hands have stolen the night away, with all her pomp and beauty, and the Sun has risen to claim

the world as his own. I now understand, better than ever I did before, the sublimity of those words in which God clothed his omnipotent Will on the morning of creation—'Let there be light.' Light is, ever, for ever! Behold how it suffuses itself in floods of blood and gold, over the grey island of clouds which float in the deeps of heaven! Higher and higher does the sun ascend, and the rich warm rays beat at my window bars and fill the room. Poor flickering lamp—thou too must give way before this rising archangel!

And now once more, my friends, let us fall back for a short season from these majestic teachers, and speak the thoughts which they suggest. I have put out this lamp which has served me so long, and take to this new lamp of the sun. *So must we also take to new ideas.* It is useless to fight against necessity and God: for no long standing fact, no sacred thing, can abide beyond its time. And as God heralds the day and night, and the seasons, with signs and wonders, peculiar to each separate revolution; so also in this earth, does he send his messengers to prepare the way for every new dispensation of moral and intelligent government. Idea after idea comes battling with its two-edged sword, subverting the old, and planting its standard upon the ruins it has made. From the sages of the old Religion, and the bards of Greece and Rome, to Jesus, and from Jesus down to the deep Thinkers of this day, it is always the same. One institution is good until a better be revealed, and then that dies. The New Man is the Prophet of the Future—the mouth too, out of which the earnest thought of the present speaks. He is the eloquent oracle of the thinking mind of his time. Original is he: true also and sincere. What he says flows out of him like a spring from the heavens. He is constrained to speak, and his speaking finds a welcome in all hearts, because it is truth to all hearts.

How mean and low, compared with this beautiful morning, and the feeling it inspires, seem all our temples and institutions of learning! Are they so sacred that they must last for ever? O, believe it not! They also shall die. Originating in the soul, they were put forth for good: but this same soul now moved into deeper depths, and filled with a diviner knowledge, proclaims in hard words the necessity of Re-form-ing.

I cannot doubt that a change in all existing things will one day, before long, sweep over us like a dream: for already, in unnumberable bosoms, do the desire and hope of a happier social state—of a nobler religious worship—pant and burn. I see too, that a rope of sand binds the tottering fabric of the old constitution together; that everything is sundered, loosened, and afloat; that nothing is now sacred with the fiery spirits sent here to accomplish this reform. Neither Religion, nor Philosophy, nor Literature—neither the Throne nor the Senate—neither the Priest nor the Judge, nor the Law-giver. All the elements of society are scattered, and the great framework is ruptured, battered and broken. The people have no faith in the Church nor the Parliament. They cry out against both—cry with million voices, in breaths and bellowings of the loudest thunder, and in Irish 'Monster Meetings,' in Anti-State Church Conventions, in Anti-Corn-Law Leagues, Charter and Suffrage Associations, and the like, they proclaim how earnest is their disaffection!

Let us, however, take courage and hope from this inspiring fact—that they are now alive in the world, those grand ideas of the worth of the soul, which have given of late so revivifying an impetus to the Moral Literature of the time. All men are aware that a mighty change is gradually mustering its forces around them, ready in its appointed time to burst forth and change the face of the sphere. Many are the Revolutions which have swept over English Society during the progress of the ages; but never were so far advanced in the lore of God as now; never before have men woke up from the trance of ignorance and beheld truth face to face. Unquenchable and indomitable Thought is abroad.—To the million-and-a-half acre man it says, 'What right?' To the corn-law man, 'What right?' To titled and bearded primogeniture, 'What right?' All in vain are parchment deeds and long ancestral possession to this awoken giant. The land is the people's! 'Abolish your entail laws,' say they. 'Stretch not the dead hand over the live earth: give us a chance to win back again our right in the land.' The old feudal selfishness must give way to the circumstances of the times. Let our rulers make haste to show that by practical measures, that they have a quick consciousness of the rights and sufferings of the People. Let them remember the Demon Revolution of France—how, with glaring eyes like the flames of hell, he reeled and staggered under the drunken blood of the aristocracy, mad with fury, and possessed with the horrible fire-spirit of retributive vengeance! That Revolution was the reaction of long years of oppression. The people asked for many things—~~for~~ hides

and roods to grow corn upon :—They were denied. Dying of starvation, and stung with frightful wrongs, on a sudden they rose and said 'We will not die !'—and all France echoed the words, 'We will not die !' Then came the feast of human flesh, and the old Revolution.

And this startling knowledge of the people—this looking upon old cousins with new eyes—reaches farther and deeper than the Aristocracy and the so-called politics of the day. The New Man of this nineteenth century must, by and by, have a new house to live in—made too, of quite new and altogether Romanesque materials. He must have new furniture also ; and instead of these old, cumbrous, worm-eaten chairs and tables, he must import seats and benches from the starry Olympus. His bread shall be manna, and his wine, the inspiration of the gods. For no longer are men satisfied with the refuse and offal of their forefathers.

These Divinity Bones, too ; how bare they have picked them ! Lord, Lord, what food is this for the undying, unsatisfiable, endless soul of man ! Nature says to us—'Expand and grow !' Before us she spreads her books of wisdom, written in light, and illuminated with all imaginable colors. 'Behold,' she cries, 'what god-like children have grown up under my teachings ; what Poets and Philosophers and Lovers, who alone have made your history glorious ! Come ye also, O youths and maidens, O men and women, rely upon your souls—your own strength—and do not follow basely and lowly in the track of the insane, wandering world. For ye also there is newness of life—love, hope, and unbounded progression.'

Ah, what eloquence is this, compared with the dull prosy speeches of the doctors—speeches we have heard so often, that not a child but can anticipate the most learned preacher ! Have you never remarked how inspiring are the spontaneous thoughts which flash over us in the fields and woods !—how happy are we in the communion of Nature !—and then, looking back to the Church, what a chill as of death, makes the warm and generous blood to shiver in us like ice ! It is because the truth is not uttered there as Nature speaks it, that we become thus cold and shuddering.

Hail, then, thou unborn Soul ! who shall say to the vexed and troubled hearts of men, 'Peace be still !'—who shall lead them beside the still waters, and make them feel, henceforth, that to grow up to the heights and thoughts of God, is better than dwelling under the superstitions of men.

I have given such loose to my thoughts, that I have been carried away, like a bird by the wings of the storm, not knowing whither I went. In a little while you, my much loved friends, will be knocking at my gate, and I have found few words yet herein to greet you with the joy I feel. I know you will expect to hear me speak of lovers—to mingle with my discourse the beauties of this fair and loving earth, and to present before you a picture, perhaps, of the divine Flora—garlanded with roses, and attended by glowing maids, who strew beneath her feet the blossoms of the White-Thorn and the Apple. But I cannot answer for myself in this matter : for what can I say to you half so well as the warm glory of Nature showeth ?

Yet it is delightful to think that we shall meet and rejoice at this festival of Spring. I do not know of any custom, of the wise people, whom we nickname so foolishly 'Heathen,' nearly so religious and poetical as this. It sprang at first from the overflowing heart of man, so that he could not willingly let it die. I do not wonder at the tipsy mirth and jollity which attended the old Roman pageant of Priapus, with these emblems of fecundity, the May-Pole and the Garland, before it—nor am I shocked at the so-called licentiousness of the ceremony. Beautiful to me is the worship of Nature, and gladly do I hail the recognition of love to her, under the meanest and lowest forms. It is a sign of life and health at the bottom. So also do I look upon the ancient feudal pastimes upon this day as indications, however rude, of sensibility to that beauty which overshadows us all—and of thankfulness to God who ushers it into the world.

I fear, however, that the Mammon Demon who presides so fatally over this decaying age, has done much to destroy the charm of our May-day associations. We are surrounded with its altars and its votaries, its ministers and its priests. Its daily and hourly sacrifices are the bleeding and broken hearts of the Sons of Toil. The Steam-Engine, like a beneficent god, creates and creates ! But, alas ! Mammon is master of the Steam-Engine ! It gluts his insatiable maw with wealth—yet still it cries out for more. To the Sons of Men he says, continually—'By your slavery, alone can I exist !' and, alas ! he possesses also the power to enslave. Inverting the wise laws of Nature, which ordains that Man shall live by the sweat of his brow—this Mammon

devil compels him to sweat and—starve ! The very corn which he plants in the fields, and which at this moment I can see waving its beautiful blades, and looking in the distance like green ripples dancing upon the bosom of so many breezy miniature lakes, this very corn, I say, intended by a generous Deity for the sustenance of the poor laborer, as a glad reward for his faithful services, does Mammon grab with his accursed fingers—and tax, forsooth !

Ah ! how earnestly do I wish these sad pictures of human misery did not exist—that they did not force their sorrowful countenances into every joyful company, and plead with their dumb eyes for sympathy and redress. It mars our happiness to think that such things are—to think that for these poor Children of Toil there is no May-day holiday—no jubilee of Nature at which their hearts can shout and be glad. Yet we, who are able, do well to follow the old custom of making wreaths and garlands—and, above all, of gathering flowers to deck the beautiful maiden Queen of the Festival. It is a simple and touching ceremony that !—and hides I know not what heavenly meanings.

And now, O friends, I greet you, one and all, before this Altar of Flowers, which Nature, with her invisible fingers, has erected upon the bosom of the meek earth. The grass is still wet at our feet, and the dew-drops sparkle in the blossom of the trees and gem the tresses of the lady birch, like stars in the streaming hair of Berenice in heaven ! The Thrush is singing his morning hymn, and the lark is soaring away into the skies to tell God how happy he is ! There is a freshness about all living things, a love and deep unutterable joy, which invites us to become one with them : And whilst we wander over the fields and hills, in rapturous heartfelt thankfulness for so sweet a privilege, let us resolve that this day shall be the date of a new moral spring to us—and that whatever is venerable, just, and true, shall find henceforth a sacred welcome to our hearts.

LINES.

(IMPROMPTU.)

As round the rose the honeysuckle twines,
As on the olive rest the pliant vines,
So constant lovers to each other fly
For comfort and sweet sympathy ;
And when rude blasts the honeysuckle tear
From its support,—those very winds shall bear
The fragrance of the creeper to the rose ;—
So parted lovers hear each others vows.

April 17, 1848.

J. B. L.

SONG.

BY THE EDITOR.

How vain 'tis to grieve at one's lot,
We cannot re-call what is past,
Why sigh for the hours that are not,
While the present is flying so fast.
Though clouds may o'ershadow the sky
And dim the bright sun for an hour,
They break into rainbows and lie
Like pearls on each elegant flower.
Oh ! thus may our life pass away,
Though our hearts for a moment be sad,
Let HOPE be the sun to our day,
The star-light to gleam through our shade
And banish all sighing and care ;
If FRIENDSHIP its happiness lend,
Forget the sad name of despair
In the antidote found in A FRIEND.

TODDLING MAY.

BY W. C. BENNETT.

Five pearly teeth and a soft blue eye,
 A sinless eye of blue
 That is dim or is bright, it scarce knows why,
 That, baby dear, is you :
 And parted hair of a pale, pale gold,
 That is priceless every curl,
 And a boldness shy and a fear half bold,
 Ay' that's my baby girl.

A small, small frock, as the snowdrop white,
 That is worn with a tiny pride,
 With a sash of blue, by a little sight
 With a baby wonder eyed,
 And a pattering pair of restless shoes
 Whose feet have a tiny fall,
 That not for the world's coined wealth we'd lose
 That, Baby May, we call.

A rocker of dolls with staring eyes
 That a thought of sleep disdain,
 That with shouts of tiny lullabies
 Are by'd and by'd in vain ;
 A drawer of carts with baby noise,
 With strainings and pursed up brow,
 Whose hopes are cakes and whose dreams are toys,
 Ay, that's my baby now.

A sinking of heart, a shuddering dread,
 Too deep for a word or tear—
 Or a joy whose measure may not be said,
 As the future is hope or fear ;
 A sunless venture, whose voyage's fate
 We would and yet would not know,
 Is she whom we dower with love as great
 As is perilled by hearts below.

Oh what as her tiny laugh is dear,
 Or our days with gladness girds !
 Or what is the sound we love to hear
 Like the joy of her baby words !
 Oh pleasure our pain and joys our fears—
 Should be, could the future say,
 Away with sorrow—time has no tears
 For the eyes of Baby May.

Osborne Place, Blackheath.

ON THE DEATH OF LAMAN BLANCHARD,

BY DAVID HOLT, JUN.

Forth didst thou spring in intellectual might,
 Along the path of genius lay thy way,
 Thou lit thy mental lamp and there was light,
 And crowds admiring hung upon its ray.

Bright was thy morning where rich hues combined,
 And life one oriental garden seemed,
 Gay were the fancies floating through thy mind,
 And glorious were the visions that thou dreamed,

But ah ! too soon the spoiler came and blighted,
 Thy youths fair promise : now thy day is o'er,
 And that wild harp that all who heard delighted,
 Shall wake the sweetness of its strain no more.

Many have mourned for thee, and tears have flowed,
 And shall not cease to flow for thy dark doom,
 That thou shouldst travel in the downward road
 And seek the dreamless slumber of the tomb.

Pilgrim of song ! where'er thy footsteps be,
 Drop to his memory one heart-vent tear,
 Rich was the feast that he purveyed for thee,
 Return one grateful offering at his bier !

THE POET,

BY DAVID HOLT, JUN.

His mind was filled with all sweet harmonies
 Of Earth and Air, and Nature was to him
 An open page displayed, where fields and trees
 Were things whose images might ne'er grow dim,
 The rippling river and the summer breeze,
 Or cries of lonely birds that swiftly skim,
 Across the bosom of the wood-girt lake
 A melody within his soul would wake.

'Twas his to wander when the day begun
 Amidst the mists upon the mountain's head ;
 'Twas his to watch the rising of the sun,
 When new-born beams were o'er the landscape spread ;
 'Twas his to watch the rippling rivers run
 In silvery softness o'er their pebbled bed ;
 'Twas his to roam o'er moss and woodland wild
 With native step, for he was Nature's child.

One, in his early childhood, taught to look
 On all her glories as on hallowed things ;
 To view creation as an open book,
 Imbibing knowledge from the taintless springs
 Of rural life,—wandering by dale and brook,
 Lost in the life of sweet imaginings,
 And viewing in each flower that decked the sod
 The mighty works of an Almighty GOD.

All things of stern and grand to him were dear,
 The tempest raving through the darkened sky ;
 His was the gladness of the mountaineer,
 When lightning's flashed and the wild winds rose high ;
 When gloaming clouds proclaimed the tempest near,
 The fire of freedom lit his thoughtful eye,
 And on the wild rocks musing he would stand
 'Till his rapt soul was filled with feelings grand.

Yet, not the STERN alone his soul delighted,
 ALL THINGS in nature unto him were fair,
 And not the lowliest, not the meanest thing was slighted,
 Of all that blossomed in her taintless air ;
 To every lowly flower his love was plighted,
 And all things in his bosom had their share—
 Spring blossoms, Autumn fadings, Summer flowers,
 Winter solemnities, snow-storms and showers.

His morning ramble and his walk at night,
 His mossy seat—deep in the forest nook,
 The bank—whereon he stood to see the bright
 And bounding waters of the joyous brook,
 The summer lawn—on which 'twas his delight
 To lay reclined—perusing some sweet book
 Of poetry—to him were dearer far
 Than all the wordling's pleasures ever are.

And thus his moments glided calm away.
 And harmless were his youthful joys I ween ;
 In happiness he whiled away each day
 Roaming some loved or new discovered scene,
 The rock-girt dell or mountains summit grey,
 Or wood recesses, intricate and green,—
 Passing his hours of unambitious youth
 With GOD and NATURE—INNOCENCE and TRUTH.

NOTICES OF REMARKABLE BOOKS.

"The Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation."

IN this, one of the most remarkable books, which have appeared during the present age, a theory has been advanced, which, from its agreement with all known facts, must be considered *truth-like* at the least if it be not *true*. To the unprejudiced student of nature the theory comes with all the force of truth, and startles him by its

magnificence. The object of the work is to call attention to those faint traces which mark the early history of the globe, and point out those slight indications of the progress of creation, which, by accumulation and comparison with each other, reveal to us sufficient data upon which philosophical reasoning can build a superstructure. The words here used will indicate at once to the reader that the writer is prepared to deny that "the world, and all that therein is," was created in all perfection at once. Geology and Astronomy have conspired together to prove that uncounted cycles of ages occurred between the first creation of the inferior receptacles of life and the appearance of MAN, and that consequently Creation did not take place, *literally*, in the manner recorded in the Mosaic cosmogony.

He who attempts to controvert the belief of another should offer some creed in the place of that which he destroys; and in the place of the commonly received, but now exploded theory, is offered the theory of DEVELOPMENT as the *mode* of creation.

The basis upon which the theory is founded is of course composed of facts, discovered by the investigation of philosophers, and the explanation will necessitate the use of some philosophical terms; but the use of these will be eschewed by the writer as far as possible, or otherwise explained in a popular manner.

The theory of Development takes for granted the pre-existence of MATTER, which was *created* and endowed with certain original properties which should act through all time in a particular manner. These properties and modes of action are called LAWS OF MATTER, and for the most part are well known to students in Natural Philosophy, under the various names of attraction, of cohesion, gravity, electric-repulsion, chemical affinity, &c. &c. With reference then to any use of the term *creation* in the subsequent lines, it must be distinctly understood not to mean "the making out of nothing," but the grouping and combining of the pre-existing atoms, and the laws under which that grouping and combining went on to produce the heavenly bodies called "earths," "stars," or "planets," and the manifestations made upon them in the forms which possess those peculiar functions which we are accustomed to call vital functions, or otherwise LIFE.—The work goes to prove that the FIRST CAUSE—God—in the beginning, created the primitive atoms, or component parts of all substances *alike*. These atoms of incredible minuteness, existed in the form of a *nebula*, or cloud, and were endowed by their creator with properties and laws of action which followed them through all unions and changes. The idea that all the component parts of matter were originally the same has been held as true by various philosophers of great reputation; and among them Sir Isaac Newton. The Creator, with a foresight consistent only with *perfect* wisdom, ordained the multitude of complicated affinities, or attractions of the *compounds* of these atoms, in such a manner as to give rise to a variety of substances with very opposite activities and very different appearances—and *still further* by a course of natural combination of the *compounds* and the *primitives* to call into existence those bodies which are included in the VEGETABLE and ANIMAL kingdoms, and whose operations, such as growth, secretion, and voluntary motion, constitute what we mean by the term LIFE. Thus the nebula, or cloud of atoms, being at first of an irregular form, the attraction of the atoms towards the greater number—i. e.—in the direction of the centre, would cause motion of a rotatory nature at the outside as the whole became more condensed by the atoms coming closer to one another. This rotation would be a necessary result of the contraction of the whole cloud. Here and there a number of atoms would rush together and form themselves into small bodies or *nuclei*, which, in proportion to the number of atoms or particles which they contained, would exert a greater or less attraction for the neighbouring diffused matter; and these *nuclei* would at once become centres, around which other atoms would congregate, and a *rotatory motion* would be at once established in them, as in the eddies or little whirlpools at the side of a running stream. This rotatory motion in the whole cloud would proceed in the whole cloud, and around the small nuclei in proportion, becoming more rapid as the condensation became greater, and the agglomeration proceeded.

Every body which turns on its own axes—i. e.—*rotates*, has a tendency to throw off all the parts which are far from the centre, and this tendency is called the centrifugal force.—(This adjective is derived from two Latin words, signifying to fly away from the centre.)—This centrifugal force then would exist in the rotating mass, and would act most vigorously at the outside of the agglomerating mass, producing as a result, the formation of a number of rings, left apart, each possessing motion of a

rotatory character, similar to that which still continued in the mass, and which was proper to itself before its separation from the nebula. These rings would retain their form, and still continue to exist as rings only if they were uniform in density throughout; but as there would be inconceivably vast probabilities against this, they would, with rare exceptions, break up, and be agglomerated into one, or several masses, which would become representatives of the primary mass, and taking upon themselves similar actions, would perhaps give rise to a similar ring, which would again break up into one or several globes revolving round the parent mass. Thus would be formed PLANETS and SATELLITES, each having speed in its revolution, derived from the original centre of the ring of which it was formed, and also a rotatory movement on its axis from the excess of speed observed by the outer over the inner part of the original ring; for it is well known that the circumference of a wheel must rotate faster than the central parts, as the former has to pass through a much greater distance.

All portions of this theory—called the *Nebular Hypothesis*—exactly agree with what we know of our Solar System; and, what is important, it is the only theory which will explain all the facts known respecting its phenomena. The following are some of the most prominent characteristics of the SOLAR SYSTEM, and they are all in perfect harmony with the nebular hypothesis, and can be explained by no other:—

- 1st.—The rotatory motion of the whole system.
- 2nd.—The elliptical form of the planetary orbits.
- 3rd.—The various inclinations of the planes of their orbits.
- 4th.—The diversified positions of the axis on which they revolve.
- 5th.—The phenomenon of Saturn and his ring.
- 6th.—The oblate spheroidal form of the earth, sun, and planets.
- 7th.—The abundance of nebular matter still in existence in the form of comets, zodiacal light, &c. &c.

8th.—The marvellous concurrence in the direction of the sixty motions,—all being from west to east.

9th.—The striking gradations which mark the relative intervals between the planets and the sun; the distances being curiously relative. It has been found that if we place the following line of numbers, (whose relation to each other will be at once seen):—

0. 3. 6. 12. 24. 48. 96. 192.

and add 4 to each, we shall have a series denoting the respective distances of the planets from the sun. It will stand thus:—

4. 7. 10. 16. 28. 52. 100. 196.

representing the respective distances of the planets from the Sun in the following order:—Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus. The position of the new planet Neptune, agrees with the rule: its relative distance being $192 \times 2 = 384 \times 4 = 388$.—This alone must be considered a proof of the UNITY of the whole system.

10th.—There is a no less remarkable law which governs the periodic times of the revolution of the heavenly bodies,—for, “with respect to any two planets, the squares of the times of their revolution are to each other in the same proportion as the cubes of their mean distances.”—(KEPLER.)

A simple experiment can be performed, by which the whole of these phenomena may be seen passing before the eyes of the operator. All the remarkable appearances of the production of planets and satellites can be reproduced from a liquid or gaseous mass, relieved from the operation of gravity. This verification of the Nebular Hypothesis was first made by M. Plateau, of Ghent: it was as follows:—“Placing a mixture of water and alcohol in a glass box, and therein a small quantity of olive oil, of density precisely equal to the mixture; we have in the latter a liquid mass relieved from the operation of gravity, and free to take the exterior form given by the forces which may act upon it. In point of fact, the oil, by virtue of the law of molecular attraction, instantly takes a globular form. A vertical axis being introduced through the box with a small disc upon it, so that its centre was coincident with the centre of the globe of oil, the axis was turned at a slow rate, and thus the oil-sphere was set in rotation. The sphere was then presently seen to flatten at its poles, and swell out at the equator, and thus realize upon a small scale an effect which is admitted to have taken place in the planets. The spherifying forces are of different natures—that of molecular attraction in the case of the oil, and of universal attraction in that of the planet;

but the results are analagous, if not identical. Quickening the rotation makes the figure more oblately spheroidal. When it comes to be so quick as two or three turns in a second, the liquid sphere first takes rapidly its maximum of flattening, then becomes hollow above and below, around the axis of rotation, stretching out continually in a horizontal direction; and finally abandoning, the disc is transformed into a perfect regular ring. At first this remains connected with the disc with a thin pellicle of oil; which however on the disc being stopped, breaks and disappears, and the ring then becomes completely disengaged. A little after the stoppage of the rotatory motion of the disc, the ring of oil losing its own motion, gathers once more into a sphere. If however a smaller disc be used, and its rotation continued after the separation of the ring, rotatory motion and centrifugal force will be generated in the *alcoholic fluid*, and the oil ring thus prevented from returning into the globular form, divides itself into several isolated masses, each of which immediately takes the globular form. These are almost always seen to assume at the instant of their formation *a movement of rotation upon themselves*, a movement which constantly takes place in the same direction as that of the ring. Moreover as the ring, at the instant of its rupture, had still a remainder of velocity the spheres to which it has given birth tend to fly off at a tangent; but as, on the other hand, the disc turning in the alcoholic fluid has impressed on *this* a movement of rotation the spheres are especially carried along by this last movement and revolve for some time round the disc. Those which revolve upon themselves at the same time consequently then present the curious spectacle of planets revolving at the same time upon themselves and on their orbits. Finally, besides three or four large spheres into which the ring resolves itself there are almost always produced one or two very small ones, which thus may be compared to satellites.

The experiment presents an image in miniature of the formation of the planets according to the hypothesis of Laplace, by the rupture of the cosmical rings, attributable to the condensation of the solar atmosphere.

From the nebular hypothesis which has been here sketched, we must infer that all the planets are formed of similar primitive material, and that they are all more or less like our own earth—and the evidence which the geologic investigations into her surface give us may therefore be considered to be similar to those which a similar investigation into the surface of the planets would give us. In every step we take in this investigation we find marks which speak of *time and sequence*:—For instance, if we find the fossil remains of one animal in the inside of the fossil remains of another, which from its form, &c. may be supposed to have been carnivorous—no reasonable mind can deny that the animal which has been so eaten must have existed—eaten and lived for a time sufficient to form bones and to attain some size before it could have been swallowed by its destroyer.

From many strata or layers which are found on the earth's surface we have convincing proofs that many, if not all things, occurred in the early history of the globe as they do now—that the wind blew,—the showers fell, and the ocean's waves rippled the sandy shore and cast up weeds and shells as these things occur now. The varied sizes of the animals and plants record the *lapse of time*. The aqueous or sedimentary rocks were produced by the long-continued action of water and the influence of air, together with volcanic heat,—agencies which wore down the particles of the granite rocks and deposited them during a subsequent cooling process at the bottom of the seas where they have been petrified in such a manner as to reveal, in no obscure manner, the nature of their origin. After these were hardened into stone, volcanic agency beneath the underlying granite forced it upwards through the new aqueous rocks, and left their ragged edges to reveal the nature of the rupture and the direction of the disturbing forces—and each strata, in like manner, reveals its history.

No remains of animals or plants are found in the lowest formation, and it may thence be fairly argued that the earth was as yet unfit for the support of life. It can be proved that the lowest strata was the first formed, and that the different strata mark the passage of an era of time containing, in many cases, thousands of centuries. "The first leaves of the stone-book have been damaged by fire." In the next formation, the Silurian, it is we find the first incontestable monuments of LIFE in our planet—in the unpretending forms of a few humble sea plants, certain zoophytes, and a variety of shelled marine animals. These are all forms of life of the most simple kinds, whose natures and habits are fitted for existence in a world as yet unfitted for more completed and perfected existences.

In the period of the Lower Silurian era, of which we are speaking, there was as yet *no fish*, or any other kind of animal possessing a spine and internal skeleton—there was as yet *no vertebrated animal*, and there were as yet no creatures which lived upon dry land. The information presented in the next page of our history—the Upper Silurian strata,—is nearly the same, differing only in the few obscure traces of imperfect forms of fish. In the Devonian era—another page—are abundantly discovered *the lowest forms of vertebrated animals—Fishes*,—while many of the species in the former age now disappear. The simplest forms of fishes appear first and are followed by more perfect forms, but even in these latter can be traced striking resemblances to the uncompleted festuses of modern fishes—resemblances which prove the parity of the law affecting general creation. Up to this date the sea was not so impregnated with salt as it has since become. There were no *land plants*, and no *terrestrial animals*, and therefore it may be supposed that there was as yet *little or no dry land*—and Europe was a wide ocean!

These things are told us by *stratification* as plainly as Livy tells the history of the Roman republic.

Proceeding in our examination we find *land plants* appear in the strata of which the coal fields are a part. Coal is itself composed of vegetable matter of *land growth*, transmuted by petrification of a peculiar kind beneath the surface of water in the absence of air. The plants of this time, though some of them were of gigantic proportions, consisted for the most part of *ferns and fungi*—plants of the lowest and simplest character belonging to the acrogens or non-flowering plants. From the nature of these plants we discover that the earth was as yet unfitted for land animals of the higher orders—but those of the lowest classes have left memorials of their existence—for the foot-prints of animals belonging to the REPTILES are left upon the strata of this the *Carboniferous era*. In the higher parts of the Carboniferous system the animals which have been most plentiful seem to have been diminished, *or to have been developed into more highly-organised forms*. In the animal scale, *reptiles succeed fishes*, and here we find them following in like manner. Reptiles were the earliest inhabitants of the land who could breathe the air: they were mostly gigantic lizards, with many parts of their skeleton retaining the characters of the same parts in fishes—and the reptiles of the modern times in their embryotic state.

Every strata has the same teaching. Each page in the geologic history reveals the advent of new and superior forms, akin to those less perfect which went before—till at last *MAN* comes upon the scene. But how came he? How came the animated tribes? We believe them to have proceeded by development from each other—in a natural succession—that is—that the less perfect forms having existed through a long period of improving changes gradually assumed a more perfect form—became an animal of a higher class—of this more hereafter. BUT HOW DID LIFE ORIGINATE? If the Creator endowed the atoms of matter originally with powers sufficient, under certain peculiar circumstances, to take upon their compounds a low species of simple life, it can in no way detract from his wisdom to believe him to be possessed of such infinite foreknowledge and wisdom of adaptation. *Is there any evidence, however, that life can be so developed?* Are we justified in giving any credit to the commonly received doctrine of SPONTANEOUS GENERATION? Can any proof be produced to show that from unorganized matter—(mineral substances, &c.)—can spring organized—living bodies? Common tradition has given its verdict to this view, but we cannot rely upon it as a guide—and better light is not denied to us. Urea, an animal substance (never found in nature except when produced by the kidneys) has been produced by the chemist, who has succeeded in artificially producing this substance in his laboratory. Upon good authority it has been stated also that *Albumen* (a substance identical with the white of an egg) and *Fibrine*, (the component of *muscular fibre*) have been artificially produced. All animals and vegetables grow by cellular growth: both originate in a nucleus which develops a little cell. “We see,” says a writer in the British and Foreign Medical Review, “a simple germ, the nucleus of a cell, developes itself into a feeling, moving, thinking man, by drawing into itself, and combining into new forms, the particles of what we are accustomed to call *inorganic matter*. These new forms are caused, by the very act of combination, to manifest properties of a new and peculiar kind; and their actions constitute the life of the being. Hence we must attribute to all those substances, which are thus drawn from the inorganic into the organic mode of existence, a latent capacity for the latter—just as we say that the

Oxygen, Hydrogen, Carbon, and Nitrogen, which make up the organic substance termed muscular fibre, and which in that state or mode of combination possess certain vital properties—possess also a latent capacity for combining, in that mode of aggregation termed crystalline, and for exhibiting the solubility, &c. of a salt, (all of which properties are totally opposed to its vital properties and cannot co-exist with them) which united into the form of *Cyanate of Ammonia*. If we are only acquainted with those elements as they exist in organic compounds, their transposition into a crystalline salt would be almost as marvelous to us as the opposite change is now. If this latent organizability or vitality be admitted (as we conceive logical proof to have been given that it must) of a property of a large proportion of what we call inorganic matter, is there any such wonderful difficulty in imagining that it may be brought into play in some other manner than by the agency of a pre-existing germ? We think not!

In addition to this theoretical proof, we have still more startling evidence that animal life has been called into existence in some other mode than from an organized germ or egg. *Life has been developed from organic materials by electricity*. A number of experiments have been performed by accurate manipulators, which do not leave the least room for doubt, and the result is, that from a deadly poison by the action of electricity, were called into existence a number of living animals belonging to the class of spiders—and named *acari*. This life then may be supposed to have arisen from a conjunction of circumstances under which animal life can be developed; and we cannot but believe that such conjunctions have frequently occurred. It has before been stated that all animals and vegetables grow by cellular growth—from a cell. Such cells (microscopically the same) have been produced by passing a current of electricity through fluid albumen; and it has been previously shown that this albumen can be artificially produced. Again.—It is evident that the production of animal life takes place in some other manner than from eggs, or from the womb of a similar preceding animal organization—for animals have been discovered in the *brain*—in the *inside of the eye*—and in many other parts of the body, in which there is no communication from without. It may be objected that these found their way into these cavities from the blood-vessels; but these were far too small to have allowed the passage of either the eggs or the animals. There are, in addition to all this evidence, a series of facts, to show that *creation has not ceased even in the modern time*—i. e.—that animated bodies *continue spontaneously to arise from inorganic materials*. For example, there are insects peculiar to the domesticated pig—to prepared wool—to chocolate—to wine—to beer, &c.—yet these insects must have come into existence in comparative recent times, and cannot be said to have progenitors. From all these facts we are justified in coming to the conclusion that it is highly probable that *animal life had its origin in a peculiar conjunction of circumstances in un-organised bodies—for which conjunction the Creator previously so adapted the original atoms to fit them for the development of animal life*. It has been shown that in all these cases only *simple forms* have been spontaneously produced—and we find, in the history of creation, recorded in Geology, that the *simplest forms first appeared*. Then comes the question,—How did the higher and more perfect animals and plants come upon the scene? By distinct and separate creations?—or—Improved states of atmosphere and light, and food—the necessity for different *habitats* even now, in a *very short period*, make important alterations in the character and outward appearance of animals.—What must have been the magnitude of these effects acting through thousands of centuries? And are we not justified in concluding *rather* that some of the fish species have been developed into land-breathing reptiles, through a gradual and imperceptible progress, and the intermarriage of the more highly developed species, whose progeny retained permanently the peculiarities of both the parents; and that after the same manner, step by step, the higher animals have been produced, and by intermarriage have been rendered permanent? There are *only two* theories on the question of the origin of animal life, and the different forms of animals we see upon the earth—the one is that of *development*, the other, that of a *separated creative fiat* for each separate species and variety of animals.—The latter can be shown to be improbable, and further, unworthy of the wisdom which must be ascribed to the CREATOR of all things.

The different species of cephalopods—for example—are divided only by the different markings on their shells,—and shall we consider that a separate fiat of creation was necessary to wrinkle the shells of the cephalopods?—or more rationally suppose, as there is evidence to show, that these external changes result from the *disturbance of*

circumstances to which the animals were exposed. But these marks upon the shells—this simple wrinkling is a more decisive mark of difference than divides the animal from the vegetable kingdom !

This development, of *more* perfect from *less* perfect forms, is daily going on before our eyes in both the animal and the vegetable kingdoms. Circumstances and education at last produce permanent peculiarities in dogs and birds, cats and horses ; at the same time cultivation has added a crowd of infinite varieties to the vegetable kingdom. The spores of the lichen produce one species in one condition of moisture, and a totally different species in another ; nay more, the spores (seed) may be made to produce a fungus, a sea-weed, or a lichen, by altering the agencies to which they are exposed at will ! Algae are aquatics—Lichens and fungi are land growth ; but fungi will develop in water when they assume the form of algae. The cowslip, primrose, oxlip, and polyanthus, are producible from the same seed under different conditions—and the clove, the pink, and the carnation, are the effects of cultivation of the wild *Dianthus*. The potatoe, in an uncultivated state, is without its tubers ; and the artichoke of the garden becomes the common cardoon thistle, from which it originated, if neglected and allowed so to degenerate.

It is now fully ascertained that the various bread-forming grains, wheat, barley, oats, and rye, are all capable of being changed into each other—that they are all virtually the same. If wheat be sown in June, and mown down so as not to be allowed to come to ear till the next season, the product will cease to be wheat wholly, but will consist, for the most part, of rye and other cereals. Oats have been in the same mode transformed into rye, barley, and even wheat. The different kinds of cabbage, savoy, brocoli, and cauliflower, are all one plant, changed by circumstances and cultivation, viz., the brassica oleracea, which grows upon our sea-shores. These facts demonstrate the *probability*, at least, of the development theory, and show the absurdity of the belief that a new creative fiat was necessary for each different kind of plant. In the animal kingdom we have fewer *observed* facts ; but there are sufficient for every unprejudiced mind. The moluscous animals, belonging to the fresh water species, if exposed to brackish water, assume the characters of the marine animals, and manifest most important changes of form, &c., much greater than is usually sufficient, with naturalists, to constitute a distinction of tribe or family. The stomach of the common trout, in the lakes of Galway, by peculiar circumstances, has become as thick as the gizzard of the bird. The domesticated pig is a permanent variety of the wild boar—and the dog results from the education and domestication of the wolf. If these changes can be produced *in a very short time*, it may be safely argued that much greater changes would be detected if the range of our experience was widened, especially since the history of the world, and our notions of the dignity of the creator, allow us to account for these results in no other manner. Although we advance amongst the stars at the rate of two millions of millions of miles in the year, it would take ninety millions of years for us to pass through the whole—and *ages must pass before we perceive a change*. Even thus with the developments in the animal and vegetable kingdom.—How vast may not be the changes in cycles of ages, like those which have already occurred in the world's history !

The whole of the animal creation is so linked together that it is impossible to say where one species ends and another begins, and this seems to confirm the idea of their common origin. The higher animals are only improvements on the lower—that is they are in fact advanced forms of the same beings ; and in conformity with this gradation of forms is the succession of animals as recorded in geology. All these things point to the natural origin of species. "Surely when, in addition to this, we learn that life is now believed, by men of science, to spring occasionally, even now, from inorganic elements—when we find that, moreover, it is generally admitted to be in itself a simply natural phenomenon, we cannot but say that at least VESTIGES have been seen of the natural ordinances and arrangements by which the Almighty Father caused this and other globes to be overspread with the many creatures whose perfection is his praise."

No such weight of argument has been adduced on the opposite side of the question—but like all other new doctrines, it has been met by ridicule on the one hand and by the cry of infidelity on the other. *Neither have disproved or shaken it any more than the persecution of Harvey prevented the circulation of the blood at last being received as truth.* Every new discovery has been met in this manner by certain persons.

Until better arguments are adduced against it, the theory of PROGRESSIVE DEVELOPMENT must be considered as the true explanation of the origin of organic nature. "But the idea that any of the lower animals have been in any way concerned with the origin of man, is not this degrading?" Degrading is a term expressive of a notion of the human mind, and the human mind is liable to prejudices which prevent its notions from being invariably correct. Were we acquainted for the first time with the circumstances attending the production of an individual of our race, we might equally think them degrading, and be eager to deny them, and exclude them from the admitted truths of nature. Knowing this fact familiarly, and beyond contradiction, a healthy and natural mind finds no difficulty in regarding it complacently, so also on becoming aware of the genetic history of our species, we might expect a rational and well-ordered mind to receive the idea with submission, as a view of the manner in which divine providence has been pleased in this instance to work. The feeling due to early generations is the half-pitying benevolence which we daily bestow upon childhood. It follows that the still earlier generations, antecedent to the perfection of the human type, ought to be regarded with an extension of the same feeling—the modification of it which humane natures daily exemplify in their treatment of the inferior animals. Our children, it may be said, are the representatives of the first simple and impulsive men of the earth; the lower animals represent the earlier pre-human stages of life. The right conception of the case is that in these stages we are not to look for what is venerable, but, on the contrary, for what is humble and elementary. A deep moral principle seems involved in the history of the origin of man. He is the undoubted chief of all creatures, and, as such, may well have a character and dexterity, in some respects, peculiar and far exalted above the rest; but it appears that his relation to them is, after all, one of *kindred*. Along with his authority over them, he hears from nature an obligation to abstain from wantonly injuring them; and, as far as possible, to cherish and protect them. We do not sufficiently reflect on the respectable qualities of the lower animals. But we must go to the dog for a type of the virtue of fidelity, and to the bee for industry. The parental affection of many animals is not below if it is not considerably above, that of human mothers. Man nowhere exemplifies the virtue of patience in the practical perfection in which we see it in the horse, and many other creatures which become the slaves of his convenience. No where does he display that perfect moderation in wants. Alas! for man's boasted superiority—in how many respects does it fail, beside the unassuming merits of the mere commonality of nature!"

There no reason why we should not regard man as being especially (in accordance with his position as the head or chief of all animals) endowed with an immortal spirit, at the same time that his ordinary manifestations of mind are looked upon as simple phenomena, resulting from organization, *those of the lower animals being precisely the same in character though developed in narrower limits*. The irregularity of mental phenomena is only in appearance; for, when we take the mass instead of the individual, there is quite as much uniformity in these manifestations as in other natural phenomena. For instances. The weather is proverbially uncertain—but "the rain which falls in any particular place in any five years is precisely the same as the quantity which falls in any other five years at the same place." It is absolutely impossible to predict of any one Frenchman that during the next year he will commit a crime, but it is *absolutely certain* that one in every six hundred and fifty of the French people will do so—the temptations to crime being everywhere invariable over a sufficiently wide range of time. Mistakes and oversights and accidents are of regular occurrence, for it is found, in the post-offices of large cities, that the number of letters put in without addresses is year by year the same.

Among clerks, during a series of years, one in 500 per annum is found to be dishonest, when a vast number are the subjects of examination—and so the most irregular and accidental circumstances are really found to be subject to rules and limits. This regularity of moral affairs fully proves their being under some fixed law. *Man is an enigma only as an individual; in the mass he is a mathematical problem*. Mental phenomena must henceforth be examined as other natural things and lose their metaphysical character; the distinction between physical and moral is annulled. Mind in Man is dependent upon his brain, and its manifestations are as obedient to law as all other organic phenomena. Mind in animals is furnished to them in varied proportions, according to their special necessities and the demands of their several relations to

things about them. The state of the nervous system exactly corresponds to the mental powers of the animal. There is unity however throughout ; the plan is every where the same. From the first simple traces of nervous filaments, in the lowest and most simple forms, to the completed form of brain and spinal cord in the vertebrated animals and Man—the chain is every where complete. The brain of the vertebra is merely an expansion of the anterior ganglia of the articulates—the superior organ of the former appearing only a further development of the inferior organ of the latter.

There is every reason then to believe that the mind of man is constituted upon the same plan as is that of animals, and the *only* difference consists in its superiority. The difference is only in degree, and is not greater than that which exists between the infant and adult human creature. There is no specific difference. We see animals capable of affection, jealousy and envy ; they are liable to flattery, inflated with pride, dejected by shame ; they are tender to their young as human parents, and as faithful to their trust as the most confidential servants. The Horse remembers his accustomed roads and his master's houses of call, learns the laws of driving, shows attachment and gratitude to those by whom he is well treated, joins in the spirit of the chase as warmly as his rider, and is startled by marvellous and unexpected objects as a man is and manifests surprise as distinctly. The Dog has a tenacious memory, and adds to all the mental qualities which we discover in the horse others which are more unexpected—for he proves himself possessed of fancy and imagination, *for he dreams*. Cats shut up in rooms will endeavour to obtain their liberation by pulling a latch or ringing a bell. The members of a rookery have often been observed to take turns in supplying the needs of a family reduced to orphanhood. All these are acts of reason and in no respect differ from similar acts of men. *Instinct is only another term for mind ; it is mind in a lower stage of DEVELOPMENT.*

The lower animals manifested mental phenomena long before man existed. "While as yet there was no brain capable of working out a mathematical problem, the economy of the six-sided figure was exemplified by the instincts of the bee. The Dog and Elephant pre-figured the sagacity of Man. The peacock strutted, the turkey blustered, and the cock fought for victory just as human beings afterwards did and still do. Our faculty of imitation, on which so much of our amusement depends, was exercised by themocking-bird ; and the whole tribe of monkeys must have walked about the pre-human world, playing off those tricks in which we see the comicality and mischief-making of our characters so curiously exaggerated." *Instinct and reason differ only in degree : all faculties are instinctive.* The grades of mind, like the forms of being, are mere stages of development. But while by this relationship—this identity of our mental organization—Humanity claims kindred with the lowest animals—Man is at the same time strikingly distinguished by his great advance in development. He has *veneration* prompting him to worship ; *hope*, which carries his thoughts beyond the bounds of time ; *conscientiousness*, which teaches the beauty of rectitude ; and *benevolence*, which teaches him to imitate, in some faint and humble measure, the most lovely attributes of his Almighty Father. Shall we say then that this theory gives man an unworthy position ! No. While on the one hand it shows him his humble origin, it shews him on the other his superiority over all created things ; and while, also, it shows the utmost perfections of his organization typified in the lower animals which went before him, it shows him at the same time that "the face of God is reflected in the organization of man, as a little pool reflects the glorious sun. It points to a state of intimate relation of individuals towards society, towards the external world and towards things above this world. *No individual is integral or independent ; he is only part of an extensive piece of social mechanism.*

Thus the whole of creation is complete on one principle. The masses of space are formed by law ; law makes them in due time the theatres of existence for plants and animals ; sensation, disposition, and intellect, are all in like manner developed and sustained in action by LAW. The inorganic kingdom of nature has *one* final and comprehensive law—GRAVITATION ; the other great department of mundane things, rests in like manner upon *another* and that is DEVELOPEMENT. Peradventure some mysterious connexion or relationship may be discovered to exist between these two—there may a time come when "these shall not be all twain, but only branches of one still more comprehensive law, the expression of a unity flowing immediately from the ONE who is FI ST an LAST."

The reviewer here concludes his notice of this remarkable book, which has caused a sensation unequalled by any publication which has issued from the press for many years. The statements which appear at first sight so startling are calmly urged, and supported by an array of *facts* which cannot be gainsayed ; and the book is written in a spirit of candour and moderation which is sorely lacked by many of its reviewers, who, valiant for their pre-conceived opinions, have precipitately and apparently without more than cursory observation, condemned a theory upon the sole grounds that it did not agree with their ideas, and their system of religion.

FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship, soul of all our joys,
Fountain of our earthly bliss ;
Thine it is to share our sighs ;
Thine to comfort in distress.

Thine to smile, when others scorn,
Thine when sickness blasts to cheer ;
Thine to weep with those who mourn ;
Thine to dry the falling tear.

Thine to soothe the hour of grief ;
Thine true sympathy to show ;
Thine the power to give relief ;
Thine to raise the low'ring brow.

Thine to watch the wasting form ;
Thine to smooth the dying bed ;
Thine to weep when sorrow's storm
Lou'rs around the loved one's head.

Hulme, April 11, 1848.

M. W.

LINES TO AN ABSENT FRIEND,

BY THE EDITOR.

Each book I take, each silent song,
Each place I haunt still speaks of thee,
In Memory's garner, treasured long,
Absent thou art not—cannot be !
Each crystal wave, with snowy crest,
That whispers all transparency,—
The tints that fire the glowing west,
And paint the clouds ere twilight die,—
Each violet-bank—each peeping bud,
That we have often loved to see—
The willow bending o'er the flood—
In speechless music tells of thee !
And, as the summer passes on,
As buds to blossoms changed shall be,
When flowers of spring shall all be gone,
“Forget-me-nots” shall speak of thee !
Thus shall each passing season bring
Remembrance of sweet bye-gone hours,
As new endearments still shall spring,
And Friendship find a tongue in flowers !

April 17, 1848.

TO M. J.

Where do I *see* thee not ! When night has spread
 Her dewy cloak, and closed each eye,
 Thy form will come and soft upbraid
 Smiling until I wish to die !

Where do I *hear* thee not ! In every sound
 When solitude has welcomed me—
 The very winds, which sigh around,
 Recal thy voice's harmony.

My thoughts are thine, thū thou art gone,
 My heart is with thee in the grave,
 Quenched is the light from thee that shone,
 And with it all the joy it gave.

J. BAXTER LANGLEY.

SONNETS.

BY THOMAS WINN HOLME.

Wisdom is with the dead ! We may not know
 The secrets of our life, till death reveals
 Its mysteries. Humanity conceals
 The beauty of the spirit-flowers, which blow
 And blossom in the heart. The overthrow
 Of our world-built Babel comes. The appeal
 To man-coined knowledge proveth vain ; we feel
 Its impotence, as pure our spirits grow.
 And in our youth we ever wander on
 In search of happiness already found ;
 But know it not until its sun is gone,
 And manhood throws a deeper shadow round ;
 When riper years show that those hours have shone,
 In pictures sweet, through memory's hallowed ground.

Heaven is within us ; Hell at our command ;
 And all the sorrows that around us creep,
 Are but the fruits from seeds by our own hand,
 Which a strong mind would from it instant sweep,
 And beauty only in remembrance keep.
 For woes are useless tombs, that round us stand,
 Raised by ourselves, upon else Fairy-land,
 Which cause our eyes through life to constant weep.
 Then ever move in hopefulness, and live,
 As though the present were thy paradise,
 And to thyself and others always give
 Glad words instead of ever-streaming eyes.
 And look thou still before, where beauty lies ;
 Then, memory to the Past in gladness only flies

CHILDHOOD,

BY THE EDITOR.

Oh Childhood ! when we call thee back again
 But for a glance, amidst the care and pain
 That mark the later moments of our life,
 How with bright smiles thou seemest to be rife !
 Like April days,—alternate sun and showers,
 With grief—like clouds—to dim thy rosy hours :
 As in the spring-tide, when the happy earth
 Rejoices in its verdure's glorious birth ;
 The sunshine of thy joy gilds all thy tears
 And gives a rainbow to our after years—
 A shining pledge to light our onward way—
 A presage full of hope for that bright day,
 When, from this scene of yet imperfect light,
 We pass to one shall dazzle earthly sight ;
 And re-born souls shall find a second youth
 In the bright realms of FRIENDSHIP, LOVE and TRUTH.

The happiness of purity is thine ; sweet type of angel thou,
 So fresh from GOD, the light of Heaven still lingers on thy brow !
 Who, as he sits alone, can check the wayward sigh,
 For happiness and innocence in days gone by !
 Each word of kindness, under-valued then,
 The heart's response—we never know again.
 Amidst the world, the harsh and busy throng,
 We lose the murmurs of that pleasant song,
 Which, like the music in the sea-shell's cave,
 For ever whispers of its long-lost wave !

Childhood ! sweet time ! so pure and fancy free—
 How many hopes are concentrate in thee !
 How visions of the *future* crowd the sight,
 Tinged with a father's hope and seen by love's own light.
 But fancies of the *past*, too, dimly rise,
 Where'er we look upon thy heaven-lit eyes :
 Of that bright spirit-land where thou didst dwell,
 Canst thou not speak ?—its gorgeous beauty tell ?
 Ah ! couldst thou say what wonders thou hast seen !
 What hast thou heard ?—Whence comest ?—Where has't been,
 In other scenes a trial-life was there,
 Before thine advent to this earthly sphere ?
 Ere yet forgotten is that earlier star,
 (In which—so dreamy Platonists declare
 Thy spirit dwelt) oh ! speak, and number o'er
 The beauties of that undiscovered shore !
 Thy loves ?—Thou joins't them, perchance, in sleep ;
 For smiles in slumber beautify thy lip,
 And rapturous whispers linger on thy tongue,
 Like fragments of some half-forgotten song.
 Thou canst not tell ?—Ah, 'tis not given below
 To learn from whence we came or whither go ;
 But childhood hints to us the fancied past,
 And hopes of childhood cheer us to the last ;
 For, when we leave this wilderness on Earth
 Faith promises NEW CHILDHOOD—SECOND BIRT .

A BIRTH-DAY ODE.

BY THE EDITOR.

Oh, in May, of all beautiful months in the year,
 The spring-flowers most blooming are seen ;
 And the riches of Nature around us appear :
 Fit month for the birth of their Queen !

When the sunlight was brightest, and happiest birds
 Their songs poured from every tree,
 The leaflets and balm-breathing zephyrs made words,
 That welcomed—when light fell on—thee !

May the sun-light of joy ever brightly shine down,
 And jewel with flowers thy way ;
 May birds, with soul-melodies, still warble on
 Thro' thy life, like a long summer's day !

And if breezes too merrily play round the flowers,
 And cause the fair petals to sever,
 'Tis an omen of good—for thus shall thy hours
 With roses be sprinkled for ever !

ON THE DEATH OF THE WEAVER POET, WILLIAM THOM,
OF INVERARY.

Another branch has withered and is lost to the glorious "Tree of Literature !" How sad is the reflection, that Genius however bright, in these days of brotherhood must perish through actual want ! This may be thought improbable, yet it is, alas ! too true. Scotland has seen a second Burns ; and again let him perish. That lean, hungry monster, starvation, has again claimed a Poet as a sacrifice. This is in Britain !

Oh, men, where are your hearts ! Oh, age where is thy shame ! Whilst Lords and Ministers are revelling in their thousands—the Princes of Knowledge, of Truth, of Beauty, and of Wisdom are left to perish in their miserable hovels.

I can only see one way of avoiding a repetition of such a fate, as poor Thom's ; that is, that all Literary men join in one band of brotherhood ; something similar to the Theatrical Fund, now in existence. I believe until something of the sort is done, we shall lose many a bright flower, ere it attains its natural growth. On the Continent, the literati, are received, and acknowledged, amongst the highest classes ; the fact, of a man being a writer is a sufficient passport to the most fashionable circles. Rank and eminence are open to all who act honourably. At home *here* the case far different, a man must be a Hercules indeed, to be noticed, until want hath claimed him for a victim, after which his suffering family may be held up as objects of commiseration to some more fortunate sojourner in this vale of tears. The finger of scorn, may be indeed and with justice is pointed at us, and foreigners may ask, (and it is a sore question doubtless to some) what our rulers are about, why such enormous sums are annually expended in such senseless extravagance whilst poets and men of science are left to their miserable, cheerless, homes, there to pine and die ! Justly and proudly may the Frenchmen boast of the fostering protection lent by their government to men of Letters, of all grades. It is a stain on the annals of English Literature, that its government abandons her best children too often to drag on a weary and miserable existence for a few years—then to die in the very depths of poverty, unthanked, uncared for and forgotten.

R. H. HUTCHINS.

EMANCIPATE THE SHOPMAN.

BY "YOUNG MANCHESTER."

“I stand
Before thee for the lives of thousands,

**Who perish not alone, but in their fall
Break the far-spreading tendrils that they feed,
And leave them nurtureless"**

Talfourd's "Ion," Act II. Scene I.

OUR lot has fallen in stirring times. Great questions have to be discussed ; great designs contrived ; great deeds executed. All ranks of society, from the highest to the lowest, are agitated by the din of strife and the anticipations of victory. The Divine and the Statesman—the Physician and the Man of Science—the Manufacturer and the Agriculturist—the Artisan and the Labourer, are all at work in different ways, but all working for the same end—Social Improvement. One seeks to raise the physical condition of the people, by introducing among them better sanitary regulations, and surrounding them with additional and superior pleasures : another would strengthen the intellectual life by education, which shall be sound and suitable, and accessible to all : a third aims at moral reformation ; and a fourth at disseminating the knowledge, and enforcing the practice of the solemn duties of Religion.

Now the cause which is here urged upon public attention, combines all these several objects, and therefore claims with multiplied force the strenuous support of every individual of each class. It comes forward unaided by the illustration of great names, or the influence of high associations : it appeals with the simple earnestness of truth to all who have hearts to feel, and hands to help, in behalf of a suffering and meritorious class in society. And the question which it puts is one that cannot and must not be treated lightly. The health, the comfort, the usefulness in this world, and blessedness in the next, of hundreds and thousands of living men and women, are considerations which none but the criminally heedless or the wilfully wicked can or dare be indifferent to.

The appeal is made to you : to you—the Public, whose patronage confers prosperity, whose disapprobation entails ruin, and whose help is never denied to a righteous cause. On that help we rely. Our object is one which you alone have the power effectually to promote, and it is both your interest and your duty to exert that power.

Let us first, however, take a view of what is demanded of us. Among the vast population of these great towns, there are hundreds of persons, of both sexes, whom the necessities of the community provide with employment in shops. These persons, whether male or female, must necessarily have received a fair amount of education in order to fit them for the situations they fill. They are (many of them at least) the children of parents in sufficiently good circumstances to have been able to pay apprenticeship fees with them, sometimes to a handsome amount. Now, whenever we can reckon upon the possession of these two advantages—a comfortable home, and a fair education—we may reasonably infer a greater or less degree of sensitiveness of feeling, a capacity for intellectual improvement, and a zest for domestic happiness. These are dispositions which if discreetly indulged produce the highest pleasures, as, where thwarted or abused, they prove the greatest curses to their possessors. Further, in the course of their occupations, the class whose claims we advocate, are brought under the direct influence of another powerful agent in mental cultivation—that of contact with persons (their customers) in nearly every rank of life. By this means a great insight is furnished into the varieties of human character and condition, as well as into the state of prevailing opinions and manners. By casual remark, or lengthened conversation, the actual experiences of different individuals and classes may be laid open, and a vast amount of information gained, which to any one disposed to use it and to profit by it, may prove very valuable. Even when this disposition is wanting, (and the measure we are striving for may develop it in many persons in whom it now exists but weakly,) the very fact of a man's being brought under these influences, has a general effect: for in every case it softens asperities of disposition, rounds off awkwardness of manners, and keeps him up to the general level of the changing modes, and the advancing intelligence of his own times.

Such are the materials upon which this movement has to work. Thousands of men and women look to you that with these dispositions and advantages—these susceptibilities of goodness and of happiness, they may be made happier and better members of society. This may be done, and it is for you to do it. And in doing so, you will not only accomplish a positive good, but remedy a positive evil. For inasmuch as the qualifications we have named, may be made sources of happiness, when rightly used, so may they by perversion and abuse welcome the bitter springs of vice and misery. And so it is at present; nor, however we may deplore, can we at all wonder at the consequences, when we have made ourselves familiar with all the bearings of the case. For true it is:—

—Our life is turned
Out of her course, whenever Man is made
An offering, or a sacrifice, a tool,
Or implement, a passive Thing employed
As a brute mean, without acknowledgment
Of common right or interest in the end:
Used or abused, as selfishness may prompt.
Say, what can follow for a rational Soul
Perverted thus, but weakness in all good
And strength in evil?

Wordsworth—"The Excursion."

The evils which arise from the custom of keeping shops open until a late hour, may be classed generally under four heads:—

- I.—Physical Debility,
- II.—Mental Barrenness.
- III.—Moral Deterioration.
- IV.—Spiritual Destitution.

I.—PHYSICAL DEBILITY is obviously the result of breathing an atmosphere, close, confined, and adulterated by dust and the fumes of gas,—of occupying with scarcely any interruption a standing or a walking position, the former being that which above all others is most fatiguing, and exhaustive of the strength; and of being through the whole six working days engaged in the unvarying round of business, without any interval, except that smallest possible space required for indispensable refreshment and repose.

II.—MENTAL BARRENNESS is another sad consequence. And how can it be otherwise! Long confinement both excludes all opportunity for mental cultivation, and so exhausts the strength as to leave no inclination for it. This is the more to be regretted, as we have seen that the parties interested are persons of sufficient education to be able to participate in those high delights which intellectual pursuits so richly afford to such as love to explore the treasures which lie hidden there. And who, having tasted these, does not lament that they should be lost to others so capable of appreciating and so anxious to enjoy them? Who knows, but there may be amongst the crowd of these young and energetic men, many a heart "pregnant with celestial fire," which only wants due preparation and opportunity for display, in order to burst forth in blazing beams which shall irradiate the world! O who can tell, but there may be among them, some, aye many, gifted with the skill to "wake to ecstasy the living lyre," or make the silent page eloquent with the sublime utterances of wisdom? In such a rank of life as theirs, or near akin thereto, was Shakspeare born, and Johnson, and Southey; and so was that other shopkeeper's son, who became one of the brightest ornaments of the English Church and Nation, and the ablest defender of the Christian Religion—Bishop Butler,—the immortal author of the "Analogy"? And if there be, perchance, such men as these, in that vast body which now sues to you for help—and who shall say that there are not!—and if there be, within the breasts of some among them, such spirits as can suffer and can dare; or stoop to gentle offices, or rise to high achievements; melt at the call of pity, or fire with valour at the summons to the battle which we all must wage: if there be hearts so fitted

"To grapple with the miseries of this time,"

surely the consideration of such results as we have glanced at, if only viewed as of the remotest possibility, are sufficient to animate your zeal, and spur on your energies, in the pursuit of an end capable of affording such blessings.

III.—MORAL DETERIORATION is another pernicious consequence of the system we wish to reform. This naturally follows from mixing always in the same society, whether it be congenial or not,—from having no recreating pursuits, no social or domestic pleasures, no cheering Future to look forward to, only the weary and distasteful Present, in which they lead a merely animal existence, which possesses no pleasures but those which minister to the gratification of the animal appetites. It is a fact, which we challenge any one to dispute, that when young men are thrown into the constant society of companions whom they have not chosen, they make one another worse, weakening each other's lingering virtues, and strengthening each other's growing vices, unless they have the means of counteracting these injurious influences by those of congenial society, or, better still, of Home. And it is another fact, that no man can live a life of unbroken and incessant labour. He *must* have some pleasures—some recreations. If those which are worthy, pure, and laudable, are accessible to him, so much the better; if not, he will fly to those which are *impure* and *unworthy*; if his better self—his moral and intellectual being is denied the high enjoyments appropriate to its capabilities, his baser part will wallow in other pleasures, at once degrading, vicious, and sinful.

IV.—The fact must be self-evident that whenever these conditions exist, any sense of Religion is not to be looked for, and indeed the SPIRITUAL DESTITUTION of the whole class, is, with some shining exceptions, very sad indeed.

Such are the evils you are now called upon to remedy. You have the Power to do so; and the exercise of this power is in accordance with your own interest, and the strongest dictates of duty. You may do it easily, yet most effectually. In only three ways can it be done at all. One is by Legislative enactment, another by private compact among the proprietors of shops; and the third, by the public. The first is not likely to be tried, and if it were, could only be partially successful, for whenever the interest of the purchaser and of the seller, were united in opposition to the Law, it would be broken without much fear of consequences. The second plan could only succeed if every individual member of each trade agreed with the rest. But entire unanimity among large bodies of men is rarely found, especially when self-interest has such a direct influence upon the question as here. One dissident could defeat the efforts of a whole neighbourhood, and so there would be small hopes of success from that plan. The public alone can do what neither of the former have power or will to do. You, the public, by a little exertion and self-denial, may make it unnecessary to keep open the shops beyond a certain hour, and then, as the burning of gas is both expensive and dangerous, besides being in many cases destructive of the colours, if not also injurious to the fabrics of some articles kept for sale, considerations of economy would prevail where the dictates of humanity were unheeded, and the work would be accomplished.

Let it be remembered too that much has been done already. The subject is not now started for the first time. It has been before the world for several years, and has been generously, zealously, and ably supported. The assistants are unanimous in asking for it, and many of their employers—the most opulent and influential amongst them—are in favour of granting the boon. They are willing to lead the way, but are checked and thwarted by others who are behind them both in influence and generosity.

Here therefore the appeal is made to step in between the disputants, —to encourage and support those who are anxious to do right,—to frown the malcontents into submission,—to help us to complete the conquest,—and to share with us the victory. To this you are urged by the considerations of your own INTEREST, as well as by the imperative commands of DUTY. In truth, the two can never be dissociated, for whatever is a man's duty, is his true interest; and that which lies beyond the sphere of his own proper duty is not to his real interest, however speciously it may appear to be so. But it is plainly your *interest* to have these men and women good, and happy, and useful members of society, and it is your *duty* to make them so. It is undeniably your *interest* that, along with the rest of the surrounding population, these sickly occupants of unhealthy shops, should be healthy, robust and cheerful; and it is your *duty* for this purpose to gain them some respite from too laborious employments, that the book of Nature may no longer be a sealed book to them, its myriad wonders and beauties unvalued and unknown. It is your *interest* that the powers which God has given them should neither rust in a guilty inaction, nor rot in

degrading sensuality, nor be perverted to purposes of mischief and wickedness ; and it is your *duty*—your solemn bounden duty to avert this, to give these heaven-born powers a heavenward purpose, and so to help on that blessed epoch to which the spirit loves to look through all the clouds that lower upon the Present,—to hasten that happy Future when more shall see that their best interest is served by doing their duty, and spending their strength in making God's will to be done on earth as it is in heaven.

Turn not away from this appeal. Listen to it ; hold it ; act upon it. Life consists of many more things than to eat and drink, and to-morrow die. Give these people opportunity to enjoy Life's pleasures, to fit themselves for its important duties, to discharge its awful responsibilities. Give them (in Lord Ashley's emphatic words,) "a time to live and a time to die."

But though this be your interest, do not act from so low a motive. Obey the nobler impulse. Do it because it is just ; because it is right ; because it is YOUR DUTY. Then trust the issue, assured that it will be such as shall abundantly reward you.

THE FAIRY MYTHOLOGY OF ENGLAND.

BY W. COOKE STAFFORD.

"THE Fairies"—beautiful creations of the olden time—when imagination peopled earth and air, hill and dale, land and water, with bright intelligences, whose business it was to watch over favoured mortals, and to counteract the dark spells of the evil genii, with which, according to popular tradition, creation termed—where are ye now ? A modern poet tells us—

The enchantments, the delights, the visions all—
Ye are flown,
Beautiful fictions of our fathers, wove
In Superstition's web, when Time was young,
And fondly loved and cherish'd—ye are flown
Before the wand of science ! Hills and vales,
Mountains and moorlands—ye have lost
The elfin visions that so blest the sight
In the past days romantic. Nought is heard
Now in the leafy world but earthly strains,
Voices yet sweet, of breeze, of birds, and brook,
And waterfall : the day is silent else,
And night is strangely mute ! *

Shall we recall a few of these traditions, and record some traits of the ancient people's belief ? The task is a pleasant one, let us essay it.

The popular faith in fairies has existed in England for ages ; and they are, by far, the most interesting of all the mythological personages, a belief in which was once an article in every popular creed. Chaucer tells us, that in the days of King Arthur—

The Elf-Queen, with her jolly company,
Danced full oft in many a green mead.

And some trace the opinions relative to fairies to the traditions derived from the druidical superstitions. That the aboriginal Britons believed in fairies appears highly probable, from the similarity of features which is observable between the sprites of England and those of Wales and Ireland. But whether they did or not, "our Saxon ancestors," as Dr. Percy observes, "long before they left their German forests, believed in the existence of a kind of diminutive demon, or middle species between men and spirits, whom they called Dwerger or dwarfs." They attributed many wonderful properties to these dwarfs, which were common to all the Teutonic tribes under different names. In the *Edda* (Scandinavian mythology), we find the words *Alfa*, and *Elves* used for the whole tribe of fairyland.

On the name elves, Sir Walter Scott remarks, that "it is of Gothic origin, and probably signified simply a spirit of the lower order. Thus the Saxons had not only *dun-elfin*, *berg-elfin*, and *muni-elfin*, spirits of the downs, hills, and mountains, but also *feld-elfin*, *woden-elfin*, *sas-elfin*, and *water-elfin*, spirits of the fields, of the woods, of the seas, and of the waters."

* Carrington's *Dartmoor*.

As the Celts, the Danes, the Goths, and the Normans, contributed to people England, so its fairy mythology partakes of some of the distinctive features of the creeds of each of those people; and the severer portions of their belief will be found ameliorated by the admixture of Oriental and classical superstitions: for the fairies of England possess some of the qualities of the *dvergars* of Scandinavia, the *peris* of Persia, and of the sylvan deities of classic mythology.

The fairies, seem, like mankind, to have been divided into classes: they had their King Oberon; and their Queen Titania and Mab, with their attendants and guards of honour.† These were spirits of the nobler kind, who floated in air, and loved as old Lilly tells us, "the southern side of hills, mountains, and groves." They protected those mortals they favoured, and brought good luck to the houses they patronised. Their dwelling was in "a curious park, paled round about with pick-teeth; a house made all with mother-of-pearl; an ivory tennis-court; a nutmeg parlour; a sapphire dairy-room; a ginger hall; chambers of agate; kitchens all of chrystal; the jacks being gold, the spits of Spanish needles."* Ants, flies' eggs, fleas' thighs in scollops, butterflies' brains dissolved in dew, with glow-worms' hearts, and sucking mites, formed their food; and at night they assembled

On hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By paved fountain, or by rusky brook,
Or on the beached margin of the sea,
To dance their ringlets to the whistling wind.

They loved to sport in the moon-beams; and revelled in the luxury of a fine atmosphere, when the heavens were thick-set with diamonds in the shape of stars. Then

There pigmy king and little fairy queen
In circling dances gambolled on the green,
While tuneful sprites a merry concert made,
And airy music warbled though the shade.*

In their dances they left traces behind them, which were of a circular shape, and are known by the name of "Fairy Rings." These rings were considered charmed spots. No one was found hardy enough to step within them, as, by so doing, the fairies obtained power over him; and the maidens, when gathering May-dew for a cosmetic, always left what they saw upon the fairy rings, lest the sprites should, out of revenge for their taking it, spoil their beauty.

Another class of fairies were an industrious useful race. "They have in England," says Gervase, of Tilbury, in his *Otia Imperiale*, "certain demons, though I know not whether I should call them demons, or figures of secret and unknown generation." * * * It is their nature to embrace the simple life of comfortable farmers; and when, on account of their domestic work, they are sitting up at night, when the doors are shut, they warm themselves at the fire, and take little frogs out of their bosoms, roast them on the coals and eat them. They have the countenances of old men, with wrinkled cheeks, and they are of a very small stature, not being quite half an inch high. They wear little patched coats, and if anything is to be carried in the house, or any laborious work to be done, they lend a hand, and finish sooner than any man would. It is their nature to have the power to serve, and not to injure; they have, however, one little mode of annoying: When in the uncertain shades of night, the English are riding anywhere alone, the Portune (so old Gervase terms the fairy) sometimes invisibly joins the horseman; and when he has accompanied him a good while he at last takes the reins, and leads the horse into a neighbouring slough; when the animal is fixed and floundering in the mire, off goes the Portune with a loud laugh, and by sport of this kind he mocks the simplicity of mankind."

John Heywood is less scrupulous than Gervase; he does not hesitate to class the fairies with demons; he says:—

In John Millestus any man may read
Of devils in Sarmatia honoured,
Call'd Kotri, or Kobaldi, such as we
Fugs and hobgoblins call; their dwellings be
In corners of old houses least frequented,
Or beneath stacks of wood; and these convented
Make fearful noise in buttries and in dairies;

† Chaucer calls Pluto and Proserpine the King and Queen of the Fairies.

* Randolph's *Amyntas, or the Impossible Dairys*.

† Pope's *January and May*.

Robin Goodfellowa some, some call them fairies;
 In solitary rooms these uproars keep.
 And beat at doors to wake men from their sleep,
 Seeming to force locks, be they ne'er so strong,
 And keeping Christmas gambols all night long.

Robin Goodfellow is the most individualised of the fairies, if we except perhaps Queen Mab, who is immortalised by Shakspeare's description of her, with which all our readers must be so familiar, that it is unnecessary to quote it. Ben Johnson also enumerates the qualities of Mab, in a passage which is not so well known.

This is Mab, the mistress fairy,
 That does nightly rob the dairy;
 And she can hurt, or help the churning.
 As she please, without discerning.
 She that pinches country wenches,
 If they rub not clean their benches,
 And with sharper nail remembers
 When they rake not up their embers.
 But if so, they chance to feast her,
 In a shoe she drops a tester;
 This is she that empties cradles,
 Takes out children, puts in ladies,
 Trains forth midwives in her slumber,
 With a sieve the holes to number,
 And then leads them from their burrows,
 Home, through ponds and water-furrows.
 She can start our Franklin's daughters,
 In their sleep, with shouts and laughters;
 And on sweet St. Anna's night,
 Feed them with a promised sight,
 Some of husbands, some of lovers,
 Which an empty dream discovers.*

Such is Mab; who

Plaits the manes of horses in the night,
 And bakes the elf-locks, in foul clottish hairs,
 Which, once entangled, foul misfortune bodes†

She may be considered the Queen of those dark spirits, who can only frequent the "glimpses of the moon!" while the fair and gentle Titania reigns over those superior intelligences, to whom day and night are alike—and who, being

Spirits of another sort,
 Have with the morning's love full oft made sport,
 And like gay foresters the wild groves tread,
 Even till the eastern gate all fiery red.
 Opening on Neptune, with full-blessed beams.
 Turns into yellow gold, his salt green streams†

Robin Goodfellow was a merry sprite, with a spice of devilry in his composition. He delighted in playing tricks—practical jokes—upon travellers and others, whom he would deceive by various protean transformations; at the same time, he would assist the servants in their household drudgery: but for such services he required to be rewarded. Reginald Scott says—"Indeed, your grandam's maids were wont to set a bowl of milk before Incubus and his cousin, Robin Goodfellow, for grinding of malt or mustard, and sweeping the house at midnight; and you have also heard, that he would chafe exceedingly, if the maid, or goodwife of the house, having compassion of his nakedness, laid any clothes for him, besides his mess of white bread and milk, which was his standing fee; for in that case, he saith, 'What have we here? *Hemten, hamten*; here will I never more tread nor stampen!'"‡

Besides the terrestrial fairies, there was another species, supposed to live in mines, where they were often heard to imitate the actions of the workmen; and they had great skill in forging and working metals.

A prevalent belief in the olden time was, that the fairies stole or exchanged children. We have seen what Ben Johnson says of Queen Mab; and Shakspeare recognises this article in the popular creed, when he makes Henry IV. wish it could be proved

That some night-tripping fairy had exchanged,
 In cradle clothes,

* Mask of *The Satyr*.

† *Midsummer Nights Dream*.

‡ *The World of Witchcraft discovered*.

Hotspur for Harry. Drayton mentions the same propensity in his *Nymphidia*—

Thus when a child hap to be got,
That after proves an idiot,
When folk perceive it thriveth not,
The fault therein to smother,—
Some silly, doating, brainless calf,
That understands things by the half,
Says that the fairy left this aulf
And took away the other.

Such were some of the superstitions in which our ancestors believed ; superstitions that lingered amongst us till a very recent period—even if they are yet entirely extinguished. In the early part of the last century, the winter evening's conversation used often to turn on fairies, which were then seriously believed in : and Bourne tells us that people would affirm they had “ frequently been seen and heard ; nay, that they were some still living who had been stolen away by them, and confined seven years,” Mr. Keightly has conversed with a girl from Norfolk, who said she had often seen fairies ; and also with a person from Somerset who seemed to have no doubt of their actual existence. We have seen a curious conical stone, found near Shotesham, Norfolk, and were told that similar ones are often found there. The people call them “ Fairy-loves,” and say, while they keep one in their house, they will never want bread. We have also heard the people in the remote parts of the West Riding of Yorkshire talk of the “ Boggart,” a domestic sprite of the Robin Goodfellow species. In Hampshire, Devonshire, and Cornwall, they believe, to this day, in the traditions of the “ Pixies ;” but generally, the march of science has destroyed the dream of imagination in which our ancestors loved to revel : we have reality instead of romance—the useful instead of the ideal. Even our poets now seldom call to their aid the “ Fairy Mythology ” of our ancestors. Hood however, has done so in his *Plea for the Midsummer's Fairies* ; and Southey, in his *Joan of Arc*, has the following beautiful passage :—

There is a fountain in the forest called
The Fountain of the Fairies. When a child,
With most delighted wonder, I have heard
Tales of the elfin tribe, that on its banks
Hold midnight revelry. An ancient oak,
The goodliest of the forest, grows beside ;
It ever has been deem'd their fav'rite tree.
They love to lie, and rock upon its leaves,
And bask them in the sunshine. Many a time
Hath the woodman shown his boy where the dark round
On the green sward beneath its boughs bewrays
Their nightly dance, and bid him spare the tree.
Fancy had cast a spell upon the place
And made it holy : and the villagers
Would say, that never evil thing approached
Unfurnished there. The strange and fearful pleasure
That filled me by that solitary spring
Ceas'd not in riper years ; and now it woke
Deeper delight, and more mysterious awe.

Presentations.

No notices have been received by the present Editor for this number.

Marriages.

On the 16th March, 1848, at the Parish Church of Rochdale, Prov.D.G. M. Joseph Barrow, of the Poor Man's Friend Lodge, Rochdale District, to Miss Sarah Thompson, of the same town.

To Correspondents.

All Communications intended to be inserted in the next number, must be sent (if by post pre-paid) in before June 10th, addressed to the Editor, care of the Corresponding Secretary, Odd Fellows' Offices, 5, Cross-street, Manchester.

THE
QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.
NEW SERIES.

ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL

JULY.

[AMICITIA, AMOR, ET VERITAS.]

1848.

REMARKS ON THE LATE A.M.C.

A new dynasty having been elected to govern the Order, and greater changes than ever yet have been made in the arrangement of its details, having been resolved upon at the A.M.C. at Southampton, in Whitsun-week, it will not be amiss to give here a condensation of the proceedings as far as regards the *future* management of the Order.

Among the various reports of the committees appointed for different duties we find that the evils of forming new districts, in which a re butfew lodges is the subject of a recommendation for the exercise of care and the necessity of full statements in support of all applications.

From the Estimate Committee a very important resolution was sent up, which materially affected the interests of the Odd Fellows' Magazine, and the general management of the details of the Order. Up to this time a large amount of money has passed through the hands of the Directors for ornaments, documents, books, &c. This has been supposed to be profitable to the Order hitherto, but it devolved a great deal of additional labour upon the Officer who had the management of this—the trading department. For this, and probably for other reasons which it is unnecessary to state,—the above being the most important,—the Estimate Committee placed the following among their resolutions ;—

“That this Committee is of opinion that some part of the Trading System of the Order ought to be dispensed with, and recommends the

"General Committee to take into consideration the 84th Proposition of
"the Liverpool District, for the alteration of the 258th General Law."

This resolution mainly contributed to a resolution passed by the General body at the A.M.C. to which we shall presently refer.

In the next report which comes under our notice the conduct of the G.M. and Board of Directors is commented upon and approved. Among other resolutions, one refers to the Magazine, and we therefore insert it:

"14. We consider the G.M. and Board of Directors were perfectly
"justifiable in appointing a temporary Editor to the Magazine."

With reference to the *future*, this Committee strongly recommend the principle of legalization, and conclude in these words:—

"The Committee believe that if protection can be obtained for our
"funds, and a cordial spirit of union once more animate our Members—
"the Manchester Unity will yet be numbered amongst the most glorious
"Institutions of our country, and become a blessing to posterity, which shall
"know of our dissensions but by name."

By subsequent resolutions of the General body, it was decided that Members of the National Order be allowed to join the Manchester Unity until the next A.M.C. but that no Member be allowed to be a Member of both bodies at one time. The seat of government to remain at Manchester. That a levy of three half-pence per Member be made upon each District, according to the January returns. That the stock in the hands of the Directors be sold at cost price, and that the trading system be relinquished, except in the documents which are necessary to the conducting of the Order, (such as Minute Books, Lecture Book and Supplement, P.G. Certificates, Clearances, Travelling Cards, District and Lodge Seals, General Laws, List of Lodges, Emblems, Dispensations, and Charges and Duties. Among other resolutions appears the following:—

"THAT THE PUBLICATION OF THE ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE BE
"CONTINUED."

The present number being in course of printing was of course accepted from this resolution, but was left in the hands of the Directors. The present number of the Odd Fellows' Magazine is, therefore, the last to appear as a publication emanating from the Directors and circulated through the Order by them.

In reviewing the year through which the Manchester Unity has passed, and considering the dangers which it has experienced, we cannot but be struck with the vitality which it possesses, and which enables it to rise above the most serious difficulties and to surmount the most formidable obstacles.

There appears to have been something revolutionary in the very atmosphere the nations have been breathing, and that the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, Manchester Unity, has not escaped from inhaling some of the infection—for no one will deny that the excitement which prevailed in the Order during the last year, and which manifested itself in the meeting at the Corn Exchange, Manchester, almost assumed a revolutionary aspect. The English character, however, has too much stability about it to give way to a momentary excitement, or to be carried away by a passing passion, and hence the Manchester Unity has survived the storm which then appeared to threaten it. Not only so:—its conductors have seen in what matters mistakes have hitherto been committed, and have determined with resolution not merely to reform but to eradicate the abuses which favoured fraud or perpetuated “trade patronage,” in an institution to the spirit of which both the one and the other were opposed.

Whether, in the disturbance of feeling and the discussions which have arisen before the A.M.C. took place—whether, we say, in the transition from the *settled* to the *changed* state some loss has not accrued to the Order no one is ready to dispute. If “good men and true” have fallen away from their first estate—if brethren, whose names have been long honoured amongst us have assumed an antagonistic position it is more a cause for regret and sorrow than a fit ground of triumph and congratulation. Let us respect those who conscientiously differed—and widely too—from us on some of those subjects which have formed the topics of recent angry discussion, and remember that we must be “unity” by nature as well as by name, since, according to the Divine injunction, “a house divided against itself cannot stand.” There are many wounds to heal and much angry feeling yet to be allayed, and these duties we commend most earnestly to every true and sincere Odd Fellow. Do not let us look upon our Order as a mere *selfish* pound, shillings and pence matter; let us consider it upon higher grounds as it regards that vast number of persons who are connected with it and their moral and religious welfare.

The principles of the Order are matters of solemn and religious importance. Then FRIENDSHIP, what purer passion upon earth? the GREAT

EXAMPLE had his FRIENDS. Than LOVE, no name is holier, for GOD is LOVE. The object of every religion—the desire of every sage—the theme of every true poet—the one thing above all others worthy of man's high nobility of thought is TRUTH. Let us not then forget our watchwords, and that these things are matters of *action*—not of mere wordiness. Let us *do* rather than *seem* ; and learn rather to wish to *deserve* than merely wish to *win* the good opinion of our fellows. If every man duly considered these things our Order would be more highly respected and admired than it has been, and would be secure and free from all those little storms which, after all, have done little more than ruffle the surface of that vast sea of humanity represented by the Members of our Unity.

THE EDITOR TO HIS READERS.

DEAR FRIENDS,

I had hardly made my introductory bow before I learned that the medium through which I have made your acquaintance was to cease to be. By the resolution of the deputies at the A.M.C. the publication of this Magazine by the Directors and the circulation of it through the Officers of the Order is to be abandoned.

I regret this upon many other grounds than those which immediately concern myself—I should have regretted the abolition of the Magazine quite as sincerely if another Editor had been appointed, when Mr. Roger-son's connexion with it ceased. I do so, because I think that the Magazine might have been made a considerable source of profit to the Order, not only pecuniarily but morally and mentally. However just may be the objections to *general trading* being carried on by the Order, I respectfully submit that the Magazine should have been excepted from the changes in that department. It was a vindication of the Order ; a contradiction of the many vile insinuations which were thrown out against the Institution. People looked at the Odd Fellows' Magazine, and learned that it

was *not* a dangerous, anti-religious, or political Society—but that it was an unity of intellectual and philanthropic men, who made use of all the opportunities afforded them to increase the moral and intellectual happiness of their fellow-creatures. The Magazine was one of the means adopted for so good an end, and its title-page, seen lying upon the tables of the Members, has induced many to join the Order, who otherwise never would have done so—*myself among the number*. It has succeeded in removing the prejudices of hundreds, and, what is very important, it has destroyed the objections which many of the fair sex entertained to the Society of Odd Fellows. The publication of the Magazine proved that the Order cared for *home comforts* and *domestic* pleasures, and that it was not an Institution whose tendency was to continually take the husband or the son from home. It said plainly—“Read at your fire-side, Here is mental pleasure for your wife and sisters around the hearth on a winter’s evening. Cultivate the domestic virtues and improve the minds of yourself and those around you.” Those who looked on as strangers judged “of the tree by its fruits,” and argued that a Society from which this publication emanated must not only be an Institution free from evil, but that its results could not fail to be useful to society generally.

The resolution of the Order, however, is passed, and, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, is unalterable. These arguments are not intended to be an attempt to controvert or overturn that decision, because that would not only be a vain attempt but a mischievous one—they are intended as the basis upon which a proposition which I make in this article is grounded—and which must be left to my readers to approve or condemn, to call into action or let it end here.

The Editor still “believes that the publication through which he speaks is capable of being an engine of power and usefulness—to the Members of the Order, but he cannot see why it should be confined to the limits of the Order.” As far as his own experience goes he has found no difficulty in getting additional subscribers, and he has no doubt that those who are really anxious to promote its circulation might easily do so. That must be the test of the earnestness of those who wish the Magazine to continue in existence, though published upon a different plan, hereafter to be explained. “Increased circulation,” as was said in my former address, “will enable the Editor to secure increased merit in his contributors, and ultimately *pay for good original articles*.” The plan upon which I proposed to secure good correspondents was explained in a letter to the Maga-

zine Committee, which was read, I believe, at the A.M.C. but which I regret could not be published in the reports. As under the present altered circumstances of the case that plan could not be pursued exactly, it is useless here to speak further of it, except to add, that so far as the support of the Order may justify me hereafter, I shall offer remuneration for all good and original articles sent for insertion in the pages of the Magazine—no matter from what source they may come.

What I propose to do is this:—I ask neither the Directors or the Order to incur any responsibility nor any trouble to circulate the Magazine, but *I propose to publish it upon my own account, and to undertake its delivery to the subscribers free of expense, without the intervention or trouble of any Lodge or District Officer.* I propose to reduce the price to FOURPENCE HALF-PENNY, and to publish it MONTHLY instead of Quarterly, commencing upon the 1st of October next.

I will now explicitly state why I am induced to pursue this course, the conditions upon which I do so, and the reasons why I think the Order should support me in the undertaking:—

1st.—I propose to continue the publication because I have received a great many letters, expressing the regret of the writers that the Magazine should be discontinued, requesting me to publish it upon my own responsibility, and coinciding with me in the opinions stated above as to its usefulness. Among other letters, I have received expressions of the feeling of many of the *districts*. I select the following out of several others:—

Copy of a resolution passed at a Committee of the Stokesley District, held on the 26th of June, 1848:

“That this meeting regrets to hear that the valuable Quarterly Magazine of the Order is about to be discontinued; and this suppression of the Order's representative in the republic of letters seems to us most unreasonable and unjust, as we have always been given to understand that its circulation was extensive; consequently, it is not dropped for want of support by the members of our extensive brotherhood.

“That we think great credit is due to its present Editor, Brother J. Baxter Langley, for the very respectable intellectual treat he furnished forth under so many disadvantages in the April number of our Magazine; and we respectfully invite him to continue upon his own responsibility the periodical which, in the hour of danger, he has saved from destruction, not doubting that in such spirited conduct he will meet with the support of every true Odd Fellow.

(Signed)

“THOS. RAWLING, Jun.,

C.S. of Stokesley District.”

2ndly.—The conditions upon which I undertake to continue the Magazine as the literary representative of the Manchester Unity are only such as secure me from actual loss. If I succeed in obtaining such a number of subscribers as shall pay the expenses of publication, I shall proceed with it. All those who are desirous to support me will see therefore that a sort of guarantee fund must be established, *by the payment of subscriptions in advance for a year*, on or before the date when the preparation for the next number must be commenced. The amount of this yearly subscription (4s. 6d.) may be transmitted through the post in postage stamps, and it will be duly acknowledged. For this the Magazine will be delivered, post-free, at the house of the subscriber, for one year, from the date of the first number of the new series.

Advertisements will be inserted on the cover, or on extra leaves, at the rate of four-pence a-line for short advertisements, and three-pence a-line for such as exceed twenty lines, but liberal discounts will be made to Members of the Order, and to those collecting and forwarding advertisements for insertion.—A reduction also will be made on advertisements ordered to stand for several publications.

3rdly.—I shall now proceed to state the reasons why I think the Order should support me in this undertaking :—

FIRSTLY.—It is desirable for the credit of the Order that the Magazine continue—and it is pecuniarily profitable to it, by inducing Members to join its ranks.

SECONDLY.—The April number of the Magazine has afforded great satisfaction generally, though published (as the present number) under great disadvantages, and the statement of the Editor's intentions has elicited warm approbation from Members of the Order, *who have desired him to publish the Magazine on his own account.*

THIRDLY.—I INTEND TO DEVOTE THE WHOLE OF THE PROCEEDS ARISING FROM THE MAGAZINE TO THE WIDOW AND ORPHANS' FUND, after the payment of my salary (*at the same rate as heretofore*) and the other necessary expenses.

I now leave the matter to those who are interested in its progress. It is for them to say whether they are earnest in wishing the Magazine to

continue, or whether "their acts end in wishing." Should I be so fortunate as to merit the support of the Order, I will endeavour to be worthy of it, and pledge myself honestly and fairly to carry out the promises which I have here given.--Those who approve of my propositions must forward their subscriptions, on or before the 20th of August, addressed to

Their very obedient Servant,

J. BAXTER LANGLEY, M.R.C.S. &c.

Editor of the Odd Fellows' Magazine,

245, GREENHEYS, Manchester.

P.S. The Editor does not wish the present number to be taken as a sample of what the Magazine should be; owing to many unavoidable circumstances he has been prevented from making it at all satisfactory to himself: it is the *worst* he will publish.

IMPORTANT DECISION TO SECRET SOCIETIES.

On Thursday, the 8th ult., before J. S. T. Green, Esq., at the Rochdale County Court, Mr. F. L. Johnson, of the Albion Inn, was summoned for detaining the desk and other property belonging to the Poor Man's Friend Lodge, of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows of the Manchester Unity. It was contended, on behalf of the defendant, that he had a right to detain the goods in question as compensation for the use of the room, fire, and gas. After a lengthened investigation, in the course of which the plaintiffs proved that they had never entered into a contract to pay rent, His Honour decided that no landlord had a right to detain goods left in his care under such circumstances, and ordered the defendant to deliver up the goods and to pay costs.

BOTANY.

CHAPTER III.

You who the curious search pursue,
Proclaim, does not a closer view
The patient toil repay.

S. HOARE.

CLASS FOURTH.—TETRANDRIA, four Stamens, of equal length.

THIS class, though containing some very ornamental plants, is by no means so important as the last. A large section of the first order is composed of plants which are either natives of the Cape of Good Hope or New South Wales; they form the natural order *PROTEACEÆ*, but what is very singular, is, that neither of these countries contain any one genus in common belonging to this order. The remainder of this class is composed of a miscellaneous collection of plants, some few being used in the arts, but the greater part of them being worthless weeds common to all Europe.

The first part of the order *MONOGYNIA* contains plants which are rarely seen except in Botanic Gardens, or amongst large collections; they are generally large shrubs whose leaves are stiff and wiry, frequently serrated, and differing in their general appearance from most other plants; the genera *PROTEA*, *BANKSIA*, and *DRYANDRA*, are of this family.

The Teasel, or Fuller's thistle, (*DIPSACUS*) belongs to this order; three species of which are indigenous to this country; one of them, *D. FULLONUM*, is extensively grown in the West of England for the use of the woollen manufactory, the crooked awns answering better than any instrument yet invented for raising the nap on cloth. At first sight this plant might be mistaken for one of the class *SYNGENESIA*, but on closer examination it will be found that, besides having a common perianth or calyx, each floret has a separate one, which is not the case with the compound flowers: they may with more propriety be termed aggregate.

The Scabious (*SCABIOSA*) is a pretty genus of plants belonging to this order; several species are natives of Britain; the flowers growing in heads similar to the last; the leaves are opposite, a single branch growing from the base of each; they are generally sessile, or without footstalks. One species, *S. SUCCISA*, is known by the name of Devil's bit, from the broken or bitten appearance of the root; vulgar opinion ascribing it to the work of the Devil. The properties of this plant are said to be useful in diseases of the skin. The Ladies Mantle (*ALCHEMILLA*) is a neat little plant growing about a foot high; it abounds in dry meadows; the leaves are fan-shaped, beautifully silvered on the under side; the flower is green. The Bed-straw, (*GALIUM*) sometimes called Goose-grass, is found plentiful in old hedges; its seeds are covered with small hooked points, causing them to adhere to whatever they come in contact with; one species, *G. VERUM*, is called cheese-rennet; it is sometimes put in milk, intended for cheese, to give it a colour; this plant is very abundant, on both shores of the Mersey, and is frequently to be found growing in company with furze; the flowers of this species are yellow. The stems of all are quadrangular; the leaves in whorls; the flowers are sometimes in panicles and sometimes in whorls at the base of the leaves.

Madder (*RUBIA*) also belongs to this order, its roots are an article well known in the dye-house for the scarlet colour which they yield: animals fed on this plant have their urine and bones turned red; given alternately with other food the red will appear in concentric circles in the cones when they are sawed across. It has been cultivated in England with some success, but as it is cheaper to import it from Holland and Turkey, its cultivation has been discontinued.

The order *DIGYNIA* contains a very remarkable little parasitical plant—the Dodder (*CUSCUTA*); there are two species belonging to Britain. The seeds vegetate in the ground, after which, the first object of the young plant is to search out some unfortunate neighbour; hemp, nettles, and clover are some of its favourites; these it commences to twist itself about as if for support, it next inserts a sort of gland into the

* It may here be remarked, that few classes have a regular series of the orders; as in this class *Trigynia* is wanting.

back of its supporter ; the roots then die, the dodder afterwards drawing its entire livelihood from the sap of the other plants, which it sometimes eventually kills. Here, then, even in the vegetable world, is an instance of the darkest ingratitude.

The reader will have noticed in almost all pits and canals a great number of light brown coloured leaves, lying flat on the surface of the water ; these are the leaves of the Pond-weed (*POTAMOGETON*) it belongs to the order *TETRAGYNIA*.* About a dozen different species belong to Britain, all of which are aquatics ; some have finely cut leaves, others are entire. Their simple spikes of brown flowers appear above water in the months of July and August.

The common Holly (*ILEX AQUIFOLIUM*) also belongs to this order ; it is found wild over a great part of Europe, in America and in Asia. A great number of handsome varieties has been raised from it ; some, as the hedge-hog holly, with leaves entirely covered with prickles, and others with the leaves beautifully variegated. One species belongs to China and several to America.

CLASS FIFTH.—PENTANDRIA, five Stamens.

This class presents us with such a vast assemblage of interesting objects that, like the fabled ass between the bundles of hay, we are at a loss which to select and which to reject. It is one of the largest in the Linnæan system, including nearly the whole of several natural orders. To select several from each order, of the most useful or curious, is all that can be done in this place.

In the first order, *MONOGYNIA*, we find that pretty little "sentimental flower," the Forget-me-Not (*MYOSOTIS PALUSTRIS*.) Though the name of this plant is so popular, yet we do not believe that the plant itself is generally known. It will grow almost anywhere but prefers ditches or marshy places, where it attains the height of two feet ; grown in a dry place it seldom exceeds six inches. It is far from being rare, but is quite a local plant ; its flowers are azure, small, and in great numbers.

The Primrose (*PRIMULA VULGARIS*) is one of our earliest spring-flowering plants ; it delights in moist shady places, and is well known to every rural-bred child. Several varieties have been raised from it ; some being white, some purple, some double, and others single. *P. VERIS* is the Cowslip. *P. CLATIOR* is the Oxlip ; both are natives of Britain. *P. AURICULA* is the favourite Auricula of the florist ; it is a native of Switzerland and the mountains of Italy. In no part of the kingdom has this flower been brought to greater perfection than in the neighbourhood of Manchester ; the weavers and mechanics used to spend the greater portion of their leisure hours in the cultivation of this plant and the gooseberry : but, like the once mania-producing tulip, it has given way to the now universal rage for the Fuchsia and Cape Geraniums. Mr. Loudon tells us that it was no uncommon thing, in the manufacturing districts, for a working man to give two guineas for a new variety of Auricula.

The Potato (*SOLANUM TUBEROSUM*) is a member of this order. Much controversy has arisen among botanists as to the precise time of its introduction to this country ; the majority of them, however, agreeing that it was first brought here by Sir Walter Raleigh, in 1586, from Virginia, to which country it had been probably carried from Mexico, as we have no information of it being indigenous to this State. "One supposition is, that this root was brought from Santa Fé into Ireland, in the year 1565 ; and another, that it is of so very ancient a date in that island as to make it equally probable that it is a native vegetable of the country."—*History of the Vegetable Kingdom*. Mr. Loudon* thinks it probable that it was known in Spain prior to the voyage of Sir W. Raleigh. It is, however, found on the cliffs near the shores of Peru and Chili ; the Horticultural Society having, some years ago, received some from the latter place which grew and differed little from the ordinary potato, except in size. *S. DULCAMA* is a common climbing plant in old hedges in England, producing bunches of attractive red berries in autumn. *S. LYCOPERSICON* is the Love-apple. *S. INSANUM* is the Mad-apple. *S. MELONGENA* is the Egg-plant.

The Tobacco (*NICOTIANA*) also claims a situation in this order ; there are numerous species of it, but that which is principally cultivated for exportation is the *N. TABACUM*, deriving its specific name from a province of Mexico, from whence it was brought to England in 1586. Sir W. Raleigh is said to be the first person to use it.

* Encyclo. of Plants.

for smoking in this country. On its first appearance in Europe, or shortly after that period, numerous sovereigns, amongst them our sapient James the First, issued proclamations forbidding its introduction to their respective kingdoms; but in spite of every obstacle the "weed" continued to be imported. At present, all the sovereigns revenue of Europe, and most of those of other parts of the world, derive a considerable from what James, in his pamphlets and ridiculous manifestoes, chose to term "the precious stink."

The Deadly-nightshade (*ATROPA BELLADONNA*) is a plant frequently to be met with in woods and shady places. *Atropas*, we are told, (*Encyclo. of Plants*) was one of the Fates whose especial duty it was to cut the thread of human life; "the fruit of this genus," adds the authority alluded to, "is well adapted to fulfilling her office." Numerous instances are on record of the fatal effects of this plant; amongst others, in the autumn of 1845 two children were poisoned belonging to a small village in the neighbourhood of Lancaster. This plant grows four or five feet high; leaves ovate and entire; flower dingy purple, succeeded by a shining dark purple berry almost equal in size to a cherry.

Numerous other plants in this order deserve our attention, but our space demands that we should now proceed to the order *DIGYNIA*. The greatest portion of this order is composed of the family of *UMBELLIFERÆ*; this family, in a state of nature, contains some of the most deleterious plants in existence; brought into cultivation they are extremely useful to man and beast; a pleasing instance of the improvement that Art is capable of bestowing on Nature; and bearing some analogy to the difference between a well-educated mind and that of an unreclaimed savage. These plants are almost wholly confined to the temperate regions of Europe; chiefly delighting in wet shady places. Their stems are hollow and jointed; leaves deeply notched or pinnated; flowers umbellate, generally whitish, rarely pink. The Carrot (*DAUCUS CAROTA*) is of this tribe; it is found wild in Britain by road sides and uncultivated places; the root is acrid, tough and fibrous; and of a white colour. A well-known poisonous plant, the Hemlock, (*CONIUM MACULATUM*) in some countries called Keckiaes, is found plentiful in many parts of this island; its leaves are finely cut, and its stems are spotted with brown, which may serve to distinguish it from most of its relatives. It is said to act on the constitution in a manner similar to opium. The Water-Dropwort (*ÆNANTHE PIMPELLOIDES*) another very dangerous plant when grown in its native salt marshes, is cultivated about Angers and Saumur for the sake of its roots, which are there called *Youanetts* or *Méchons*.

The umbellate also includes the Celery, (*APIUM GRAVIOLENS*) the Parsley (*APIUM PETROSELINUM*) and a large number of other edible and poisonous plants. Though the umbellate plants occupy so great a share of this order, yet they do not exclude others which are more inviting to the eye. The Gentians (*GENTIANA*) are well known as a pretty genus of plants; more particularly *G. ACAULIS* and *VERNA* both of which are indigenous to Britain; the former being abundant in some parts of Wales. They make beautiful edging plants, growing about three inches high, with comparatively large flowers of the richest blue. The roots of *G. LUTCA* are extremely bitter and form a popular article in medicine. The stately Elm (*ULMUS*) also finds a place in this order; its early period of flowering, the flowers themselves being unattractive, causes it to be generally overlooked.

In the third order, *TRIGYNIA*, we find the Elder; (*SAMBUCUS*) the common species, *S. NIGRA*, is abundant in hedges in Britain: the flowers and fruit are said to be deleterious to poultry. The country people, of some counties in England, make a very palatable wine from the berries. The self-constituted practitioners in medicine gather this plant as a cure for a variety of diseases. The Sumach (*RHUS*.) The properties of several species of this genus are very singular, particularly of *R. VERNIX* and *TOXICODENDRON*: to people of irritable habits they are said to be in the highest degree poisonous, whilst those of an opposite temperament are little affected by them. Kalm, a professor of botany in Sweden, tells us of two sisters, one of whom could handle the plant with impunity, whilst the other was greatly affected if she approached within a yard of it. Collectors and others have sometimes suffered very much from handling them. It is from the former of these that the true Japan varnish is procured, which oozes out of the tree when an incision is made. The common Chick-weed (*ALSINE MEDIA*) also finds a situation in this order.

The order *TETRAGYNIA* contains but one genus, the Grass of Parnassus: (*PAR-NASSIA*) one species, *P. PALUSTRIS*, is found in the marshes of Britain. This elegant

little plant, though called a grass, does not bear the least resemblance to one. The leaves are cordate or heart-shaped ; each flower occupies a separate stem ; the petals are white streaked with cream colour.

In the order PENTAGYNIA we find that serviceable plant the Flax (*LINUM*) which is of Egyptian origin,* but has long been naturalized in this part of the world ; it is thought to have been introduced to this country sometimes subsequent to the Norman invasion. *L. USITATISSIMUM* (most useful) is the species cultivated for the sake of the fibres which the bark contains and is the well-known lint which is manufactured into linen cloth. Some little flax is still grown in this country and in Ireland, but our chief supply is from Russia, Holland and America. The seed is sown broad-cast in the field ; as soon as the plants are ready they are pulled up by the roots, tied into bundles, and thrown into water where they are kept immersed by means of planks and stones for ten days or a fortnight till an appearance of decomposition takes place in the bark ; they are then taken out and spread open to dry, after which they are stacked till wanted by the flax-cleaner : some cultivators, however, spread it out to decay on the grass which is called dew-rotting ; others again neither steep nor dew-rot, but dry, bundle, and stack it after the manner of corn. A field of this plant is said to have a pleasing appearance when in full flower. The seeds yield an oil by pressure, which is used by painters and varnishers ; and the cakes made of the husks after the oil is squeezed out, are extensively used to fatten cattle. An interesting-looking little plant, also belonging to this order, is found on the bogs of this country ; it is called Sun-dew ; (*DROSER*) its white flowers are supported on a scape about three inches high : on the edges of the leaves are numerous hairs, which are said to bend down and imprison any small insect that may alight on them.

The last order, POLYGYNIA, contains but one plant which we shall here notice—the Mouse-tail ; (*MYOSURUS MINIMUS*) a little plant sometimes found in corn-fields.

CLASS SIXTH.—HEXANDRIA, six Stamens, of equal length.

With very few exceptions, this class is composed of herbaceous, bulbous, or tuberous rooted plants ; it contains a number of decidedly the greatest ornaments of the flower garden : amongst which are enumerated the lilies, the daffodils, the tulips, the yuccas, and the squills. It contains, likewise, a few culinary plants as the onion, the plantain, the asparagus, and, lastly, that most delicious of all fruits, the pine-apple.

The Rattan Cane (*CALAMUS VERUS*) belongs to the order MONOGYNIA ; it grows in abundance throughout the greatest share of the East India Islands ; and is there a plant of the greatest importance : from it is made the mats, seats, cordage, ropes, even cables for vessels,† baskets, hoops, walking-sticks, and a great variety of useful articles. It is the same that is used in this country to bottom chairs with.

The Talipot or Great Fan Palm (*CORYPHIA UMBRACULIFERA*) is a native of Ceylon, and is undoubtedly one of the most magnificent of vegetable productions. It attains an height of one hundred feet, with leaves twenty feet long and eighteen feet broad ; each leaf being capable of affording shelter to sixteen or eighteen men. Travellers and others cut the leaves into triangular pieces, which they lay on their heads with one point foremost, the sides hanging over their ears, to force their way through the thickets and jungles. When dry it is tough and flexible, and will fold up like a fan, which may be carried with ease under the arm. "All the books of importance in the Pali, or Cingalese, in Ceylon, relative to the religion of Buddho, are written upon lamina of these leaves. There are some of these books in Sir A. Johnston's collection which are supposed to be between five and six hundred years old, and which are still very perfect. The flower stem is occasionally thirty feetlong ‡."

The Bamboo Cane (*BAMBUSA ARUNDINACEA*) also belongs to this order. This gigantic grass, growing sixty feet high, is found throughout most of the tropical parts of the world : it is abundant in India and China, and in the latter place is even of more service than the rattan in the East Indies. Whole houses, roof and walls, are often built of this cane. Chairs, bedsteads, beds, cups, and almost every article of furniture is composed of this plant : in fact, implements, whether for agriculture, maritime, or domestic purposes, the bamboo is almost sure to form at least a portion of them. To crown the whole, the young shoots are gathered and used as an article of food.

* Wakefield's Botany,

† Dampier.

‡ Hist. of Vegetable Kingdom,

In this order the Pine-apple (*BROMELIA ANANAS*) also find a place. "This fruit," says Loudon, "may, without hesitation, be pronounced the first in the world." It is a native of South America, but is cultivated in both Indies. It appears that this plant was known in Holland previous to its introduction to this country, but the English gardeners have now brought the management of this fruit to such perfection as to equal, if not surpass, that grown in any other part of the world, whether naturally or artificially. At the coronation-banquet of George the Fourth a pine-apple of the Providence variety, weighing ten pounds eight ounces, was served up in the desert; this was thought, and justly so at that time, to be an extraordinary specimen; but, since then, numbers have been cut considerably exceeding it.

In this order we must also place the Tulip, (*TULIPA GESNERIANA*) which is one of the most splendid of early flowers; it is a native of Persia and Syria, and appears to have been brought to the Netherlands about the year 1559, where in a short time it became a considerable article of trade. A sort of mania for this plant seems to have sprung up; fortunes were won and lost in speculations: in some cases as much as £500, being given for a single bulb; a very large sum in those days. This order also comprehends the Daffodil, (*NARCISUS*) the Rush, (*JUNCUS*) the beautiful Lily (*LILIUM*) and that welcome spring visitant, the Snow-drop, (*GALANTHUS NIVALIS*.)

The second order of this class, DIGYNIA, contains but two genera, one only of which we shall notice—the Rice (*ORYZA SATIVA*.) From the earliest times of which we have any records this plant has been one of the principal agricultural products of Egypt: it has likewise been long cultivated in India, Japan, and the south of China, and is now grown in the Brazils and the warmer parts of the United States, as Georgia and Carolina; the latter state being the first place in America to which it was introduced..

This grain is so exceedingly fond of water, that unless it receives a very considerable supply during growth the crop is not worth gathering. On this account the lowlands, which are occasionally overflowed by the rivers, are selected as the fittest places on which to grow it; when this supply fails the cultivators are obliged to have recourse to artificial means of irrigation, such as by canals, sluices and pumps.—There is, however, one variety, termed hill-side rice, which thrives and attains perfection without this great supply of moisture.

In the order TRIGYNIA is included the Dock, (*RUMEX*) which is a very troublesome weed to the husbandman, as it is with great difficulty eradicated, when once it has established itself. The Sorrel, (*R. ACETOSA*) is found wild in most fields, but is sometimes cultivated as a salad. The *R. SCUTATUS* is extensively grown in France as an ingredient in Soups. The roots of nearly the whole of them, dried and powdered, are said to be useful in cleansing the teeth.

The Meadow Saffron (*COLCHICUM AUTUMNALE*) is also included in this order: it is a bulbous, autumn flowering plant, common in meadows in some parts of England, and abounds in the south of Europe. As a medicine, this plant has been known since the time of Hippocrates, who flourished about 360 years before Christ. The recent root is narcotic and diuretic: divested of its deleterious properties it is a favourite remedy in dropsy.

The Water Plantain (*ALISMA*) belongs to the last order, POLYGYNIA: it is a very common plant in ponds throughout Britain: growing about two feet high: leaves ovate and pointed, situate on long petioles or footstalks; inflorescence panicked and erect: corolla white and tripetalous.

Good Samaritan Lodge, West Derby District.

W. H.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A BEAUTIFUL LADY,

THREE WEEKS AFTER THE BIRTH OF HER FIRST CHILD.

The fair, the young, the beautiful is gone,
Her house is left all desolate and lone;
Snatched by the mandate of th' eternal king,

While joy was young and life was in its spring,
 Like some sweet flower, which cherished long and well,
 Dies as it blossoms—so her beauty fell.
 Around her lately holy hopes had sprung,
 And music warbled from her infant's tongue :
 Anticipating fancy saw the time
 Of sunny girlhood and of beauty's prime ;
 And with a mother's pleasure loved to trace
 Each smiling dimple on her baby's face.
 Oh, could not death be turned aside to spare
 For mortal sight awhile that lovely pair !
 No, Sons of Men !—go look upon her tomb :
 Beauty nor goodness saves us from our doom ;—
 Oh, seek to win the crown which she has won
 And hear, like her, the welcome words “ Well done !”
 And ye who knew her, banish from your eyes
 All tears, nor mourn her exit to the skies !
 Joy that her pilgrimage below is o'er
 And strive to meet where you will part no more !

“ LIB.”

SONG,

“ *Dum Spiro, Spero.*”

Though Fortune upon me should frown,
 I'm never by sorrow oppress'd,
 Though poor, I am not cast down,
 For I always hope on for the best ;
 Though unlucky for once, still I say,
 (Which I think is both reason and rhyme,)
 That “ though Fate has betrayed me to day,
 I shall have better luck the next time.”

CHORUS.—Then never be sad, but always be glad,
 And remember the maxim sublime,
 That however bad the fortune we've had
 We may have better luck the next time,

I went out a hunting one day
 On a fast little thorough-bred's back,
 But in leaping a hedge, in my way,
 I came down with a smash, in a crack.
 I fell in a ditch—broke an arm,
 But tho' hurt and bespattered with slime,
 I still said, “ Though I'm now come to harm
 I shall have better luck the next time.”

Then never be sad, but always be glad, &c. &c.

Once a lottery ticket I bought,
 Which my friends said was wrong and unwise,
 But being quite sanguine, I thought
 I was certain of getting a prize,
 Of course 'twas a blank that I drew :
 But soon after repeating the crime,
 I said, and it this time came true,
 “ I shall have better luck the next time.”

Then never be sad, &c. &c.

In love once most deeply I fell
 With a girl fair in person and mind,
 At balls she was always the belle ;
 But heartless she proved, and unkind.
 My loss didn't quite break my heart,
 But I told her with accent sublime,
 When coolly I rose to depart,
 "I shall have better luck the next time."

Then never be sad, but always be glad, &c., &c.

I have courted a sweet girl since then,
 And she makes me an excellent wife ;
 I've often gone hunting again
 Without danger to limb or to life.
 So I think that these instances must
 Clearly prove that there's no salve more prime
 For past failures, than firmly to trust
 We shall have better luck the next time.

Then never be sad, but be merry and glad,
 And remember the maxim sublime,
 That however bad the fortune we've had,
 We may have better luck the next time.

W. V. II.

THOUGHTS AND FANCIES.

[1.]

ON A MINIATURE OF MY WIFE.

Yes—there's the cheek—the placid eye,
 The softly shaded hair,
 The smile—the lip—yet tell me why
 Seems something wanting there ?
 Ah needless question ! wherefore ask ?
 How can the pencil trace
 The fond affection, the calm love
 That sanctifies her face ?
 Oh art is strong from time and death
 That outward charm to win,
 But vainly does it strive with life
 To paint the heart within !

[2.]

Tell me, whirling autumn leaf,
 Lend'st thou not new tears to grief ?
 Thoughtful sermons may not sorrow,
 From thy fall, for mortals borrow—
 Homilies that tell how near
 Life and death are dwelling here ?
 "Mortal, from our fall shall spring
 "Newer, fairer blossoming."

[3.]

What is glory—what is fame—
 Though it ring through coming years !
 Heed not if the future hears
 Far-off races hymn thy name ;
 Act the right, unheeding whether
 Coming tongues thy deeds shall tell ;
 Act the right, though men together
 Bid thy name and curses dwell,
 And the future know thee not ;
 Trust thou that when thou'rt forgot,
 Though thy name be hid in night,
 Still thy deeds shall live in light ;
 Live, or known or not, the same ;
 What is glory !—what is fame !

[4.]

Prithee what is life to thee
 Man of marts alone and trade ?
 Dost thou think that thou wert made
 Only such a drudgè to be ?
 Dost thou think the might of thought,
 High imaginations fire,
 Feeling's powers were meant for nought
 But to win thy worthless hire ?
 Trust me, thee, the truly wise,
 Whom thou scornest, may despise,—
 May unsighing live without
 All the winnings of thy drudging,
 Sparing not a wish to grudging
 All thou wastest life about,—
 Poor, thy very scorn may be,
 And yet well look down on thee.

Osborne-Place, Blackheath.

W. C. BENNETT.

HINTS UPON HEALTH.

BY J. BAXTER LANGLEY, M. R. C. S. &C.

HEALTH is essential to happiness. To ensure a healthy body, as well as a healthy mind, is the desire of every rational man ; and inasmuch as the qualities of his mental efforts will much depend upon his bodily state, every individual who wished to improve or preserve the full use of the former will carefully guard and preserve the latter. The body of Man is placed in certain relations to objects around it, under certain natural laws, obedience to which is rewarded with health, while the result of transgression insures suffering and disease. If we possessed a perfect acquaintance with all natural laws, and could maintain, by a most unerring prudence, the appropriate relation between external objects and our internal constitution, the term of our natural life would be extended to a period now unknown. Let us briefly endeavour to explain some of the most important truths with reference to our relation to things about us. It behoves us to consider chiefly the following :

The air which we breathe,
 The food which we eat,

The fluids which we drink,
 The temperature in which we exist, and the clothing we require, and
 The proportion of light which we receive.

The operations of these various agents are all connected together, and their effects may be said to be in a measure mutually dependent, as for example ; Light and temperature affect the qualities of air and its wholesomeness for our uses. Again : The food which would be most suited for the nutrition of the human body in one climate is unwholesome in another—diet should be varied with the seasons.

I. The air we breathe should be free from exhalations from putrid vegetable or animal matter. The neighbourhood of stagnant pools of water is that which is most frequently visited by fever and infectious disease ; and in such districts epidemics are *always* the most fatal. The miasmata of sewers and stagnant water are so poisonous that undiluted with pure air, and introduced into the lungs, they would produce immediate death.

To understand the full value of pure air, and to render intelligible the changes it undergoes, it will be necessary for us to study for a moment its component parts.

The atmosphere which we breathe is composed of two gasses named Oxygen and Nitrogen, or Azote. The first is the "Vital air" of Priestley, and is the supporter of life and fire. Remove Oxygen from the air and all life and all fire in the earth would be instantaneously extinguished. The second, Nitrogen or Azote, was so called from its inability to support life or flame : it appears chiefly designed to dilute the other gas with which it is mixed, though it performs many other functions of importance to the animal and vegetable kingdom in its connexion with the air. Any change in the proportions of these two gases to each other is injurious to the person breathing such mixture : if too much oxygen is breathed the circulation is unduly rapid, and symptoms of inflammatory action ensue, followed by exhaustion. If, on the other hand, sufficient oxygen is not present, and the proportion of nitrogen predominates, then slow cessation of vitality is the consequence, and suffocation is ultimately the result. The mode of action of pure air upon the lungs must be here explained, since it is necessary to understand the grounds on which we propose to found our "Hints upon Health." The air, compounded of oxygen and nitrogen, is taken into the lungs, and there is brought (virtually) in contact with the blood charged with carbon, with which the oxygen combines. A gas called Carbonic Acid is the result, and this is given out when the lungs *expire* the air they before *inspired*. The perfect removal of the carbon from the blood is perfect *respiration* or breathing ; anything which prevents the removal of this carbon, or compels its accumulation, produces suffocation. If other gases are mixed with air they enter the lungs, are absorbed by the blood, and produce their effects upon the vital organs, the brain and nerves, and destroy health in proportion to their quantity and bad qualities. The carbonic acid gas produced by breathing, and given out by the lungs is most prejudicial, and it is therefore incumbent upon all persons who wish to ensure health, before all things to take care that they do not breathe air twice or three times over, as a crowd of persons confined for some time in a close apartment without ventilation are compelled to do so. This caution is especially necessary with bed-rooms which have no chimney. All rooms should be so ventilated as to allow the whole air of the chambers to be completely changed at *least* every two hours, unless the apartments be small, when a much more frequent renewal of the atmosphere is absolutely necessary. The doors of bed-rooms should never be closed ; bed-room chimneys should never be stopped up. As the warmth of the body depends upon the perfect union of the carbon of the blood with the oxygen of the air, the extra coolness produced by proper ventilation will be more than compensated for by the increased animal heat, resulting from the perfect performance of the function of respiration.

Plants at night absorb oxygen, and give out carbonic acid gas, thus removing the vital air, and giving out a deleterious gas ; but this action is reversed during the day. The plain inference from this is, that plants should be rigidly excluded from sleeping or sitting rooms during the night, but are health-preserving agents during the light. The qualities of air in dwelling-rooms and work-shops are injuriously affected by the use of stoves and other similar modes of warming, which render the air too dry, and thus abstract too much fluid from the skin (perspiration) and from the lining membranes of the throat and lungs. This unhealthy action may however be counteracted by placing upon the stove, or heating apparatus, broad open vessels containing pure

spring water ; the surface gives off steam, and thus counteracts the unhealthy dryness of the atmosphere.

The advantages of pure air are increased ten-fold by exercise of mind and body. Perfect health cannot exist without exercise of all the various parts of which the complete body consists, and no nourishment, however nutritious, can produce its full extent of usefulness without it. The use of exercise is to quicken the circulation, and by so doing to drive through the lungs a larger quantity of blood to be exposed to the action of the air. The respiration and circulation are both quickened, and a larger quantity of carbonic acid gas consequently passes from the blood, and all the actions of secretion and excretion are more duly performed. *All vital activity depends upon the action of the oxygen of the air upon the contents of the blood.*—These contents are supplied by

Food. Nearly 800 pounds weight of oxygen gas are inhaled by the lungs every year, yet no portion of it remains ; not one particle may be said to be appropriated ; but combining with the carbon and hydrogen, which are supplied by food to the blood, it forms carbonic acid gas and water. This union produces animal heat, which is necessary to life. In order then to keep up the phenomena which we call life, certain matters are required to be supplied to the blood ; and this is done by the stomach, an organ which receives various materials, and passes such parts of them as are fitted for nutrition into the blood.

During every moment of life a continual change is going on. Every movement or manifestation of force, necessitates a change of structure and substance. Some part of the body, upon each movement, is transformed into dead and unorganized matter, and must be again renewed. To compensate for this loss, and to supply materials for increase of substance or *growth*, is the double purpose of *food*.

Proper food must contain the elements of the materials of the body, and also such a quantity of carbon and hydrogen (the chief elements of water) as shall compensate for the waste of those elements in the lungs in producing animal heat, &c. All kinds of food then must contain sulphur and nitrogen, since these are components of various tissues in the body ; and after passing through the stomach must be presented in such a form to the blood as to be ready for assimilation. The substances fitted for digestion are derivable only from the vegetable or animal kingdom. Vegetables absorb their nourishment from mineral substances ; animals cannot assimilate mineral substances, unless previously adopted in the organization of a vegetable form. The substances of which the food of man is composed are divisible into two classes—

1st. Those containing Nitrogen.

2nd. Those from which Nitrogen is absent.

The former invariably contain sulphur and all the elements of blood, and are directly convertible into the elements of nutrition ; the latter are mostly carbonaceous, and are incapable of this transformation into blood. All the organized tissues of the body are derived from the first class, or nitrogenous substances, which we will therefore name the **ELEMENTS OF NUTRITION**, while the second class, or carbonaceous substances, are called the *Elements of respiration*, because they supply carbon and hydrogen to unite with the oxygen in the lungs.

THE ELEMENTS OF NUTRITION are—

VEGETABLE ALBUMEN,

VEGETABLE FIBRINE,

VEGETABLE CASEINE,*

ANIMAL FLESH AND BLOOD,

} All existing plentifully in common
eatable vegetables.

There is no doubt but that every element of nutrition, and every material necessary to support vigorous health, may be found in the vegetable kingdom ; and not only so, but that nutritious matter exists in a much larger proportion in the vegetable than in the animal kingdom. We have however become habituated to animal food, and its stimulating properties ; there is no doubt however that is *summer especially* (for reasons hereafter to be explained) we should ensure more robust health and greater sense of comfort from living on a diet of which vegetables were a larger component part.

THE ELEMENTS OF RESPIRATION are—

Fat or oil,—(animal or vegetable,)

* That part of milk which forms the curds of milk is caseine.

Starch,
Gum,
Sugar, &c.

In all these carbon and hydrogen are in large proportion. No nitrogenized (1st class) compound, differing from fibrine, albumen and caseine, is of use to form blood, or in the reparation of tissues—and what is remarkable, though these bodies are in many respects so different, it has been proved that the proximate and ultimate composition is exactly the same. *The due proportion of these two kinds of food is most important to the attainment of health, and must be varied in different temperatures of the varied seasons of the year, and under other varying circumstances to which the body is exposed.* Thus, it has been shewn that carbonaceous food is taken to supply carbon and hydrogen to the lungs to keep up animal heat, and therefore the greatest quantity of this kind of food must be taken when there is the greatest waste, and when most animal heat is required.—This is in Winter. During the cold season the air being condensed in volume, (by the abstraction of heat) at each breath a larger proportion of oxygen is taken into the lungs, and a larger quantity of carbon and of hydrogen is given off. Exercise is more requisite in winter than in summer, because more animal heat is required, and that can alone be generated by a combination in the lungs of a larger quantity of carbon and hydrogen with oxygen. The rule hence deducible is, that *the elements of respiration should exist in the food in larger proportion in winter than in summer*, when less oxygen is taken into the lungs at each inspiration, and less animal heat is required. It will be here seen why exercise produces less appetite in summer than in winter.

FLUIDS. Fluid is required for the solution of the elements of nutrition, and to give pliability and elasticity and transparency to various parts of the body. The blood and all the fluids consist of water, holding in solution the nutrient elements and salts, which are useful in the animal economy. Fluid also passes off from the skin in the form of perspiration, and acts thus in preserving to the skin an equal temperature. When the body is cool the pores through which the perspiration escapes are almost closed, but when the body becomes heated the perspiration escapes, and the evaporation produces coolness. But the importance of fluid in the body may be better understood from the fact that *90 per cent. of the weight of the body is water*. From a mass of flesh weighing ten pounds nine pounds of water can be distilled. One pound only of solid matter remains out of ten pounds of flesh. There is no other solvent in the body but water, and this should be taken with the food, or contained in it in proportion to the rapidity of evaporation from the skin and the inside of the lungs—in short in proportion to the rapidity of the circulation.

The foregoing remarks have contained all that need be said on the subject of *Temperature*, as far as regards food; and few words need be said on the subject of *clothing*, except to remark that as the skin supports an important part of the respiratory process, and as it is supplied plentifully with blood-vessels and nerves, it is essential that it should be protected against severe sudden changes of temperature; and what is still more important, that it should be frequently and thoroughly cleansed, to remove from its pores the matters excreted from it.—*Cleanliness is essential to perfect health.*

LIGHT. If plants be kept in the dark but a few days they lose their colour, become unhealthy, and shortly afterwards die. If the same experiment be tried with an animal, the same effects are more slowly, but quite as certainly produced. It can be shown that the chemical changes which are necessary to the support of health, cannot so perfectly take place as when exposed to daylight; and deformity and disease are produced by darkness if continued.

Of the foregoing statements the following is a summary and conclusion:—Health requires that we breathe the same air once only. The solid parts of our bodies require to be repaired by fresh substance; therefore, food should be taken with due regard to the exercise and waste of the body. The fluid part of our bodies also wastes constantly: there is but one fluid in animals which is water, and no artifice can produce a better drink.

The fluid of our bodies is to the solid in proportion as nine to one; therefore a like proportion should prevail in the total amount of food taken.

Our dwellings should freely admit the solar rays.

Decomposing animal and vegetable substances yield various noxious gases, which

enter the lungs and corrupt the blood ; therefore all impurities should be kept away from our abodes, and every precaution be observed to secure a pure atmosphere.

Warmth is essential to all the functions of the body ; therefore, an equal bodily temperature should be maintained, by exercise, by clothing, or by fire.

Exercise warms, invigorates, and purifies the body ; clothing preserves the warmth the body generates ; fire imparts warmth externally ; therefore, to obtain and preserve warmth, exercise and clothing are preferable to fire.

Fire consumes the oxygen of the air, and produces noxious gases ; therefore, the air is less pure in the presence of candles, gas, or coal fire, than otherwise, and the deterioration should be repaired by increased ventilation.

The skin is a highly organized membrane, full of minute pores, cells, blood-vessels, and nerves. All the internal organs sympathize with the skin ; therefore it should be repeatedly cleansed.

Late hours and anxious pursuits exhaust the nervous system, and produce disease and premature death ; therefore, the hours of labour and study should be short.

Mental and bodily exercise are equally essential to the general health and happiness ; therefore, labour and study should succeed each other.

Cheerfulness and rest revive the exhausted system, and restore mental and bodily energy ; therefore, relaxation and sleep should be taken as regularly as food and drink.

Moderation in eating and drinking, short hours of labour and study, regularity in exercise, recreation, and rest, cleanliness, equanimity of temper and temperature,—these are the great essentials to that which surpasses all wealth, A HEALTHY MIND AND A SOUND BODY.

OF TRUTH IN THINGS FALSE.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE RAINBOW.

FEW men know the whole of the greatness and universality of the truth they utter. After many searchings of nature, and communings with his own soul, an author often discovers that, with the impulse of strong belief, he has enunciated what was not only true of his own sphere, but is true of all spheres—not only for his own age, but for all time. Many great men have given testimony to this fact ; and, in all probability, the author of the sentiment—"There is no error so gross, but it has a particle of truth in it"—was not aware how unexceptionable was the rule. In a former article I quoted these words as an axiom, but had not then come to see the universality of their application. A great German writer has said, that nothing can remain which is false, and that nothing can be which is entirely error. This is the same sentiment in an inverted form, and is, I am convinced, utterly true.

A short time ago, meditating upon these sentences, I wandered into the fields. It was a warm summer afternoon. The grain was not yet ripe, but, in the words of the Psalmist, "the valleys stood so thick with corn" that there was ample cause for the people "to laugh and sing." A fresh breeze swept over the ears of wheat, and made the thick crop look like some vast crowd cheering and waving, and swaying their heads, in joyful popular commotion. The sweet-scented vernal grass loaded the air with its fresh strong smell from the field where the merry hay-makers sported, and sang or whistled while they worked ; the hedge sides were beautiful with wild-flowers, wreathed into garlands by the pale convolvulus—in short every sense was so saluted with pleasure, that gloomy indeed must have been that spirit which was not exalted with gratitude, and forced to acknowledge that, although many were the ills which man has made to cloud our life, the original design was perfectly good ; and that it was a beautiful and happy world after all. A cloud, like the transient sorrows of our existence, rose above the horizon, and the hay-makers hurried to prepare for the expected shower. The sunshine was

obscured, and the sparrows chattered anxiously in their leafy habitations, seeming to discuss the consequences of the future rain. The flies were driven, by the great coolness of the air, to shelter underneath the leaves of the tree to which I came for covering, whose boughs were now swung to and fro by the increasing power of the wind. Large drops fell here and there, as outriders and heralds of the crowd to follow them, and then the pattering upon the leaves quickened, till the falling rain dimmed the prospect, and made the horses droop their heads, and the cows set up their backs, and helter skelter, the hay-makers ran from the field for protection from the wet. And now the sun shone out from below the cloud, like a young bride withdrawing her veil, to show how many smiles are mixed with her tears; and then, like that bride's hopes in prospect, up sprang the gorgeous tints of the rainbow. Broad and bright, opposite the sun it shone, like the triumphal arch of God.

"There," said one of the hay-makers, addressing a little boy, "There's a chance for you, Charlie, to make your fortune; for old folks say, that *if you dig at the foot of the rainbow, you will find a heap of gold.*" In momentary unbelief, I said within myself, "Is there not here an error so gross that it hath not a particle of truth in it? Can nothing false remain? How comes it that this fanciful old adage about the rainbow has been handed down from time immemorial to posterity, and still continues to be repeated?"

I walked from my leafy covert, towards the beautiful vision which was the subject of my contemplation, but it fled me ever, and left me far behind in the distance; and at last, as the heavenly blue became unclouded, it vanished altogether.

Philosophy suggested that the rainbow had no place—that the adage was a false prophet—that it was like the sybil's leaves at the Delphian oracle, which only prophesied in such a mode that if the words were untrue it was impossible to demonstrate their falsehood and absurdity. It would most certainly be a vain imagination for a man to search for the rainbow's foot; and, as he never could find *that*, he never could prove that a heap of gold was *not* buried there. Thinking upon these things I turned my steps homewards; and though I was loath to part with my belief in my axiom, I resolved that by the truth or falsehood of this well-known adage, it should remain to me as truth, or be exploded as error.

"If you dig at the foot of the rainbow you will find a heap of gold." What is the rainbow? Sunlight, during its passage from any transparent medium to another more dense, whose surface is not at right angles to its direction, becomes bent or refracted. In this refraction, some portions of the white light are more bent than others, and thus the white sun-light is decomposed into its three primitive colours, blue, yellow, and red, and their intermediates, green, orange, and violet. These tints are always in the same sequence as we see them in the rainbow, which has been proved to be the resulting phenomenon of the refraction of the rays of the sun shining upon the falling drops of rain. It could only therefore be seen by a person standing at some distance from the shower, at the extremity of a line corresponding to the direction of the refracted rays. It is then impossible to stand at the foot of the rainbow, and to see its colours at the same time.

Phenomena of this kind are constant; nature's laws are unexceptional; and we may therefore say, without hesitation, that whenever the sun shines upon falling rain-drops, this refraction invariably takes place. These iridescent colours are certainly manifested, and could be seen by any person in a proper position. The foot of the rainbow may then be said to be wherever the sun shines and rain falls. There is the great truth; I saw it as I looked over the yellow fields—in the teeming gardens of the cottages—in the bright green meadows.

Man's toil shall always be repaid by earth's gratitude. Truly, "If you dig at the foot of the rainbow you shall find a crop of gold." The showers and sunlight of April had made rainbows everywhere, and men had ploughed and dug, and have found that golden harvest which has since gathered into a thousand garner. The proverb is true, and my axiom shall stand. "There is no error so gross but it has a particle of truth within it."

A SCAMP'S SCAMPER FROM MANCHESTER TO WALES.

Wednesday, September 1st, 1847. I started, on this henceforth memorable morning, equipped, as a pedestrian should be, with green "wide awake" felt hat, shooting jacket, and stout stick, with my knapsack on my back, for the Liverpool Railway Station, and had the satisfaction, after putting myself in a dreadful state of perspiration, of being just in time to be too late for the half-past six o'clock train, which whizzed away before my very nose. I had therefore to sit down, like "Patience on a Monument," &c. and wait for the next train at a quarter-past seven, and whilst "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy," I chewed something far more satisfactory in the shape of a large cake, with about half-a-dozen of which my kind and provident landlady had stuffed the pockets of my knapsack, to the intent that I should therewith stuff myself, when appetite directed and opportunity offered. Soon after I had sat down in a frame of mind, not sweetened by my recent disappointment, a woman with band-boxes, and a baby came in, and after looking about in a perplexed sort of way, asked me in a dubious manner, whether the train *was* gone, and I experienced a kind of malignant gratification in informing her, that "I should rather think it *was*,"—so pleasant is it to have companions in misfortune.

At last, after kicking my heels for a tedious three-quarters-of-an-hour, the train was got ready, I popped into a nearly empty carriage, and was congratulating myself on the probability of not being crushed and crowded, to which I have a great dislike, when, just as the train was on the point of starting, up comes the guard, and shoves in an inundation of fat old women, with still fatter market-baskets, notwithstanding all my protestations that we were quite full enough, and I was thus wedged in between the horrid creatures, who sat down almost on the top of me, "squeedging" me till I was almost as flat as a flounder or a pancake, treading on my corns, and poking their elbows into my unfortunate sides incessantly. It is a curious fact, that, though I always practice all manner of "artful dodges" to avoid a crushification, such as pulling the door to the moment I get in, sitting in two places, and looking out of three windows at once, (or as nearly so as possible) and telling everybody who attempts to enter, that we are quite full enough, yet, from some cause or other, whether from the perversity of fate, or a spirit of contradiction, inherent in human nature, I scarcely ever travel second class, without having been in a purgatorial state of mash during the journey. With this moral reflection, and leaving it to abler natural philosophers than myself to decide on, and explain this disagreeable phenomenon, I will return to my narrative.

After a few preparatory fizzes, puffings, groans, and screeches from the engine, we were off, and soon left the dirty, smoky city behind us, and I was fortunate enough at one of the stations to extricate myself from the superincumbent mountain of old women, and made a precipitate retreat into another compartment of the carriage, where I remained, unmolested by "*crushers*," during the rest of the journey. I took an omnibus, or, more properly speaking, an omnibus took me, down to the docks, and I crossed the Mersey in a "*damp-schiff*," as the Germans call a steam-boat, (perhaps from the passengers getting wet with the condensed steam) and travelled to Chester in company with two maiden aunts (at least they looked like maiden aunts) who would not have crushed me if there had been ten more of them of similar dimensions. Arrived at Chester, I asked an old man which was the way to Hawarden, in Flintshire, and he, notwithstanding all I could say, would go with me some distance on the road, in order to shew me a short cut, which he said would save me two miles. Of course it would have been an insult to have offered so good-natured an individual money.

After sketching a picturesque old tower in the walls, I started off down a beautiful lane, shaded with overhanging trees, making a muncheon, as I went along, of one of the afore-mentioned cakes, my jaws keeping time with my legs, both going at a pretty considerable rate. After walking about seven miles, I arrived at the "*Queen's ferry*," over the Dee, which is a government one, and about the awkwardest, clumsiest, stupidest, ugliest, slowest, *machine* that can be imagined. The passage is free, gratis, and for nothing, (cheap and nasty with a vengeance !) but we were, I verily believe, nearly ten minutes crossing, though the distance does not exceed a hundred yards. Being impatient I jumped off before we had quite got to land, and miscalculating my

distance, just came with my heels in the water, splashing those behind me, as well (perhaps they would render it *as badly*) as myself, and walked away as quickly as possible, followed by the execrations, "not loud, but deep," of the splashed, who, I suppose, considered I had thrown a *damp* on their enjoyment.

After a walk of two miles I arrived at Har'den Church, an ancient and picturesque structure, and having sketched it, walked on to the castle, but was told I could not see the old ruins, as the family were at home. However I told the porter it was no use, I had come to see the castle, and see the castle I must, and would, and was directed to go to another gate, and apply to the head gardener. I went, "*as per advice*," and an old woman, who opened the gate, went to look for the man of carrots and currant bushes, but came back again, saying, she couldn't find him. I told her I couldn't, and, what was more, I would n't, go till I had seen the castle, so at last by dint of pertinacity, I got one of the under-gardeners, to whom I gave a trifle, to show me the ruins.—There is nothing in this world like a sufficiency of *brass*, especially when combined with a judicious admixture of *tin*!—The ruins, which consist of the keep and some broken walls, are overgrown with ivy, and rather picturesque. I ascended by a dark and mouldering staircase to the top of the keep, which is still tolerably entire, and enjoyed a beautiful view over Cheshire, Flintshire, and Shropshire, as far as Liverpool on the one side, and Bishop's Castle on the other. After sheltering from a heavy shower in a nook of the ruins, I left Hawarden Park, and took my way along the flinty roads towards Flint. About half way I met a postman, so I called out to him for a joke, "I say, old fellow, have n't you got a letter for me?" "Who 're you?" asked he in return, with a voice embodying in itself the concentrated hoarseness of a legion of crows. "Oh, I'm the son of my mother," said I.—"Ugh," returned he, hoarser than ever, "ugh, I have got a letter for a *fool*, (fool) and it'll most likely be for you!" The old fellow had the better of me here, so I slunk away. Soon after this rencounter, I came in sight of the sea again, and walked the rest of the way by the side of the Chester and Holyhead Railway, here carried along on an embankment, which is washed by the high tide. I must say, I should feel a strong disinclination to travel along this line in a storm, for the tide would come into the carriages in a more unpleasant manner than the obnoxious individual who comes and demands your "*Tickits*—ss," and then, woe be *tide* the miserable travellers. About half-past six o'clock, I arrived at the ancient borough of Flint, and enquired of an old man which was the best inn; this he promised to show me, and after surveying me curiously, as if he considered the owner of such a hat and knapsack rather a nondescript sort of animal, said to me, "And what do you sell?" "*SELL*?" roared I, with such indignant emphasis as to make the old fellow jump, "What do I *SELL*, indeed? Do you take me for a pedler?" added I, ferociously.—"Beg your pardon, Sir, hope no offence," said he, soothingly.—"Oh, not in the least," replied I, rather bitterly.

I took shelter under the hospitable branches of the "Royal Oak, by Rebecca Jones," where I ordered an infinite amount of broiled ham and eggs, after the consumption of which I walked out to view the castle, built on a rock, which, at high water, is washed by the sea. It is a quadrangular building, with a round tower to each corner. One of these is much larger than the rest, and is formed by two concentric walls each six feet thick, with a gallery eight feet wide between them, and was probably the keep. It appears to have been a place of great strength, but was dismantled during the civil war, and is now fast mouldering to decay. After sketching it I returned "to mine inn," and after giving orders to call me at six o'clock I retired to bed, and was soon in the arms of "Murphy."

In the morning the servants at the inn did not call me, or got my breakfast ready at the time I had ordered, so I discharged a great moral duty, which I considered I owed to society, by giving them—an impressive lecture on the duty of punctuality, and—a smaller gratuity than usual, being mindful of the adage, to "be just before you're generous."

I then started off by the road along the coast, but had very great difficulty in getting forward, for the wind was strong, and right in my face, so that I was obliged to keep my mouth shut, in order to prevent my front teeth from being blown down my throat. I had, however, once or twice to open it to make enquiries as to the road, and from this circumstance only, am I enabled to account for the fact that my front teeth felt so loose the next time I had occasion to use them.

Passing through the village of Greenfield, I beheld with admiration a shop,

with the magniloquent title of "Manchester House," emblazoned with immense letters of intensely flaming colours on an enormous board; and, certainly, judging from the variety and heterogeneity of the articles exposed for sale, every shop in this Emporium of manufactures might have furnished its quota towards the furnishing out of this *omniumgatherum* store.

Soon after I came in sight of the Monastery of Greenfield, on a hill on my left, and proceeded up to it. It is a beautiful and picturesque ruin, but very much delapidated and appears to have been built at different periods, as some of the arches are pointed, while others are round. After sketching it, I took my way towards Holywell, a pretty little village in a deep valley. The celebrated holy well to which pilgrimages used to be made, is covered in by a beautiful building supported on arches, formerly a chapel dedicated to St. Winifred. According to the legend, Miss Winifred—(her surname is not recorded, but it was probably Jones or Price)—being a young lady of prepossessing appearance and fascinating manners, a neighbouring King (some relation, if we may judge from his blood-thirsty disposition to the "King of the Cannibal Islands") became desperately smitten with her, and "proposed" in due form. She, however, either because, like many unmarried ladies of the present, she had determined to remain in a state of "single blessedness," or because the king was old and ugly, and she preferred some nice young prince, rejected his proposals with disdain, and the cantankerous old wretch, having no regard to the liberty of the subject, took the liberty of chopping her head off there and then. This was not only uncourteous, but disagreeable; however, where her head alighted on the ground, a beautiful spring of water gushed out, and a pious bishop, who by great good luck, happened to arrive just in the nick of time, took up the head, and after wiping off the dirt and dust, at least it is to be hoped he did, though history is not precise as to that point, stuck it on, with somebody's "magic ointment," (probably Holloway's) and wonderful to relate, it grew fast on again, and the only mark of the accident that remained, was a white line at the joining. The old king, rather astonished at this unexpected termination of the affair, and afraid that, though he could not be convicted of *man*-slaughter, he would be tried for the murder, or have an action commenced against him for heavy damages, to neither of which charges he would be able to plead justifiable homicide, determined to commit suicide, or perish in the attempt, and accordingly did so incontinently.

It is a great pity that the old bishop did not perpetuate the receipt for this "wonderful cure," for we should be able to procure water much more cheaply than by boring artesian wells, if we could produce beautiful springs by chopping nice young ladies head's off, and then make them all right again afterwards.

It is supposed that the waters possess healing properties, when taken internally or externally, and I saw a credulous individual, in a blue gown, walk down a flight of steps into a tank in which the water is collected, and then walk composedly out again, very much to the benefit of his health *no doubt*; others were swallowing the pure element by buckets full (almost); but, for my own part, being possessed of "*sana mens in corpore sano*" (which, being interpreted, means "a sane man in a state of fine preservation") that is to say, as strong as a horse, I did not feel any necessity for being made any better, and preferred diluting the holy water with "something nice and warm" from my case bottle, and drank success to the Tectotallers in a bumper, which was exceedingly invigorating and consoling to my feelings.

Taking the road towards Denbigh, I now ascended a steep hill, crossed an extensive moor, and then entered a narrow lane, down which I had not proceeded very far when, to my astonishment and dismay, a fine young bull jumped through a gap in the hedge, about four yards before me, and close upon his heels came half-a-dozen cows and a couple of horses. "Hallo, murder alive," ejaculated I mentally, "and is it myself ye're after, what am I to do, at all, at all, in *this* fix?" Here was a pretty predicament and pickle, for a peaceful pedestrian to be placed in! The bull looked at me *savagely*, and I looked at the bull *ruefully*, for a bull is a very disagreeable animal to deal with, and by no means easily *bullied* or *cowed*.—What *was* to be done—if I walked forwards, there was the bull before me,—and if I ran backwards I was certain to have the bull behind me. However there was I, and there was the bull, so there remained nothing for it but to put a bold face on, and walk boldly forwards, so boldly forwards I walked, and giving a dreadful flourish with my stick, in order to hint to the bull in a gentle manner, that if he offered to touch me I should be under the

disagreeable necessity of poking his eye out, passed by him in safety. What the first intentions of the bull were, whether he meant to attack me, but was overawed by my preparations for defence, or, with his confederates, had concocted a plan for the colonization of a distant part of the country, which he and they were proceeding to carry into execution, I am unable to decide, and will leave it to natural historians and the *Pope*, who is of course well versed in the nature of *bulls*, to determine.

After walking about six miles without meeting a soul to ask my way of, I arrived at the village of Caerwys, and, being hot and thirsty, entered the little inn, (the "White Swan") and flung myself down on the window seat, after calling for something to drink. Now I had been devotedly hoping that Fate would be pleased graciously to send me an adventure, and she sent me one to her heart's content. When the barmaid came in with the beverage required, she cried out, lifting up her hands and her voice at the same time, "Oh la Sir, why that bench has just been painted!" "*Painted?*" cried I, "oh the d——!" It was too true, my beautiful green hat, which I had put down beside me, and my other garments, were one sheet of white paint. A pleasant situation truly. Talk of painting the lily, indeed, if I had been a lily, I should not have so much minded a whitewashing; but I was, if anything, a kind of evergreen, which made the contrast of the two colours by no means agreeable. However there was no time to be lost, so I went out for some turpentine, in which I spent an agreeable hour and the sum of threepence, and at last regained the semblance of humanity, and the colour of my habiliments.

After settling the bill (I think I paid rather dearly for the refreshment I had) I proceeded on my journey, leaving in my wake, however, a scent of turpentine perceptible far behind me, so that the best direction that could have been given to any one that wanted to follow me, as to the road he should take, would have been to "follow his nose."

I had lost so much time by this adventure, or rather, misadventure, that I was obliged to give up all thoughts of going to Denbigh, as I had appointed to meet a friend and companion at Rhyl, from which I was still eleven miles distant by the direct road that evening, and I therefore turned off into the road to St. Asaph's. Just before entering the city I met a detachment of juvenile Jackass-aphians (or whatever the inhabitants call themselves) dressed in white blouses, like incipient lamp-lighters, who, as they *respectively* passed me, touched their *respective* caps *respectfully*. Under these circumstances I thought the least I could do was to return their civility in kind, and accordingly took off my hat to them several times with the greatest politeness, much to the astonishment of a sedate elderly gentleman who headed this regiment of infantry.

The Cathedral does not at all come up to my notions of what a Cathedral ought to be, and is no more to be compared to Tewkesbury Abbey Church than the "Goat Inn" at Beddgelert to Penrhyn Castle, and it is too smooth and new looking, and inspires one with no feelings of veneration, though it is certainly, abstractedly, considered rather a handsome building.

The city itself is very picturesquely situated on the side of a hill, at the foot of which flows the river Clwydd, crossed here by a handsome stone bridge. Passing over this, I stood in the "vale of the Clwydd," celebrated in song. What its beauties may be higher up, I can not say; from what I did see of it, however, I certainly think its beauties have been much overrated; the valley is certainly pretty, but it is too tame, quiet, and unromantic for my taste—the magnificent and sublime, the grand and awful for me, and take the "*pretty*" and tame who list!

Proceeding onwards down the aforesaid valley, I soon came in sight of the dark towers of Rhuddlan Castle, and cutting across some fields, in which I started three hares, (not "Welsh rabbits") within 100 yards of each other, and crossing by the steep and narrow bridge, the river, which is navigable up to this point, I soon stood in the court-yard of the castle, having climbed over the gate, disregarding an intimation from a board stuck up on the wall, that "Trespassers will be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law." I asked a man who came in soon after me, which was the way to the top of the walls, but his reply was "Ise nose torks Inglis," so I had to find it out for myself, and soon stood on the top of one of the towers. After climbing about, and risking my neck to my heart's content, for the wind was so strong that it once or twice nearly carried me off bodily from my unstable footing, and, though thanks to an elder brother, I am pretty well used to "*blowing up*," I should

have great objections to such a blowing *down*, I descended and set out for Rhyl, about three miles distant. Having proceeded about half way, I espied something like a roll of green flannel trundling towards me, which I immediately recognized as my companion, whom I shall designate as my friend Slowcoach, with his green plaid and hat like mine. After mutual greetings, and reciprocal enquiries about our respective adventures, we unanimously resolved to stop at Rhyl for the night, and accordingly took up our quarters at the Inn by the ferry over the Clwydd, after a walk about 24 miles.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 3RD.—We got up this morning at six o'clock, and, though it poured with rain, started at seven o'clock, without our breakfasts, for Abergel, a distance of five miles, and took our way along the beach. Keeping up our spirits by singing songs, which, considering that we were hungry and wet through, and that our feet sank deep into the sand at every step, was really, as Mark Tapley would say, "being jolly under creditable circumstances." About half-past eight we arrived at Abergel, and were soon drying ourselves at a roaring fire, and discussing a hearty breakfast of lamb-chops, broiled ham and eggs, cold fowls, &c. &c. at the exceedingly comfortable hotel; having finished which, and performed the second less agreeable act of the comedy, namely, paying the bill, we again set forth towards Conway, along roads, the state of which may be more easily imagined than described, slipping back two steps for every one we made forwards, *almost*. Going up a hill we overtook a carriage, and there being no person in sight, I took the liberty of walking behind it, but was disagreeably startled by receiving a cut from the driver's whip across the finger's. As I considered this rather an uncivil way of intimating that my room would be preferred to my company, I bestowed on the driver an admonition to be more polite in future, enforced by the application of my walking stick to his shoulders. He at first seemed inclined to give me an answer in kind, but, perceiving that my stick was a more formidable weapon than his whip, he thought better of it, and contented himself with taking a few verbal liberties with my visual organs.

After this little interlude, we continued our journey, notwithstanding numerous showers, passing the *imposing* front (as it may well be called, as most of the towers are "dummies") of Gwyrch Castle, then on, across the base of the Great Orme's Head. We occasionally stopped to regale ourselves with a few blackberries, and came in sight, about two o'clock, of the stately towers of Conway Castle, and soon after, passing over the elegant suspension bridge, entered the ancient and picturesque town, through one of the gates in the walls which surround it. It is fancifully said in shape to bear some resemblance to a Welsh harp, and this is to some extent the case; and as there are no houses beyond the walls, which are still perfect and defended by 21 strong towers, the town has quite a unique appearance, and is said strongly to resemble the Saracenic towns in Palestine. After depositing our knapsacks at the best Hotel, we strolled forth to view the castle, and, finding the entrance locked, were advised by a passer-by to invoke the assistance of "Missis Chauns," the janitor, or rather janitrix (*Jenny-tricks*) who forthwith appeared, with a key in her hand, from a neighbouring cottage, and, having opened the gate and given us admittance, locked it behind us, in order to compel us to pay tribute when we desired to depart.

Conway Castle, the boast of North Wales, is finely situated at the south of the town, on a lofty rock the base of which is washed by the river. Its walls, which are 12 feet thick at the base are defended by eight lofty and massive round towers, battlemented and pierced, four of which are surmounted by graceful watch turrets. Although a complete ruin, with not one chamber entire, exteriorly the castle looks almost perfect, except that on the side next the river; the base of one of the towers has fallen, exposing the blackened interior, while, strange to say, the upper part still remains perfect and projects to a distance of 30 feet beyond the supporting walls, showing the amazing strength and solidity of the masonry.

The great hall, once lighted by nine fine windows, is of a singular curved form, and is 130 feet long and 32 wide, its roof was supported by five massy arches, four of which, picturesquely overgrown with ivy, still remain. After making the circuit of the walls, from which there is a beautiful and extensive prospect "o'er flood and field," searching into every hole and corner and climbing up divers inaccessible places, we wished to depart, and as the gate was locked, I let myself drop from a wall about 12 feet high, but Slow-coach, being of a cautious character and timid disposition, and afraid of risking his precious neck, declined a feat so perilous and preferred to make his exit in an inglorious manner with the hired assistance of "Mrs. Chauns."

We now re-crossed the Suspension-bridge, and sketched the castle, after which we again entered the town, and went to look at the "Plas Mawr," an ancient and picturesque mansion in the principal street. The walls and ceilings of every room are carved curiously, with devices, coats of arms, initials, mermaids, ragged staves, and other images. There are several other picturesque, old, timbered houses, in the same street, and one with a stone window much ornamented is called the College, and is the only vestige of a college founded here by Edward the 1st, who also built the castle as it now stands. I now strolled out through one of the gates of the town and took a survey of the walls, and, whilst sketching a picturesque tower, was accosted by a gentleman, who, I soon found out, was a native of Manchester, being the fourth we had already met with in Wales. And so it is all over the world; you meet them every where on the continent, and I verily believe if we were to go to Timbuctoo, or Kamutschatka, or pay a visit to the King of the Cannibal Islands, we should find at least five and a half Manchester men, on an average, at each and every of those regions.

I afterwards ascended a high hill in the grounds of Sir Somebody Something (I forget his name) from which I obtained a beautiful view of the town and castle, and after feasting my eyes on the beauties of nature, about seven o'clock I thought it time to feast my palate on the beauties of supper, and accordingly returned to the hotel, where the requirements of nature were satisfactorily satisfied.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4TH.—I went out sketching this morning before breakfast, after which Slow-coach and I, with a gentleman from Manchester, proceeded to view the Cast Iron Tunnel in which the railway is to be carried across the river. It is constructed of plates of iron of great thickness, rivetted, to, and over, and across, each other, in every possible way, and is in shape like an endless box (by which I mean to express, not a box without any end, but without any ends to it) about 20 feet high and 10 feet broad. Two of these immense tubes will be required, in order to make a separate passage for both lines of rails, and one is nearly completed. Piers for it are being erected close by those which support the suspension bridge and in a style harmonizing with them and the castle; and floats are being constructed to convey it to the place where it is to stand. That I might say I had done so, I assisted in the building of one of these and my services as a *joiner* were so valuable, that I was at last obliged to ask the other workmen if they could not do without me. They, of course very reluctantly, said they thought they *might* manage to make shift in my absence, and being satisfactorily assured of this, I left them and returned to the Hotel from which, after drinking success to our journey in a bottle of champagne ordered by our Manchester friend, Slow-coach, he and I, started for Llanrwst along the banks of the river Conway. The scenery of the Vale of Conway is in some places very beautiful, but for grandeur does not equal some of the valleys in Snowdonia, which we were afterwards to behold. Opposite Conway are the inconsiderable ruins of the welsh castle of Diganwry on the summit of a hill. It was once the seat of royalty, and one of the monarchs was accustomed to give prizes to the best poets and musicians, who assembled here once a year. On one occasion the King who, though one would think he had "no music in his soul," appears to have had crotchets in his head, very capriciously, not to say uncourtiously, ordered all the poets and fiddlers (or whatever they were) to swim across the Conway river to his Castle. Whatever might have been the King's object in this rather arbitrary proceeding, whether the bards were addicted to drinking whiskey and water, omitting the latter altogether, or that their strains were generally too dry for his taste, both which mistakes would in his opinion be corrected by this "cold water-cure," the result of this peculiar experiment in hydropathy was, that the harper's instruments were spoiled by the water, and the poets, the fire of whose genius water could not quench, carried the day. Whether the harpers enraged at their discomfiture (*and discomfort*) invoked destruction on the ruthless and taste-lacking potentate, is not known, but his castle was soon after destroyed by lightning—and posterity found the verdict thereupon "served him right." Our road led us along by the banks of the rushing river, and we strolled along, often stopping to pick blackberries, or petting one another or a hapless pig with the wild plums, or pretending to chatter in their own language to the Welsh girls as we passed them. We stopped at Pont-y-Manddach, where a clear mountain stream comes tumbling headlong head over heels down a steep ravine, and while Slow-coach went to look after the waterfall, which was some distance up the hill, I administered some spirituous consolation, which we found particularly refreshing. Passing thro' the pretty village of Treffriw, and over a curious stone

bridge which can be shaken by any one bumping against the middle stone in the parapet (as was demonstrated by a welsh lad who goodnaturedly made a battering-ram of himself for our benefit) we reached Llanrwst about four o'clock in the afternoon. There is nothing very particular in the town, so as our internals warned us that it was past dinner time, and though fond of walking *fast*, we were not fond of walking *fasting*, we went to the "Eagle," which cooked us some mutton chops, dish after dish of which disappeared with miraculous celerity. Having replenished my case bottle with "Choice Old Jamaica," we again took to the road, and passing through scenery which grew finer at every step, arrived about seven o'clock at Bettwy Coed, where we soon made ourselves at home in a small but comfortable Inn.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 5TH.—We arose this morning rather late, as it was very wet, and breakfasted in company with a Scotch Artist, who was as thin as one of his own paint brushes, and talked Scotch as broad as his palette. About eleven o'clock, the rain having ceased, we set forth, passing over the Pont-y-Pair, a bridge built on natural piers of rock across the river Llyngwry, which foams and rages beneath, as if imprisoned, and finally makes its escape by overleaping its barriers in a small waterfall. Taking our way up this valley, we came to a wicket-gate in the wall through which we passed, and guided by a small boy, precipitately descended a precipice by a precipitous path, down to the edge of the stream, from whence we obtained a beautiful view of the Rharadr-y-Wennol, or "Falls of the Swallow," so called probably, either because the Swallows show a partiality to making their pectoral ablutions in its waters, or because the river is *swallowed* up by the gulfs beneath. The river is precipitated in three falls a distance of eighty feet, and the body of water is so much greater than in most of the welsh cascades (many of which may be compared to a bucket of water poured from the top of a house) being in one part sixty feet broad, that it is, to my taste, the finest waterfall I have seen in the course of my peregrinations. We were considerably wetted by the spray which operated as a kind of "wet blanket" on our enjoyment of the scene. And as I had read of "the robin that hops on the spray," and thinking it rather an unstable stage for such a saltatory exhibition, wondered how he managed it. I looked about, but was unable to see anything either of him or the swallows. With our curiosity on this point, therefore, unsatisfied, we returned to the road, and proceeded onwards towards Capel Curig, through beautiful scenery, with the immense mountains of Moel Scabod before us.

Near Capel Curig, whence we had a distant glimpse of Snowdon, we quitted the vale of the Llyngwry, taking the road to Bangor. The valley we had left was clothed in beautiful verdure, varied in hue by the autumnal tints, but here the scene was wild and desolate, without a tree; on every side barren rocks, with bold and rugged outlines, rising abruptly, or piled one behind another, and brown-looking fields, with meagre herbage, grazed over by a few of the woolly producers of Welsh mutton. Suddenly dark clouds collected; and discharged themselves in a pelting shower, but fortunately an overhanging rock was close by, and we ran helter-skelter, higgledy-piggledy, to its shelter, and threw ourselves down on some fern which grew beneath it, and passed the five minutes, that the shower lasted, pleasantly in picking blackberries which grew there, as if on purpose for our especial use and convenience. As we proceeded along the valley, the scenery grew, at every step, wilder and more magnificent, and we came at last in sight of lake Ogwen, which appeared to be shut in on all sides by tremendous mountains, rising abruptly from it. Nothing I had ever seen equalled this scene for gloomy sublimity, and wild and awful grandeur. After making half the circuit of the lake, we came to a bridge crossing the outlet of the superfluous waters of the lake, which here force their way through a chasm in the rocks, and fall with tremendous force in three cataracts, called the Falls of Benclog. We got over the wall which bounds the road, in order to view the falls, but my less adventurous friend, finding the descent too perilous, preferred to remain behind, while I proceeded downwards, and reached the bottom of the valley, having in the meantime added to the three falls already existing, a fourth by tumbling down myself, however I picked myself up, and found that no bones were broken except my knees. The valley, which is here shut in by steep rocks, is here called Nant Fracon, or the Beaver's Hollow, having formerly been a place where these animals were plentiful, though now no beavers are to be found in the neighbourhood, except the broad-brimmed ones of the Welsh women. Having with some difficulty regained the road by squeezing my body through an aperture, which would hardly have admitted a moderate-sized weazel in a state of repletion,

I assisted my friend to scale the wall, and we then took our way down the valley of the Ogwen, and arrived in due course at the village (and chapel) of Bethesda, inhabited chiefly by the miners engaged in the Penrhyn Slate Quarries, and their families. On the road we met numbers of people coming from chapel, all dressed in their best,—the women in high-crowned beavers, with broad brims perfectly flat, tied on with black ribbands over large muslin caps, some being on foot, some in carts, and others riding without skirts or side-saddles, on rough cart horses, with an average allowance of two women to each steed. I can't say I admire these very peculiar head-dresses, and as for the countenances they surmount, I never saw such a set of plain physiognomies; in fact I only saw two pretty faces in Wales, and one of them was English.

Passing some more waterfalls which we cared not to view, and the Penrhyn Slate Quarries, which we were unable to see, (as they are shut up on Sundays) though we could perceive that the slate-rock was cut into terraces, and that there was almost a mountain of refuse and fragments, we came in sight of Penrhyn Castle. It is built in the ancient castellated manner, of Mona Marble, and displays a most magnificent range of building crowned with lofty towers, of which five are circular; the keep and another of the principal towers are square with angular turrets. It is one of the most magnificent baronial mansions in the kingdom, and is surrounded by a high wall with handsome gate towers. As it was Sunday we were unable to see the interior and proceeded on to Bangor, parting here with our Manchester friend, who was going back to Conway.

Passing through the mean, dingy, uninteresting town of Bangor, without stopping to see its small, low, apology for a Cathedral, my friend Slowcoach and I went straight down to Garth Point, from which a ferry-boat plies to the opposite shore of Anglesea, and *vice versa*, and whilst waiting there, were accosted by a Yankee-fied looking fellow, who, without waiting the ceremony of an introduction, enquired of us, what regiment we belonged to. "Oh, the marching regiment of Scotch Greys," said I, alluding to our plaid costume. "So I should have guessed," said he, with the true nasal twang. "Ah, you're a pretty tarnation almighty good guesser, I calcilate," retorted I, mocking his Yankee phraseology. He laughed, and after some joking remarks and retorts on both sides, informed me that he was a Welshman born himself, but was so ashamed of his country that he left it in disgust, and transmogrified himself into an American. A Welshman who was standing near listening to our conversation, heard this and immediately his patriotism took fire, and he stood up warmly in defence of his beloved country, asserting that "Whales" was the finest nation in the world, and that the "Welshmens" were the finest and the bravest and the "whisest" nation, and "petter" than the Americans, concluding by affirming that he was a better man than his recreant countryman, and offering to fight him either for love or money. The pseudo-Yankee declined this obliging offer, and they carried on the "wordy war" with vigour, while I artfully inflamed their animosity, by siding first with one and then with the other. The arrival of the ferry-boat, from the opposite side, ended the dispute, as the champion of the land of leeks and toasted cheese was going to cross, while Uncle Sam's votary remained behind. During the passage the Welshman's patriotism, which had probably been stimulated by divers potent potatoes of "cwrw da," broke out again,—

"It's shameful," said he, "for a m^{an} that's bor-r-n in a country, to go and speak ill of it in such a whay, and such a country as Whales, too, and such a nation as the Welsh!"—

"A very pretty nation," interposed I, "if all the respectable men are so ashamed of belonging to it, that they are obliged to turn Yankees!"

"Well," replied he, "I'm a Welshman, and do you think I'm ashamed of being one?" no, I glory in it!"—

"Oh, I can believe that," retorted I, "there are some misguided people who glory in their shame."

"I say," said he, gesticulating ferociously, "I say it's the finest and oldest nation in the whorld!"—

"Oh, of course," I replied, "every body knows that Adam was a Welshman."

"There," says he, "look how clever they are, why they built the Menai Bridge."

"Pooh," said I, "you might as well say they made the mountains; all they did was to carry up the stone for it, which any other donkeys could have done as well; the English planned it all."

At this he began to wax exceedingly furious and unpleasantly personal, affirming that he could lick any "Sassenach" there, and offering to toss any one that doubted the fact into the sea in proof of the assertion. Just at this time we got to land, so as I liked the spirit of this hot-headed Cambrian, I offered him my hand, advising him to keep himself as cool as he conveniently could, in future, and so we parted. Slowcoach and I proceeded onward to Beaumaris, and betook ourselves to the Liverpool Arms, a large and comfortable hotel, and much to our amusement found that our patriotic friend was neither more nor less than,—*"the boots."*

A POOR MAN'S TALE,

(*In imitation of the old balads,*)

BY J. H. JEWELL, P.G.

[*"You knew Ellen. She was the daughter of old MasterS——, who lived up at the White Farm, just beyond the Village Green. She was a lovely girl, and many a young gentleman, as well as the farmers' sons round about, fell desperately in love with her, but how it happened I know not, she cared for none but the young Squire B—— who had just then come into possession of the large house and grounds which his good old father had left him by will—peace to his mmae. The young squire was a gay, rakish young spark, and he had a base black heart. Singular enough he cared nought for Ellen, except to walk her about, much to the chagrin of those who had no such opportunity. Well, all at once there was an elopement, but none could tell where the fugitives had gone to. The parties, as might be expected, were young Ellen and the Squire.*

"A short time after this the large estates belonging to the squire changed hands, and the agent who disposed of the property never told a soul where the late proprietor had gone, and I have never yet heard. Poor Ellen's fate I well remember, she returned to her native home."

"You will excuse me dropping a tear but here's her grave."]

I saw her once, a goodly child.
When resting on her mother's knee,
The aspect of her face was mild,
From sorrow then her heart was free.

And once I saw her playful smile,
When blooming health glow'd on her cheek,
Her little heart was free from guile,
Her breast had never known deceit.

And years roll'd on, and then she seem'd
A maiden fresh from beauty's mould;
Love's smile had ne'er upon her beam'd,
Her beauty was more priz'd than gold.

A woman then with beauty blest
Full many sought her love to gain;
But one *she* loved above the rest
But he was false—deceitful—vain.

She lov'd him well—(yes, *he* could see
That *she* was pleased when he was near.)
But he lov'd not—What care had he?
He felt not when she shed a tear.

But as time sped this youth he vow'd
Aye, press'd his suit with seeming zeal ;
Yet he was fickle—false—and proud,
Nor love had made him think or feel.

He bore her from her native cot
Where life had sped midst happy smiles,
And made her trust her future lot
To him who lured her with his wiles.

But there were thoughts within her breast
Which did recur to other times
Which spoke of one whom she'd carest
When young and free from guilty crimes.

And, oh, the pangs of conscience prey'd
In waking accents on her mind ;
Then did she shrink, from all afraid,
Lest any spoke a word unkind :

Her breast had pangs—sad pangs to part
From all those friends—who once were dear ;
And sadly this weigh'd on her heart
And damp'd her cheek with sorrow's tear.

But while she strove to check each thought
And her white bosom heaved in sighs
Her anxious friends at home had sought
While tear-drops dimm'd their weeping eyes.

Conviction gleam'd upon each mind,
That she from home had been betray'd,
But yet what power had they to find
A clue to seek this beauteous maid ?

Borne thus from friends—far, far away,
What could she take to check her grief,
He offered drugs whose potent sway
Would soothe her mind and bring relief.

But words cannot express the crime.
The deed he could not now recall,
A deed which by one base design
Had wrought a lovely woman's fall.

What were the horrors of her mind,
When waking sense the truth disclose
The villain bade her be resign'd
And try to gain a soft repose.

Repose ! ah, no ! there ne'er could dwell
Repose within that guilty breast ;
Repose, his words seemed like a knell
That banished every hope of rest.

Repose could never there be brought,
No friend was near to give relief,
Her waking conscience made each thought
Seem heavier to her bitter grief.

And when she spoke aloud the name
 Of him—who brought her from her home ;
 He smil'd to think he'd wrought her shame,
 And ask'd her if she loved to roam.

Thus having wrought this maiden's fall,
 He cared not who possess'd her then,
 No look she gave could him appal,
 He bade her look to other men.

This wretch then left her to her grief,
 A stranger in a stranger clime
 No food—no income—no relief
 Save—if she purchased it by crime.

At length her miseries replete,
 Unmindful how, or where to roam
 Her days of sorrow to complete,
 She wandered near her early home.

And when the cottage met her sight,
 Sad was her grief—oh, sad to tell,
 Its peaceful look gave gave no delight,
 She gazed a moment, swoon'd, and fell.

And then what objects met her eyes ?
 A Father sinking to the grave—
 A Mother, whom she once did prize,
 She heard in madness curse and rave ;

"Give back my child, ye bloodhounds, now
 "Give her, oh ! give her back to me
 "Why daughter !—curses—oh, my brow
 "Is maddening—horror ! misery !"

* * * *

They both had braved a direful storm,
 It seem'd that nature ne'er had smiled
 Upon them—since they'd lost that form,
 Their dearest joy—their only child.

The old Man in his grief oft spoke
 Of their young bud torn from its stem,
 And his fond heart was almost broke
 Before he found his earthly gem.

She could not bear each tearful glance,
 Her bursting heart with love did swell,
 And seeming as it were a trance,
 E'en at her father's feet she fell.

Oh, father—father, then she said,
 Your pardon—Heaven pardon gives,—
 My child !—oh, God ! I thought thee dead,
 Oh happiness—my child she lives.

Father !—oh father,—do not grieve,
 This bliss it cannot, cannot last.
 This world of misery I leave,
 My life is ebbing—ebbing fast.

Thus penitent she died, you see,
 Her Father's pardon given here,
 And even let us hope that she
 Gained pardon in a better sphere.

North London District.

THE THREE RINGS.

[Translated from the third act of Lessing's "Nathan the Sage." (Nathan der Weise.) The story has acquired great celebrity in Germany and is always listened to, on the stage, with profound attention. The Sultan, Saladin, at Jerusalem, sends for the Jew, Nathan, and the following dialogue ensues :—]

SALADIN. Approach, Jew ! nearer ! Nearer still ! come closer !
 Be without fear !

NATHAN. Be that your foes alone.

SALADIN. Thou art called Nathan ?

NATHAN. Yes.

SALADIN. Nathan the Sage.

NATHAN. No.

SALADIN. Not by thyself, perhaps ; but by thy people.

NATHAN. Perhaps : the people.

SALADIN. Sure thou canst not think
 That I despise the people's voice ! I've long
 Desired to know the man, the people call,
 With one voice, Sage.

NATHAN. And if 'twere but for sport
 For mockery they called him so ! Suppose
 'Sage' in the people's mouth meant only clever,
 And 'clever' quick to serve his interest.

SALADIN. Serve his true interest, thou must mean, at least.

NATHAN. In that case were the interested man
 The cleverest, truly, clever then and sage
 Were the same words.

SALADIN. You prove what you would wish
 To contradict. A man's true interests,
 The people do not know, thou knowest, thyself :
 At least thou'st striven, striven long, to know them,
 Hast often meditated on them. This suffices
 To make thee sage.

NATHAN. And so each thinks himself.

SALADIN. A truce to modesty ! it sickens me
To hear nought else, where I am seeking wisdom.

[*He rises suddenly.*]

Let's come to business ! But I warn thee ! but
In all sincerity—in all, Jew.

NATHAN. Sultan, I
Will serve thee, of a surety in that guise
As to deserve, thy future custom.

SALADIN. What ?
Custom and serve.

NATHAN. I'll offer thee the best
Of all I have ; and at the lowest price.

SALADIN. What dost thou prate of. Not of wares to sell ?
I have no bargains for the merchant, Jew.

NATHAN. Then without doubt thou wilt desire to know
What I have marked or met upon my way.
Touching the enemy, that, I must own
Begins to stir again ? Without disguise—

SALADIN. Nay, that was not the point to which I'd lead thee,
I know it all ; at least, I know as much
As I have need to know : in short

NATHAN. Command me.

SALADIN. I need instruction in another point,
Totally other. Since thou art so sage,
Tell me what faith, what law of serving God
Hath seemed to thee the nearest to the truth.

NATHAN. I am a Jew.

SALADIN. And I a Mussulman.
The Christian lies between us. Of these three
Religions one, and one alone, can be
The true. A man like thee halts not midway,
Where accident of birth and clime have cast him,
Or, if he halt, he does it with a purpose ;
Out of conviction, reason, choice of the best—
Come, then, communicate thine own conviction
To me. Give me the reasons ready made,
Which to hunt out and patiently discover
Time fails me. Let me know—in confidence—
The cause to which these reasons have induced thee,
That I may make it mine. How now ? Thou seem'st
To hesitate ; and weighest with thine eye ;
It may be that no Sultan save myself
Has ever had this fancy ; tho', methinks,
'Twere not unworthy of a Sultan, either.
Is it not so ? Still silent ! Speak, Jew ! Or
Dost thou require a moment to reflect ?
Well, thou shalt have it. Trim thy thoughts ! Be swift.
I hide not long away.

[*Goes into another Room.*]

NATHAN. (*Alone.*) Hem ! Hem ! 'Tis strange
 What's come to me. What will the Sultan have !
 I was prepared for gold, and he requires
 Truth. Truth ! Aye, Aye, and the truth so bright so ready
 As if 'twere cash. Aye, were it only cash
 Of ancient days, weighed out, and proved by balance,
 Then it might pass ! But cash like that we have,
 That has its value from the impress of it,
 That may be counted only,—'tis not that !
 May truth be swept into the brain, like cash
 Into a bag. Who is the Jew to day !
 I or the Sultan ! Then suppose he did not
 Demand the truth in truth ! And yet—and yet,
 It were too little to suspect that he
 Would use the truth but as truth to catch me.
 Too little ! What is then too little ! What
 For your great men ! It must be so ! it must,
 He broke into my house so rudely ! When
 A friend comes nigh, he'll knock or listen first.
 I must be cautious. Well and how ! how so !
 It seemeth not to be a rooted Jew,
 It seemeth less to be no Jew at all.
 For were I not a Jew he might demand
 Why not a Mussulman !

Good, good ; 'twill do,
 That course may save me. 'Tis not children only
 We put off with a tale. He comes. So let him,

[*Re-enter Saladin.*]

SALADIN. I'm not too quick upon thee ! Thou hast ended.
 Thy meditation ! Wilt then speak ! Speak out,
 Not a soul hears us.

NATHAN. Would the world could hear us.

SALADIN. Is Nathan, then, so certain of his matter !
 Ha ! dares the sage indeed. Now to counsel
 The truth. For truth to risk once, all—life !—well.

NATHAN. Aye, when it needs be, and it helps—

SALADIN. Henceforth
 I may presume with greater right to bear
 One of my titles—"Betterer of the world
 And of the law."

NATHAN. A glorious title truly.
 But, Sultan, ere I yield thee less entire
 My confidence, thou wilt allow me surely
 A little tale of magic to relate !

SALADIN. What hinders ! I have ever been a friend
 To little tales of magic when well told.

NATHAN. Well told ! I did not promise that.

SALADIN. Again
 So proudly modest ! Come, thy tale, thy tale.

NATHAN. Long ages past, there lived a man in Ind,
 That did possess a ring of priceless worth
 By a loved hand bestowed. The jewel was

An Opal, that a hundred beauteous colours
 Shot forth, and had the secret power, him
 To render pleasant in God's sight, and man's
 Who wore it in this confidence. What wonder,
 That hence this man of Ind. from finger ne'er
 The ring put off, and on a plan resolved him
 The jewel ever in his house to guard.
 This was his trick. He did bequeath the ring
 To the most loved of all his sons ; and then
 This most loved, without respect of birth,
 By the sole virtue of the ring he wore
 Should be the house's chief and head. Conceive me.

SALADIN. I do conceive thee : on !

NATHAN. Thus, then, the ring,
 From son to son descending, came, at last,
 Unto the father of three sons, of whom
 All three with equal faithfulness obeyed him,
 All three of whom he could not choose but love
 With like affection. Tho', from time to time,
 Now this one, and now that, and now the third,
 As each did chance to be alone with him,
 And his out-pouring heart the other twain
 Divided not—appeared the worthiest
 To own the ring ; which hence, with loving weakness,
 He did to each, as each was present, promise.
 Thus things went on while they went on. At last
 Death was at hand, and the good father felt
 His sore embarrassment. It grieved him, two,
 From out his sons, that trusted on his word,
 To wound so deeply. What was to be done !
 He sends in secret for a cunning artist
 And bids him, after pattern of his ring,
 Two other rings to chase, and neither cost
 Nor labour spare, to make the other two
 The first resemble, to the veriest shade.
 The artist's skill succeeds. And when brought home
 The father's eye itself can not pick out
 His pattern ring. Relieved and glad he bids
 His sons be summoned, each one by himself,
 And gives to each his blessing, and his ring,
 And so he dieth. Thou dost hear me, Sultan.

SALADIN. (*who struck by the words had turned away.*)
 I hear ! I hear ! Come only to an end
 With thy long tale. What next.

NATHAN. My tale is done.
 For what succeeded needs no words to tell.
 Scarce is the father dead ; each son stands forth,
 Displays his ring and grounds his claim thereon
 To be the chief. Examinations, quarrels,
 And accusations follow. All in vain.
 The true ring could not be identified.

(*After a pause, during which he seems to await the Sultan's reply.*)
 'Twas 'most as hard to be identified
 As is to us the true belief.

SALADIN. How ! That
 Must be the answer to my question.

- NATHAN.** Must—
At least excuse me, if I do not dare
To separate the rings the father made
With the intent to be inseparable.
- SALADIN.** The rings ! No jesting, Jew ! I had believed
That the religions I had named to thee
Were readily, most readily distinguished,
Down to the clothing—down to meat and drink.
- NATHAN.** And only by the grounds they rest on ! Not so.
For grounds not each itself on history ?
Written or handed down. And must we not
Take history on credit, as a thing
Of faith in truthfulness ! Is it no so !
Well, then, whose credit are we least inclined
To call in question. Is it not our friends !
Their's, of whose blood we are : their's who from childhood
Have given us proofs of their attachment, who
Have ne'er deceived us, save where it was wholesome.
How can I trust my fathers less than thou
Dost trust thine own. Or, the converse,—this :
How can I ask of thee that thou shouldst hold
Thy fathers sires not to contradict
What mine assert. Or the converse of this :
The same will hold for Christians. Is it not so !
- SALADIN.** (*aside.*)
Aye, by the Living One ! The man is right.
I cannot answer.
- NATHAN.** Let us to our rings
Once more. As I have hinted, the three sons
Accused each other to the judge, and swore
That each obtained the ring from his own father,
As was indeed the case ! Obtained it, too,
After a promise given, a long time past,
That he, the son who spoke, should once enjoy
The privilege of the ring—as was the case.
The father, each asserted never would
Have been so treacherous towards him ; e'er that he
Would suspect this of such a dear, kind father
He must, though willing to believe the best,
Of his two brothers, hold them guilty both
Of most foul play ; and he would soon find means
To lay the traitors bare, and be revenged.
- SALADIN.** Well ? and the judge ? O ? how I long to hear
What words thou'lt put into the judge's mouth.
- NATHAN.** The judge said : If I cannot bid your father
Appear before me, I must e'en dismiss you.
Think ye that I sit here to unpuzzle riddles !
Or do ye wait till the ring opes its mouth ?
Yet stay. I'm told the true ring doth possess
The magic power to make its owner loved,
Pleasant to God and man. That must decide,
For the false rings will surely not possess
This mighty power. Well. Which of you three
Is by the other two most loved. Speak ! Dumb ?
Do the rings work upon their owners merely,
And not on others ? Does each love himself

Himself alone, the most. O then are ye all three
Deceived deceivers ! and your rings all three
Not genuine. The genuine may be lost,
And to conceal or to replace that loss
Your father made three rings instead of one.

SALADIN. Excellent.

NATHAN. "Therefore"—thus the judge continued,
"If you'll not take my counsel for my sentence,
Go hence. But this my counsel is—Receive
The matter as it is. If each of you
Obtained his ring from his own father's hands
Let each of you believe his ring the true one.
Perhaps your father would no longer suffer
The lordship of the ring within his house.
'Tis certain that he loved you all three,
And loved you equally, since he'd not press
On two to raise the third. So let it be,
Let each one show his zeal to emulate
Your sire's unbribed, unprejudiced affection ;
Let each, in generous strife with one another,
Endeavour to display the magic power
That dwells within his ring, and to assist
With gentleness of spirit, heart-felt concord,
Well-doing, giving of himself to God :
And if the power of the jewel then
Do in your children's children shew itself,
I summon you before this judgment seat
Once more in ages yet unreckoned ; then
A wiser man than I will sit upon it
And give his sentence. Go." Thus and thus spake
The modest judge.

SALADIN. God ! God !

NATHAN. Most noble Sultan
If thou believest thyself to be this man
This wiser judge that should appear,

SALADIN (*moves quickly towards him and seizes his hand.*)
I ! Worm !
Dust ! nought ! O heaven !

NATHAN. What ails thee, noble Sultan ?

SALADIN. Nathan ! dear Nathan ! The ages yet unreckoned
That thy judge spoke of, have not come about,
His judgment seat is not the one I own.
Go ! go ! but be my friend.

SONNETS.

BY GEORGE TWEDDELL, P.G.

TO MILTON.

All-hallow'd Milton ! though thine earthly eyes
 Were dark as is the unillumin'd night :
 Yet thy rapt fancy spirit soar'd beyond the skies,
 Undazzled, e'en by Heaven's all-radiant light :
 No earthly objects could impede thy flight ;
 For unto thee were given visions fair
 Of man, fresh from his Maker, ere the blight
 Of Sin had fallen on the happy pair
 Who dwelt in Eden, God's especial care.
 Thou lived in troubled times, immortal bard !
 In times when there was need of such as thee—
 And we rejoice to know thou labour'd hard
 For thine own "mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty,"
 And now hast gain'd of Fame "exceeding great reward."

TO JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

Author of "Hours with the Muses."

Hail ! prince of modern poets ! thou whose song
 So oft hath charm'd me in dull sorrow's hour :
 To grasp thy honest hand I oft times long ;
 For few like thee have gain'd the magic power
 Of charming heart and mind : it is a dower
 Which Nature only on a few bestows,
 For fear that she the honour due should lose
 Which from her sons she claims. For poets are
 Nature's first fav'rites ; and their only care
 Is for their mother,—knowing well that she
 Is no cross step-dame, but a parent kind,
 For ever stirring to endow mankind
 With peace, and love, and health, and liberty,
 Whose pioneers are poets such as thee.

TO IZAAK WALTON.

Thou meek old angler, knight of hook and line !
 What glorious reveries methinks were thine,
 As 'neath the spreading sycamore you sat,
 To find a shelter from the vernal showers ;
 Or wandered in green lanes, with cheerful chat
 Making dull days seem Pleasure's fleeting hours !
 Oh, how I love, in "fancy free," to roam
 By purling streams in company with thee ;
 Or, in some "honest alehouse," see the foam
 Of nut-brown ale a-mantling merrily
 Above the goblet's brim,—whilst thou dost sing
 A quaint old song, and all the rafters ring
 With merry laughter at each harmless jest,—
 For of all wit the innocent is best.

Cleveland Lodge, Stokesley.

NOTICES OF REMARKABLE WORKS.

BY THE EDITOR.

"FESTUS," A POEM BY PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

As great a sensation as the *Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation* (the subject of a former notice) caused in the scientific and orthodox world, did the work to which we shall now call the attention of our readers produce in that circle of persons included in the title,—the poetical world.

"Festus" has not had much to fear from ungenial criticism, since no one would have the patience to read it who was not imbued with true poetic feeling, and no other person would understand it. We are sure, however, that many to whom the first aspect of the book is discouraging, if they had a key given them to the outer court of this sanctuary of beauty would find so much to delight and elevate, that they would seek a further acquaintance with the inner shrines and learn more deeply from the author.

The delight experienced in reading a book which gives us an insight into ourselves—that most valuable of all knowledge—is near akin to worship—worship not of the author but of the eternal truth of which he is the priest and the apostle. Every true poet is a priest in the temple of truth, a revealer of the language of nature, an interpreter of all those hidden influences which, without his translation of feeling into language, would remain mysteries to us for ever.

The great Emerson says, in one of his profound essays,—*"Criticism is infested with a cant of materialism, which assumes that manual skill and activity is the first merit of all men, and disparages such as say and do not,—overlooking the fact that some men, namely poets, are natural sayers, sent into the world to the end of expression, and it confounds them with those whose province is action, but who quit it to imitate the sayers. But Homer's words are as costly and as admirable to Homer as Agamemnon's victories are to Agamemnon. The poet does not wait for the hero or*

the sage, but, as they act and think primarily, so he writes primarily what will and must be spoken, reckoning the others though primaries also, yet in respect to him secondaries and servants ; as sitters or models in the studies of a painter, or as assistants who bring materials to an architect. For poetry was all written before time was, whenever we are so finely organized that we can penetrate into that region where the air is music, we hear those primal warblings and attempt to write them down, but we lose ever and a word or a verse, and substitute something of our own and thus miswrite the poem."

The Poet (the *true* poet, not the man of mere rhyme and metre) is only the utterer, the revealer, the interpreter. He being admitted by "his finer organization of mind" into a nearer and deeper and more inner communication with nature, comes forth as the priest from the holy of holies and gives a blessing to the people in the message of love which he brings. His presence is lovely, for "the glad tidings of great joy," and all the world, who retain any part of the better angel in their nature must, *per force*, love the poet. "The birth of a new poet," says Jerrold, "is an epoch in the world, and chronology would employ herself much better by emblazoning in her records the advent of genius than by announcing the births and deaths of thousands of warriors and kings." Man still watches constantly for the arrival of a brother who can hold him steady to a truth until he has made it his own, and this brother he findeth in the true poet, to whom "all nature's creatures are a picture language," and who uses common things in such sort that they become beautiful and of high value, "as the carpenter's stretched cord, if you hold your ear close enough, is musical in the breeze." The Poet, then, is Truth's high priest in the temple of nature. This is his high and solemn office—and the gospel which he teaches is Love and Beauty. Such and so holy is the mission of the poet.

We have indulged in this digression for the purpose of explaining how much we mean when we say of "Festus" that it is *really* a POEM, or an inspired utterance. It reveals to the student harmonies of nature and beauties of spirit which he knew not heretofore, and clothes the meanest things in a rich garment of idea ; for it is the attribute of the Poet not to speak of marvellous new things only but to make old familiar objects new, by revealing the flowing robe of beauty which our untaught eye could not perceive enveloping them. Thus, in "Festus," not a page can be glanced over that does not sparkle with jewels of beauty fresh from the sanctuary of truth :—and the quotations of nature, in exquisite similes, come so quick and fast that the mind almost saddens to think that it cannot hoard up in its treasury (memory) all these precious pearls cast forth for it.

The story which is the ground-work of "Festus" is a great fable. By the word "fable" we do not mean to convey any ignoble idea. All histories with morals to instruct us are "fables," and many facts are more useful to us, and in that sense more *true* to us as fables than as facts. We will illustrate our meaning by a scriptural instance. It is of no direct importance to us whether the history of the Israelites' sojourn in Egypt be true or not : as a *fact*, it makes no difference in our condition here at this present moment, but as a *parable* it is full of teaching and reveals to us many important truths. As Pharaoh is recorded to have commanded that the Israelites should make brick without straw, knowing well that the bricks there in use could not be so made,—so in all time have men in power, "jacks in office," required certain things to be done without affording the means of doing them. We ourselves have seen in our own day some among the rulers of the people order the punishment of men who could not be virtuous, because they were ignorant of virtue, all education having been denied them by those same rulers' foolish prejudices. These modern Pharaohs required the people to make good moral characters, without education which allegorically written is—"to make brick without straw."

Again, it is of small import to us now in this 19th century, whether a just retribution overtook the Egyptians for their oppression and cruelty,—or whether the Israelites finally spoiled their oppressors, and led them to destruction. If the account were to be omitted, it would make little difference to our present comfort ; but as a parable or fable it affords us a great lesson, which it becomes slave-holding communities to consider thoughtfully. It has been truly remarked, that "Fiction hath a higher end than fact," for history is philosophy teaching by examples, as Christ taught by parables. This mode of instruction has been sanctioned by the greatest authorities and experience has proved it to be a true method. Poetry in its simplest form is a

teaching by fable. Upon the truth of this method are founded especially the use of those works of imagination which are of the dramatic form—which are acted fables—or parables which speak their own moral by conversation or supposed action. Of this form is Festus ; but to entertain a proper conception of the dignity of the fable which is its foundation, we must now proceed to notice the parable which is the basement of this beautiful palace of imaginative teaching,—this temple where the priest of Beauty reads in a voice of Music the lessons of Truth from the book of Nature in the language of Imagination.

It is a remarkable fact, that one fable or parable has existed in all nations, and has been made by most of them a household story. The Jews embodied it in the book of Job, and most of the oriental nations have somewhat similar traditions, in which the burden of the story is how a man naturally disposed to good is tempted by an evil spirit, and how this *Satan* or adversary (as the word should be translated) offers every temptation to his victim, for the purpose of ultimately ruining his soul or gaining possession thereof. This parable is the history of the trials of every good man : this meaning is common to all the traditions ; they only differ in one respect, viz. : how the subject of trial is affected by his evil angel. In some he comes out "like gold purified in the fire," and is restored to all happiness,—as is recorded of Job ; in others he dies under his afflictions, but is rewarded by a happy immortality ; in others he is overcome by temptation, and becomes the victim of his seducer in an eternal damnation of hopeless torment. What Job was to the Jews, Faust was to the Germans, and Festus is to us in the poem now under consideration.

However wild and improbable may appear a story like that of "The Devil and Doctor Faustus," which afforded Marlowe the ground work and material for his tragedy, it is a great parable in which the life of every man is shadowed forth. Viewed aright, it is a piece of the finest psychology or soul-history, revealing a kind of universal history of our inner man, with whom this adversary still walks about and says to each of us—"Give me thy soul. Thou shalt have gaudy pleasures, and vanities and riches if thou wilt only sacrifice this foolish love of virtue, this self-respect, and love of truth." Each one of us is a new "Festus," and our avarice, passions, selfishness and vices, may be poetically embodied into a companion Satan ;—a Mephistophiles to our Faust—a Devil to our Doctor Faustus, or a Lucifer to our Festus. Each reader of Festus should read the poem mentally thus : for "Lucifer" read "my temptations to evil," and for "Festus" read "I, myself."

The book commences with a Proëm or poetical preface, in which we discover the genius of the writer and his conception of the dignity of his office before we have read more than half a dozen lines :—

Poetry is itself a thing of God ;
He made his prophets poets : and the more
We feel of poesie do we become
Like God in love and power, under-makers.
All great lays, equals to the minds of men,
Deal more or less with the divine, and have
For end some good of mind or soul of man.
The mind is this world's, but the soul is God's ;
The wise man joins them here all in his power.

True fiction hath in it a higher end
Than fact ; it is the possible compared
With what is merely positive, and gives
To the conceptive soul an inner world,
A higher, ampler Heaven, than that wherein
The nations sun themselves. In that bright state
Are met the mental creatures of the men
Whose names are writ highest on the rounded crown
Of Fame's triumphal arch : the shining shapes
Which star the skies of that invisible land,
Which, whoso'er would enter, let him learn ; —
'Tis not enough to draw forms fair and lovely,
Their conduct likewise must be beautiful.

The author then proceeds to explain that the book is written with a religious purpose, chiefly to show how God

Loves to order a chance soul,
Chosen from out the world, from first to last.
And all along it, is the heart of man
Emblemed, created and creative mind.
It is a statued mind and naked heart
Which is struck out—

Before Lucifer departs upon his errand of temptation, he utters the following lines in answer to the Guardian Angel of Earth :—

LUCIFER. 'Tis earth shall lead destruction, she shall end.
The stars shall wonder why she comes no more
On her accustomed orbit, and the sun
Miss one of his eleven of light ; the moon,
An orphan orb, shall seek for earth for aye,
Through time's untrodden depths, and find her not ;
No more shall morn out of the holy east
Stream o'er the amber air her level light ;
Nor evening, with her spectral fingers draw
Her star-sprout curtain round the bead of earth ;
Her footsteps never thence again shall grace
The blue sublime of heaven.

Death's at work,
And, one by one, shall all yon wandering worlds,
Whether in orb'd paths they roll, or trail,
In an incalculable flood of light,
Their golden tresses after them,
Cease ; and the sun, centre and sire of light,
The keystone of the world-built arch of heaven,
Be left in burning solitude. The stars,
Which stand as dew-drops on the fields
Of Heaven, and all they comprehend, shall pass.

In the second scene we find Festus alone beside a lake in a wood at sunset. We find him in a melancholy reverie upon himself, his nature, his unhappiness and God. From thence, he passes to the difficulty of making good aspirations and desires into acts.

While we wish, the world turns round
And peeps us in the face—the wanton world ;
We feel it gently pressing down our arm,
The arm we had raised to do for truth such wonders
We feel it touch and thrill us through the body,
And we are fools, and there's an end of us.

After a desire for power to make all the world happy, Lucifer appears and causes Festus some terror, upon which Lucifer remarks—

It is enough to make the Devil merry
To think that men call on me momentarily,
Deeming me ever dungeoned fast in hell ;

* * * *

Let me once appear !
Woe's me ! they faint and shudder—pale and pray,
And down they drop, like ruins, to repent.

His hellish majesty then explains his errand and offers the earth and all power, and to make Festus as mighty as himself. These are despised, and Love only is the desire of Festus. Speaking of it, Lucifer says :—

Some souls lose all things but the love of beauty ;
And by that love they are redeemable,—
For in love and beauty they acknowledge good,
And good is God, the great Necessity.

Festus then, fully confident that God will not suffer him to fall, consents to go with Lucifer.

LUCIFER.	Remember
	That thou can'st at any time repent.
FESTUS.	Aye, true.

In the next scene a conversation occurs, in which Lucifer endeavours to shake the faith of Festus, and partially succeeds. Festus requires his dead love to be recalled to earth, and his wish is granted :—Angela appears and vanishes again ; after which Lucifer promises that she shall again be seen, and shall tell Festus where she dwells.

LUCIFER. And she, then, was the maiden of thy heart?
Well, I have promised. Ye shall meet again.
FESTUS, I loved her for that she was beautiful,
And that to me she seemed to be all nature

And all varieties of things in one :
 Would set at night in clouds of tears, and rise
 All light and laughter in the morning ; yea,
 And that she never schooled within her breast
 One thought or feeling, but gave holiday
 To all ; and that she made all even mine
 In the communion of love : and we
 Grew like each other, for we loved each other.

* * *

She whom I once loved died.
 Can I forget that hand I took in mine,
 Pale as pale violets ; that eye, where mind
 And matter met alike divine ? Ah, no !
 Oh, she was fair : her nature once all spring,
 And deadly beauty like a maiden sword ;
 Startlingly beautiful. I see her now !

* * *

Gone, not forgot—passed, not lost—thou shalt shine
 In Heaven like a bright spot in the sun !
 She said she wished to die, and so she died ;
 For cloud-like, she poured out her love, which was
 Her life, to freshen this parched heart,

Mark the following description, which for wild beauty and strange freshness of imagery, has scarcely its equal in modern poetry :—

It was thus :

I said we were to part, but she said nothing.
 There was no discord—it was music ceased—
 Life's thrilling, bounding, bursting joy. She sat
 Like a house-god, her hands fixed on her knee ;
 And her dark hair lay loose and long around her,
 Through which her wild bright eye flashed like a flint.
 She spake not, moved not, but she looked the more,
 As if her eye were action, speech and feeling.
 I felt it all ; and came and knelt beside her.
 The electric touch solved both our souls together.
 Then comes the feeling which unmakes, undoes ;
 Which tears the sealike soul up by the roots
 And lashes it in scorn against the skies.
 Twice did I madly swear to God, hand clenched,
 That not even he nor death should tear her from me.
 It is the saddest and the sorest sight
 One's own love weeping ;—but why call on God,
 But that the feeling of the boundless bounds
 All feeling, as the welkin doth the world ?
 It is this which ones us with the whole and God.
 Then first we wept ; then closed and clung together ;
 And my heart shook this building of my breast,
 Like a live engine booming up and down.
 She fell upon me like a snow-wreath thawing.
 Never were bliss and beauty, love and woe,
 Ravelled and twined together into madness,
 As in that one wild hour ; to which all else,
 The past, is but a picture—that alone
 Is real.

Bidding farewell to all old familiar scenes, Festus then walks about the world with Lucifer. During their perambulations they visit a country town—a market place at noon, and a funeral passes them—which Festus finds to be that of his Love. After some passionate expressions, he falls into a misanthropic vein ; Lucifer encourages the feeling and comments upon the approach of the end of the world, and how deaf mankind are to the voices which call them to repentance ; in a *devilish* merry style he continues—

They would not credit warning,
 Or I would up and cry "Repent."—I will.
 There is a fair gathering, and I feel moved.

Lucifer then preaches a remarkable but sarcastic sermon full of home truths. After this Festus delivers a prayer. Oh, words ! what precious ones are here ! Verily, here are eight pages for devotional beauty impassable—utterance worthy of an angel—sentiments which wing our souls to the very threshold of heaven. Love, worship, adoration, awe, reverence—every feeling ever named which man could ever feel for his Creator, find their expression here. It is the intellectualization of holy desire

made beautiful with philanthropy and love. Oh, that such prayers were in the mouths of our prayer-makers ! This alone makes the book immortal. These eight pages are an octagonal monument, upon each side of which is written "immortality," and which shall point to heaven for ever, when spires and domes and material edifices shall have crumbled into the dust of time ; and that dust shall have been washed by future rivers into the all swallowing sea.

Festus then, with the assistance of Lucifer, proceeds to examine all earthly scenes—then hell, and lastly heaven. During this wondrous journey passages which have all the fervid inspiration of prophecy occur, and thrill or charm us, elevate or depress us at the author's will, until the reader loses himself in the sybil-like wildness and strange beauty of the book. Earthly scenes of love intervene like brooks, with the freshness of whose quieter waters we can quench the thirst which ensues after the fiery rhymes which make hell almost seem palpable ; and exquisite scenes of tenderness with inhabitants of earth relieve the awfully grand interviews which Festus seeks in the spirit-lands he visits. In the end Festus is saved, and saves his love who dies with him. The end of all things then comes, and God with his angels and archangels meet : an angel enters amidst the change and wreck of time and things proclaiming a second attempt of hell against heaven, and the rout of the fallen angels in language worthy of Milton's poetic holiness. After the judgment of the Earth, the scene removes to "the Heaven of Heavens," where Festus and Lucifer are both judged and saved :—

LUCIFER. Is he not mine ?

GOD. Evil ! away for aye !

SON OF GOD. Spirit, depart ! this mortal loved me.
With all his doubts, he never doubted God :
But from doubt gathered truth, like snow from clouds,
The most, and whitest, from the darkest. Go !

LUCIFER. I leave thee, Festus. Here thou wilt be happy.

* * * *

FESTUS. Let us part, spirit ! It may be, in the coming,
That as we sometime were all worth God's making,
We may be worth forgiving ; taking back
Into His bosom, pure again.

LUCIFER. It may be, then, that I shall die. Farewell.
Forgive me that I tempted thee !

GOD. Stay, spirit ! all created things unmade
It suits not the eternal laws of good
That evil be immortal.

All nature disappears.
Shadows are passed away. Through all is light.

* * * *

The worlds themselves are but as dreams within
Their souls who live in them, and thou art null,
And thy vocation useless, gone with them.
Therefore shall Heaven rejoice in thee again,
And the lost tribes of angels who with thee
Wedded themselves to woe.

The sons of bliss
Shall welcome thee again, and all thy hosts,
In brightness as in darkness erst—shalt shine.
Take, Lucifer, thy place.

Time there hath been when only God was all :
And it shall be again. The hour is named,
When seraph, cherub, angel, saint, man, fiend,
Made pure, and unbelievably uplift
Above their present state—drawn up to God,
Like dew into the air—shall be all Heaven ;
And all souls shall be in God, and shall be God,
And nothing but God, be.

Here we lay down our pen, and conclude our notice of this wonderfully beautiful, and beautifully wonderful book. Sensible are we that we have only written half we could wish to write upon such a subject ; and sensible that we have written but only unworthily of so great a writing.

Lege, lege aliquid hærebit.

FAREWELL.

Written when the Author was about to leave England, Feb. 27, 1843.

Farewell to joy, to happiness, to hope,—
To love, to confidence, to peace—Farewell !
Ambition, courage, pride, and spirit droop,
To mourn the loss of all I loved so well.

Farewell to all, my country and my friends ;
My honoured father and my sisters dear.
With these last murmurs the sad record ends
Of one whose only future is his bier.

I leave for ever all I know and love,—
The thought-compelling haunts of early years,—
And forth upon the world alone I rove,
In hopeless banishment to hide my tears.

My world is shattered ; and no longer spring
The fairy hopes were wont to deck my way,—
And what I loved deep agony will bring ;
I cannot, if I would, among them stay.

Farewell to thee, whose beauty, like a dream,
Enslaved my thoughts and chained my heart to thine :
Whose charms, amidst the darkness of despair, will gleam,
And force devotion at thy faithless shrine.

A last "farewell" to thee, so wildly loved,—
To thee, whose name shall be a spell,—
To thee, whose faithlessness has sadly proved
The bitter meaning of the word—Farewell.

Oh ! could I pour my life out in a word,
And syllable devotion in its knell,
My heart, in breaking, like the dying bird,*
Should speak its sweetest death-note in—Farewell !

J. B. LANGLEY.

* It was a beautiful superstition of the ancients, that the only musical note uttered by the swan was its "death-note," which was exquisitely melodious.

THE YOUNG POET'S COMPLAINT.

Athirst for glory and poetic fame,
How often is my heart thus dark and sad ;
How often do I sigh for that bright flame,
That Homer's melody immortal made :
Or tuned of old the string of Pindar's lyre,
Or gave to Sappho's liquid notes their fire.

The consciousness of thought that longs to soar,
 To bright Olympus and the Muses Fount,
 To breathe the air which Naïds breathed of yore,
 And sing inspired upon the sacred mount,
 Burns in my soul and, longs to break the chain
 That hangs athwart my lyre, and checks its strain.

Alas! my fettered spirit cannot sing,—
 These prison walls of clay its voice control;
 Yet, like a captive bird with helpless wing,—
 Sunward I gaze till sinking in my soul,
 The rays of poetry at last may gild,
 The wild ambition that my breast has thrill'd.

LiB.

AN ESSAY, &c.

BY ALEXANDER FYFE.

THE repressive and coercive power by which men and nations have hitherto been governed is fast decaying. It ruled by addressing itself principally to the lowest feelings of human nature—the fear of punishment; hence, there has hardly ever been any sympathy or community of thought, between the governing and the governed. Their relations have been antagonistic. This has been the grand cause of aristocratical tyranny on the one hand, and democratical violence on the other.

Wherever, and whenever these exist, there is something wrong, and society must rest on a false basis. The history of humanity, from the most primitive times down to the present, is nothing else than the history of the different aspects, which the human mind has presented in its onward progress to complete developement. The history of any individual, whose mental and moral growth equals the greatest to which we have yet attained, is just an epitome of this grand history of entire humanity throughout the different ages of the world. We thus perceive, that in order to understand and appreciate the mental and moral history of the human species correctly, we must search in our own minds for an explanation of some of the darkest and most intricate passages in such history. We must take a retrospective view of our own thoughts, feelings, and opinions, in the different circumstances in which we have been placed throughout life. Natural endowment and outward circumstances form character, just as the inherent qualities of seed and soil combined determine crops. This holds true of man, both in his individual and collective capacity. A nation, however, in course of time forms its outward circumstances. These again react on the national mind; and, at particular crises, call to the surface of society for the fulfilment of some great end, individuals of a peculiar stamp, of mental and moral ability. Confining ourselves to modern times, Luther, Tell, Knox, Cromwell, Washington, and Bonaparte will suffice, as examples. Each of these men may be said to have embodied in action the great idea of the age in which he lived. Had their lot been cast at any other period of their nation's history, we every reason to believe that few of them would have been much known beyond the immediate circle of their acquaintance. In the onward progress of the human mind the most gifted individuals first discover some great physical or moral truths. This they do, either intuitively or by a rigid process of reasoning, from admitted facts. These newly-discovered truths, however, generally appear at first so startling, and contrary to common sense, and preconceived notions of the mass of men, that they meet with nothing but ridicule and opposition. Witness

Galileo's promulgation of the Copernican theory of Astronomy, Jenner's introduction of vaccination, and Fulton's application of steam for propelling ships and driving machinery. These grand discoveries in physical science have long ago become the common property of mankind, and, certainly, have been among the most powerful agents of modern civilization. The discoveries and improvements too in mental and moral science have been equally great; but the highly gifted individuals who have written on these subjects, and in doing so have diverged from the common tract, have had to contend with much opprobrium and persecution—much more than those who have treated of physical science alone. The biography of Socrates in ancient, and Spinoza in modern times, prove this. In the present day, one gifted metaphysical writer is held up to the multitude, by those who think themselves competent to judge, as an infidel, and most dangerous enemy to the truth. Time will show whether he is or not. Truth is all powerful and will prevail. It is the only reality. It is God. It is the basis of the universe. A departure from it, physically or morally, is in the necessity of things accompanied with an equal compensation of bodily pain, or mental remorse. The inspired writer says, "Be sure your sin will find you out." What a depth of meaning is here! What a subject for a text! He only will expound it who is worthy. Each man of genius, who discovers physical or moral truths, contributes powerfully towards the progress and growth of the human mind. Some truths, at certain periods of a nation's history, clash so directly with the material interests and religious prepossessions of the dominant class, that ages elapse before the mass of the people become acquainted with, and appreciate them. Notwithstanding this, a knowledge of them goes on increasing. Many individuals meanwhile fall victims to the dominant power, in consequence of acknowledging these truths to have been part of their conviction. But in proportion to the strength and duration of the repressive power, by which great truths are opposed, will be the violence of the explosion with which they will vindicate themselves, in the re-organization of religious, social, and political institutions. The thirty years' religious war in Germany, consequent on the reformation, the civil war in England, and the war of American independence, are examples to the point. What a striking analogy there is between the physical growth of certain animals, and the gradual development of the human mind. There are some animals, for instance, that change their skin many times, and others that undergo a complete transformation in their organs and mode of existence. Previous to, and during the time they are undergoing this transformation, they appear dying, but after it is completed they rally, and seem to possess and enjoy a much superior kind of existence to what they did before. So it is with nations in the course of their social and political development. When certain great truths in religion, physical or social science, have penetrated the heart of a nation, and become the conviction of millions of men, reform will be demanded.

Institutions in accordance with the spirit of the age, and an arrangement of society more conducive to the happiness of man, in his advanced state of mental and moral growth, will be called for. In the majority of cases the governing power is reluctant to pay any attention to these demands. Instead of this, it frequently turns round and shows a determined front to oppose all change—to resist all progress. Notwithstanding the lessons which all history teach, it will not acknowledge mental and moral progress as a truth. It has no faith in any power, except physical power. As a matter of course it hedges itself round with drilled brute force, and dares the people to do battle for liberty and progress.

This is a great crisis. Society seems paralyzed, and law and order at an end. The conflict is dreadful, the victory doubtful, but right prevails. Great convulsions however, never accompany social or political reforms, except in countries where the national mind has not arrived at that point of mental development, which enables it to appreciate moral power, as the safest and most effective instrument for such purposes. England's great reforms since the civil war, have been mainly carried by national enlightenment and conviction. Moral power will yet reign supreme. The most powerful European nations have now acknowledged its omnipotence. In individuals of advanced mental growth, it has long ago been developed, but a considerable time must yet elapse, before nations and their governments shall have advanced up to this point. They are progressing favourably however. That they will yet arrive at it is certain; for it is the destiny of entire humanity. Can physical force stop progress! let history tell. Can man set bounds to the advancing tide, or dam up the impetuous torrent! The attempt is not only futile but dangerous. It is fighting

against nature—against God. I have said that mental progress and growth is a necessity. With few exceptions, the history of all ages shows this. As a still further proof of its truth, let each individual look back on the changes which his own mind has undergone independent of his will, and he will at once acknowledge it.

First, man is a creature of mere instinct and feeling. The propensities which he possesses in common with the inferior animals, are active and without any control. Next the perceptive faculties begin to awaken, and to take cognizance of the various surrounding objects—their nature, position, and qualities. Resemblances and differences being detected; and phenomena of a sublime and startling character periodically taking place, wonder is powerfully excited. This faculty, while reason and reflection are weak, assigns all sorts of strange causes, for whatever of an unusual character occurs, in the physical or moral world. It peoples the heavens, the earth, and the seas with gods, demi-gods, and thousands of spiritual invisible beings, benign and malignant. These monstrosities are the joint productions of wonder and fear, being in a high state of activity. This is the boyhood of the human race—the age of the Grecian and Scandinavian Mythologies. It is the age of hero worship, when physical strength and prowess are esteemed the highest personal qualities, and command the admiration of men. This is the age too, when a gloomy superstition and degrading will worship, every where prevail. Such Civil Government as exists, is mainly founded on brute force and fear. Indeed it is doubtful, if a nation at this period of its history, could be governed otherwise. Another step onwards however, and reason begins to exert its mighty influence. Similar results are observed to take place in similar circumstances or conditions: hence these conditions are called causes, and the changes which bodies undergo in them effects. Facts and phenomena of a like kind, are registered in different and widely distant parts of the world, and throughout a large extent of time. The conditions in which they occur, being allowed to be always the same, a law is said to be discovered. This then is the age of mental activity. The intellectual faculties are in a high state of development. Discoveries in science and improvements in art, follow each other in rapid succession. It is now that superstition, and the wild vagaries of a bye-gone age are swept away. Every thing is being enquired into, in order to ascertain its utility, and the foundation on which it rests. There is a rage for truth—for knowledge of all kinds and on all subjects. Men of genius and mere intellectual superiority, command the peoples admiration. Voltaire, Rousseau, and Byron, are almost worshipped. This is the stage of mental development in the nation or individual, when the mind awakens to the truthful images and creations of Genius as embodied in Poetry, Painting, or Music—when it can appreciate and identify itself in those spiritual idealisms and abstractions, so appropriately typified, in whatever is beautiful or sublime in the material universe. This is the stage too, when some of the beautiful and necessary truths of Arithmetic, Algebra, and Chemistry, first dawn on the mind. Let the individual look back to this period of his history, and remember with what ardour he persevered in the study of these and kindred sciences—how he advanced from one truth to another—from the simple to complex—from the known to the unknown—his mental appetite all the while only increasing on what it fed upon. While going on thus, almost instinctively in the pursuit of truth and the requisition of knowledge, a period comes, when the individual will ask himself, almost instantaneously, and without any forethought—for what good is all this trouble in searching for truth and acquiring knowledge? In the same way a nation, after having acquired vast and varied knowledge on almost every subject, abridged human labour to a considerable extent by mechanical inventions, cultivated literature, and the fine arts, to a high state of perfection, and accumulated a vast amount of the necessities and luxuries of life, all at once discovers, that with the possession of all these, an overwhelming majority of its members are overwrought, poverty-stricken, and degraded. It finds them the victims of erroneous legislations and brutal passion. It finds society divided into castes and classes, who are watchful, jealous, and distrustful of each other. No mutual confidence prevails. If an injury can be inflicted on the one, it is thought to be equivalent to that of conferring a benefit on the others. With all its religion, it finds that vastly more of its members are embued with the earthly qualities of some human leader, whose name and prejudices they have adopted, than with the pure disinterested spirit of Jesus of Nazareth. Individuals of advanced ideas first bring this state of things before the national mind. At this point commences the development of moral power, which must go on increasing till all men become free and equal—till knowledge, truth, arts and sciences, shall

minister to the material and moral well-being of every member of the human family. Progress is indeed the love of the universe. The evidences of its truth are abundant and conclusive, both in the physical and moral worlds—in Geology and History.

Why then should we, in free England, attach pains and penalties, and often social degradation, to an expansion of mind. Ought we not rather to be thankful for a little more of the truth, emanating from a gifted intellect. If we were what we profess to be (lovers of truth) we would. In the midst of our toleration there is much intolerance. Toleration is no doubt enjoyed to a considerable extent, by bodies of men, but to individuals it is virtually denied, except to those who are in a position in society, which enables them to brave the consequences of speaking and acting according to their convictions. When we shall have advanced a little farther on, however, and have generally become more enlightened, this state of things will disappear. The time is not far distant, when the standard according to which each individual shall be judged, will not be so much by his creed, as by his *sincerity* respecting that one, which he outwardly professes. Great efforts have been made to make men think alike. They have all signally failed, and so in the nature of things must every attempt, to oppose that which God has established. They have their origin in the mental peculiarities of Mankind. When liberty shall become a reality, each individual will (as a matter of course) attach himself to that sect, whose creed and external symbols, come nearest to his subjective conceptions of truth.

The bond which shall then connect the different members of a sect, will be a truly religious and moral one—the only one in fact, which Christianity and an enlightened reason can sanction. At the present time low motives, such as interests, fear, a love of power, and even a continuance of the very means of existence (if this last in certain circumstances can be called a low motive) induce thousands, to attach themselves to a religious sect or political party with which, mentally or morally, they can have no sympathy. This is a state of things most unfavourable to the development of Christian morality, and is clearly indicative of the absence of all rational freedom. It is a state of things where the great body of the dependent stifle the truth within them, and become systematic dissemblers. If I may be allowed the expression, they daily commit moral suicide. We have no word in our language, sufficiently expressive of the heinousness of this Crime. Hypocrisy and dissimulation are far too tame. I think it must be what the New Testament means by sinning against the Holy Ghost. Notwithstanding this, there have appeared many able examples of devotion to truth. These examples have been exhibited both by individuals and bodies of men. Witness the heroic struggles of the English Puritans and Scottish Covenanters, in the reign of Charles II. also the sufferings of the Jacobites and Non-jurors after the Revolution of 1688. The Unitarians, too, of the present day have yet to contend with a sort of indirect persecution, on account of their adherence to the opinions, which distinguish them from the Orthodox. Wherever there is any restraint, upon the free expression of conscientious opinion, true liberty is not possessed. Mind is not emancipated. It will continue manacled, as long as mankind are so unequal in mental cultivation and physical circumstances. Whatever has a tendency to give power to any man or class of men, over thousands of his fellow-creatures, is most injurious to freedom.

Before each individual be himself, and expand in all the faculties and capacities of mind, with which he is endowed, he must breathe an atmosphere of true freedom. When men are upon a perfect equality, and have nothing to fear from one another, then and not till then, will freedom be a reality. A free and unsectarian education, enlightening the great body of the People, will ultimately effect this equality. Society will then gradually assume an arrangement, in which every ones rights shall be practically acknowledged; and the fullest scope and the highest incitement given, for the performance of every duty. This great idea is entering largely into men's conceptions. I believe it to be one of the highest realizations of Christianity. With regard to equality, I think there is a great confusion of ideas. In one respect men are equal, and in another they must ever remain unequal. All men have the same rights in similar circumstances. They have the same right to life, liberty, property, and the lawful exercise and gratification, of every faculty of body and mind. In this respect they are on a perfect equality and Christianity recognizes and enforces it. On the other hand, although all men are equal as respects their rights and the number of their intellectual and moral faculties, yet in the comparative development of capacity and preponderance of these faculties they must ever remain unequal. This is an inequality which almost every page of Scripture recognizes. Any system of society, Socialism or

Communist, where it is not acknowledged, is worse than Eastern despotism, and is fatal to individual liberty. This inequality is established by God. It is equally marked between nations, as between individuals : hence we have national and individual characteristics. It is this inequality, which places them in mental antagonism to each other, causing them frequently to come in active collision, by which all are advanced, and brought nearer to the truth. Were it possible then to destroy this inequality, there could be no progress, there would be nothing worth living for, indeed it is doubtful, if Man would not cease to exist. We thus perceive that men are equal in one sense, and unequal in another. They are equal so far as their rights as human beings are concerned, and unequal as to their natural gifts and endowments. When this equality shall have been realised among men (as it ultimately must) true liberty will flow from it as a matter of course. Then we shall have liberty and equality, such as Jesus the Saviour of men taught, 1800 years ago. The great barriers in the way of their realization for sometime, are the titled artificial inequality in one class of society, and the almost brutal ignorance of the other. There is certainly nothing wrong in distinctive titles being applied to any class of men, provided they are significant, of the exercise of the functions, of some necessary office in the government of the commonwealth. In this sense then is no word in any language more expressive of what the ruler of a nation should be, than the good Saxon word King—literally the man that *kens* and *can*—or in other words, the man that knows what is right, and can do it. But when titles are significant of the possessors being artificially raised above the common level of humanity, and of being in possession of privileges and immunities, clearly at the expense of the moral and physical happiness of a majority of their fellow-men, they ought undoubtedly to be abolished.

This is an inequality which neither Christianity nor reason can acknowledge, and, as I have just noticed, is one of the greatest obstacles to the realization of true liberty. It is an inequality based on prejudice and popular ignorance, and consequently will only gradually disappear as free education and national enlightenment progress. The way in which it has recently been abolished in France (mainly by physical force) proves, I think, that the great body of the French people do not fully understand the nature of true equality.

We have advanced (especially in England) to a state of mental development, when every reform, social and political, may be effected by moral means alone. Whatever is achieved in the way of reform by physical force, always must be contrary to the conviction and enlightenment of the opponents of the reform question, and is therefore hardly worth having. From the inequality then which man has arbitrarily established, and which originated in a rude and barbarous age, we have suffered much. From the inequality which God has established, which I have endeavoured to explain above, we have everything great and good to hope for—progressive liberty, equality, mental and moral development. No great reform must be anticipated to be permanently useful ; it should only appear as the external exponent of the revolution which has previously taken place in the national mind. The history of the South American republic is well calculated to give us some useful lessons on this important subject. When they asserted their independence of the mother country, they were perhaps an hundred and fifty years too young to assume the republican form of government. The great problem which philanthropists and deep thinking men are studying at the present time, and for the solution of which millions of men are eagerly awaiting, is, what arrangement of society can be devised which will acknowledge the inalienable rights of each individual, and by this acknowledgment make the general well-being and happiness of the community follow as a result. I believe I am not far from being correct in stating it thus generally. I think it will at once be conceded, that any arrangement of society, which has a tendency to make men artificially unequal, and consequently to give one man, or class of men, power over any other man, or class of men, is injurious both to the rights of the individual and the well-being of society at large.

The realization of this social equality, however, must necessarily be a work of time. The advancing intelligence of the age, stimulated by the diffusion of a free, popular education, will ultimately effect it. Then shall men be free and equal as God has made them. Each will be a reality, and gravitate to that place in society for which his capacities and endowments fit him. Society will respect and protect the individual's rights, and the individual will therefore have the highest inducement to understand and practice his duties to society. Whatever talents a man has will find

their due exercise and reward, in their legitimate sphere of action. Genius, instead of being (as it is at present) too often looked upon as an anomaly in life, will be welcomed and cherished as an additional ray of Divine light, giving us further glimpses into our own souls and the invisible world. Its productions in painting, poetry, statuary, and music, will not only minister to the present gratification of the higher faculties of the mind, but will materially aid in effecting a still higher development of humanity. Work, toil, physical labour, will be estimated at its right value—not as an end but as a means. No division of labour will be held as either low or mean. If there is a necessity for it being done, it must be under the control of some great law of the universe, and therefore cannot be low. There will be a class of men with natural aptitudes for its performance, and whom therefore it is directly calculated to benefit in body and soul. Work, in all its varieties and forms, will not be looked upon as a curse, but as a blessing—as the appointed means for repairing God's defaced image in man. It will be looked upon as the means by which man, as a free being, shall evolve and develop those capacities and faculties of mind which shall fit him to live an eternal divine life in the future spiritual world. Instead of tyrannizing over, and killing men's souls and bodies, it will become their humble servant, ever ministering to their physical and moral well-being.

Every one's right to labour—to labour at that for which he has a natural calling, and to receive a remuneration equivalent to his skill, industry, and ingenuity, will be ever practically acknowledged. There will be less of selfish competition, and more of benevolent co-operation. Each by himself and solely for himself, is an exaggeration, or rather it is a realization of the great truth contained in competition, without its being balanced by another great truth contained in co-operation. The sacrifice of individual rights, the prohibition of individual property, each working for the public and none directly for himself, an equivalent remuneration to the idle and industrious, the skilled and the unskilled, the man of artistic talent, and the merry clothopper—in short communism is a realization of the great truth contained in co-operation, without being balanced by the kindred great truth contained in competition. These two great truths are inherent in men's souls, man is therefore both a competitive and co-operative being. These two great truths combined, mutually balanced, and practically realized in a system of society, would, I think, be the real state of society, existing in the minds of the most advanced christian and philosophic thinkers of the present stage of mental development. If we study the laws which govern the physical world, as unfolded to us by the exact sciences, we shall find that they emanate from the mutual combination or balancing of certain previous and ultimate ones. The planets moving with regularity in their orbits, the smoke ascending, and the rain falling, are examples to the point. We have endless examples too especially in Chemistry, of many truths or laws emanating from two, each of which originates from two previous or ultimate ones: thus we have double compound truths or laws if I may use such an expression.

The discussion of these subjects then, (which, though they may have appeared somewhat irrelevant to the subject of mutual development, yet naturally arise for consideration on treating it) have led me to perceive that we have arrived at a point of mutual growth when new and higher forces of powers are beginning to exert their beneficial influence. Vastly superior ideas are being entertained of humanity and its destiny. Great truths, hitherto buried under forms and ceremonies, or faintly typified by some material object, are also being denuded of these ceremonies, and realized in the performance of every duty of daily life. Christ is rising from the dead in the minds of men. A more Catholic spirit prevails. Rival sects and parties are (in not a few instances) beginning to confess that they do not possess all the truth, and that others are exponents of, and give utterance to truths equally as important as theirs. The creeds and faiths, which so nicely fitted the national mind, and were too tight even for the most advanced intellects of a bygone age, are fast being laid aside. They have become lifeless and shrunk like skeletons. The spirit has departed from them: they have yielded up the ghost, and, notwithstanding all the efforts made to endure them with life, they will finally vanish, or be laid up in some Museum to be looked at as the vestments of the mind at a certain stage of its development. A better day has dawned for humanity. A new era has begun. Conventionalisms and artificial distinctions have lost much of their power. True goodness and nobility of soul will alone command the deference and respect of the mass of men.

Farnworth, near Bolton, Lancashire.

JULY,

BY JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

Proudly, lovely, and serenely,
 Power and passion in her eye,
 With an aspect calm and queenly
 Comes the summer nymph, JULY :
 Crown'd with azure, clothed with splendour,
 Gorgeous as an eastern bride ;
 While the glowing hours attend her
 O'er the languid landscape wide.

Now the mantle of Aurora
 Streams along the morning skies ;
 But the bridal wreath of Flora
 Loses half its sweets and dyes.
 Fierce the noontide glory gushes
 From the fountains of the sun,
 And a thousand stains and flushes
 Strew the heavens when day is done.

Then the heavy dew-pearls glisten
 In the twilight, pure and pale,
 And the drooping roses listen
 To the love-lorn nightingale ;
 While the stars come out and cluster
 With a dim and dreamy light :
 And the moon's pervading lustre
 Takes all sternness from the night.

Scarce the weary lark betakes him
 To his ground-nest on the plain,
 Than returning day-spring wakes him
 Into gladsome song again.
 Scarce the dew hath wet the grasses,
 Or the wild flow'rs curved cup,
 Than the thirsty sun-beam passes,
 Drinking all its nectar up.

Now the lured lightening breaketh
 Through the dull and lingering rack,
 And the solemn thunder speaketh
 From his cloud-throne bronzed and black.
 Gleaming in the fitful flashes,
 Swathing all the welkin round,
 Rain, smote earthward, dances, dashes,
 With a quick tumultuous sound.

As the lightening, rain, and thunder
 Vanish with the cloven gloom,
 All the breadth of nature under
 Wakes to beauty and perfume.
 Birds again essay their voices ;
 Bees renew their devious toil ;
 Man with grateful heart rejoices
 O'er the promise of the soil.

Now the harvest-gathered meadows
 With a second green are gay ;
 Now the wood's enwoven shadows
 Lure us from the dusty way :
 More than wont the streams delight us
 As they run their pleasant race ;
 And the lucid pools invite us
 To their calm and cool embrace.

Shall I not, as here I wander,
 Soul, and sense, and footstep free,
 Where the fretful streams meander
 With a music dear to me ?—
 Shall I not remember sadly
 Those who have nor hope nor rest—
 Those who cannot know how gladly
 Nature welcomes every guest ?

Would the dwellers of the alleys,
 In the city's stony heart,
 Could behold these blythesome valleys,
 From their wants and cares apart.
 Would the pale and patient maiden,
 Martyred at the shrine of wealth,
 Could but feel these breezes, laden
 With the priceless blessing, health.

Would the tiny toiling creatures
 In the noisome mine and mill,
 On whose withered hearts and features
 Moral mischief works its will.
 Would that they might lift their faces
 In this liberal light and air
 And perceive the nameless graces
 Of a scene so passing fair.

Let me homeward by the river,
 As the golden sunset glows ;
 Where the corn-fields swell and shiver,
 To the blindest wind that blows.
 By the woodland brooks that darkle
 Through the tangles of the glade ;
 By the mossy wells that sparkle
 In the hawthorn's chequered shade.

Through the dingle deep and bowery,
 Up the pasture paths above ;
 Through the silent lane and flowery,
 Sacred to the vows of love.
 Homeward, yet I pause, exploring
 All thy burning breadth of sky,
 While my spirit sings, adoring
 Him, thy God and mine, JULY.

Marriage.

On Sunday the 20th of May, at the Parish Church, Shorwell, Isle of Wight, John James Dashwood, butcher, V.G. of the East Medina Lodge, M.U., Ryde, to Ellen, Daughter of the late Thomas Bradley, maltster, of Shorwell.

T O M A R Y.

Farewell—Farewell, dear Mary!—still I'll call thee so,
 And dwell upon that name as I was wont to do.
 But, oh! my heart is aching—sadly struggling yet
 To say that chilling word of sad and long regret.
 Thy name is ever twined in Memory's sweetest wreath,
 And thoughts of thee e'en now, like gentle zephyrs, breathe;
 And o'er my sorrowing soul deliciously flows on
 A melancholy fragrance—thoughts of "hours bygone."
 Still, still I'll dream on thee, and though I wake with pain,
 I'll close my eyes to sleep, and try to dream again.
 Still, still I can recal the thousand witchings spells
 That live in Fountain's fane or Hackfall's verdant dells;
 Where Fancy yet can hear the happy birds still sing,
 And picture *summer* florets ever blossoming.
 For, ah! no thought of *winter* with those scenes can dwell,
 Though colder seems their sunlight when I sigh—"Farewell!"

LiB.

A LYRIC FOR THE TIME.

The shade creeps forward on the dial,
 Come along!
 The hour approaches for the trial,
 Whether wrong,
 Leagued with might,
 Shall conquer right,
 Or claims of justice brook denial.
 Come along!

The flag of Liberty unfold,
 Come along!
 Who wishes to be free! Be bold,
 In purpose strong!
 For bright and high
 The orient sky
 The light of Freedom streaks with gold:
 Come along!

The wind is singing merrily
 All nature's song;
 It sings the hymn of Liberty!
 Come along!
 The stream is preaching
 The same teaching,
 And bursts its barriers to be free:
 Come along!

Come to the solemn-voiced sea;
 Come along!
 Hark! she lips the words "Be free!"
 It is her song
 "Upon the strand
 Of every land,
 Unchained and fetterless like me":
 Come along!"

J. B. LANGLEY.

